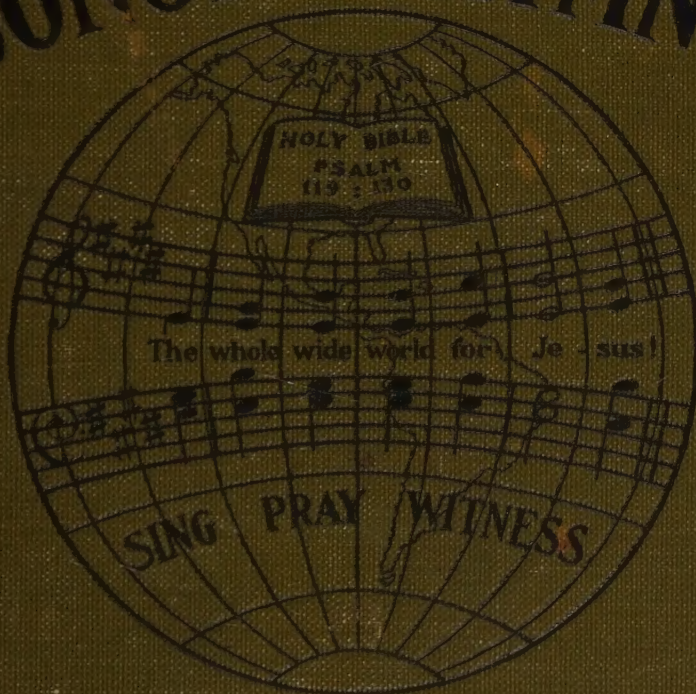


THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS



W. ELMER BAILEY, PUBLISHER
FINDLAY, OHIO

CLOTH BOUND \$25.00 A HUNDRED
30 CTS. EACH BY MAIL

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Preface.

To God be all praise for His blessings in song.

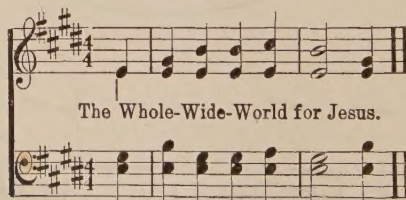
We pray for a "World-Wide Revival." THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS is sent forth to help in this great movement.

The thoughts of many who have felt the need of such a book are embodied, and many selections have been suggested. To all we acknowledge our thanks.

The book contains 256 pages and is compiled in sections as follows:

1. Miscellaneous selections from No. 1 to No. 145.
2. Children's Songs from No. 146 to 164.
3. Songs and Hymns on Prayer from No. 165 to 176.
4. Songs and Hymns on the Holy Spirit from No. 177 to 190.
5. Songs and Hymns on Cleansing from No. 191 to 202.
6. Invitation Songs and Hymns from No. 203 to 227.
7. Consecration from No. 228 to 239.
8. Altar Service and Inquiry Meetings from No. 240 to 263.
9. Songs and Hymns of Praise from No. 264 to 274.
10. Missionary Songs and Hymns from No. 275 to 292.
11. Songs and Hymns on Heaven from No. 293 to 304.

Humbly THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS is laid at The Master's feet, praying the Holy Spirit to use it to aid in taking



In His Name,

W. ELMER BAILEY, Editor and Publisher.

THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS

No. 1.

O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
 2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
 3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 4. Now rest my long-di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful center, rest;
 5. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad.
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine.
 Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heav'nly pleas-ures fill my breast.
 Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

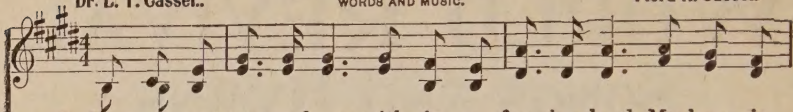
CHORUS. FINE.
 Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

D. S.
 He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

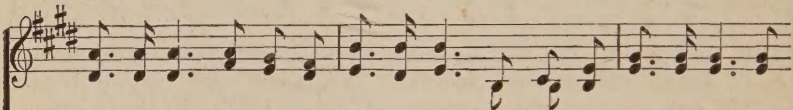
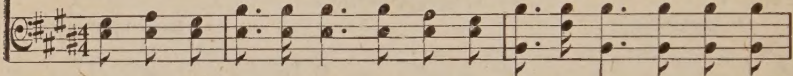
The King's Business.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

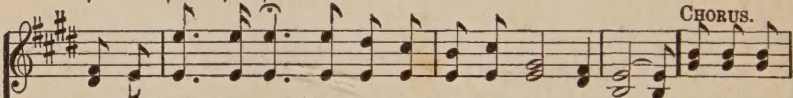
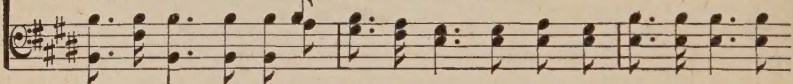
Flora H. Cassel.



1. I am a stran-er here, with-in a for-eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev'-ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal

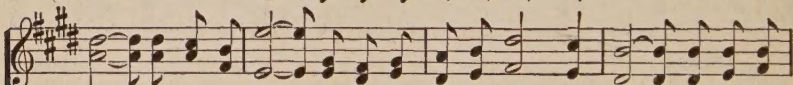
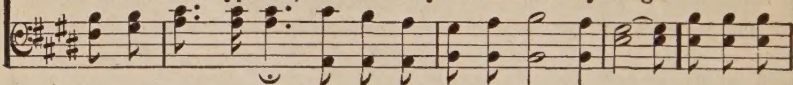


far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
turn a-way, from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My sov'-reign bids me tell how

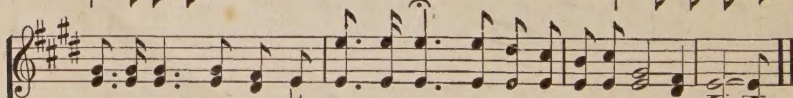
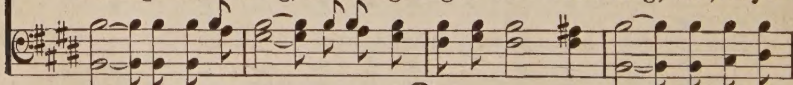


CHORUS.

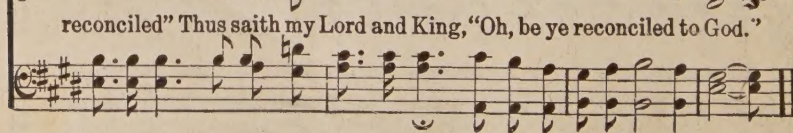
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mortals there may'dwell, And that's my business for my King.



mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."



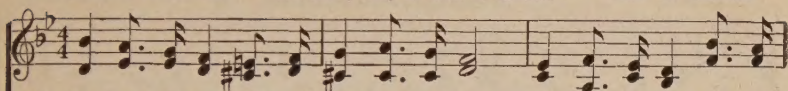
No. 3.

O What a Change!

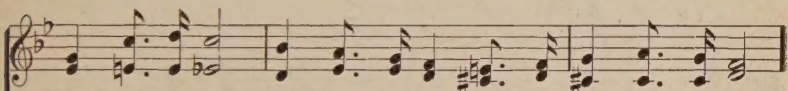
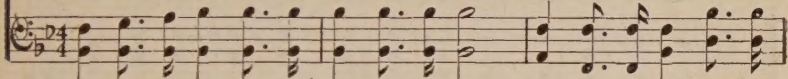
Mrs. C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

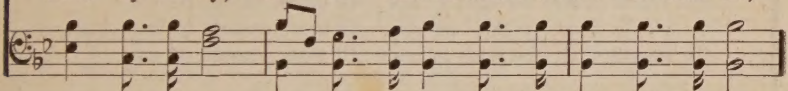
Chas. H. Gabriel.



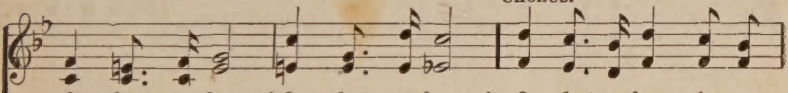
1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the blaze of the
2. O what a change! From my hunger for bread Into the place where God's
3. O what a change! From my burden of care In - to the love He in-
4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our



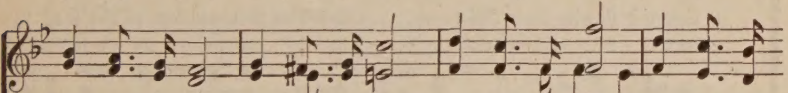
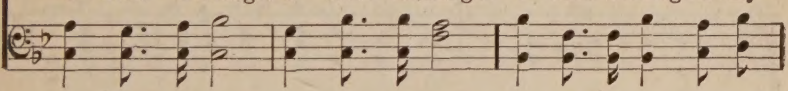
clear shin-ing light; Out of my weak-ness to pow - er and might,
 chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless-ing of life from the dead,
 vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,
 Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,



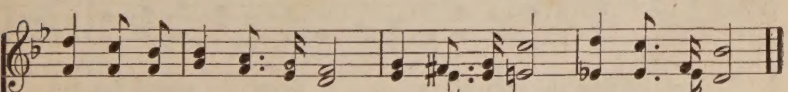
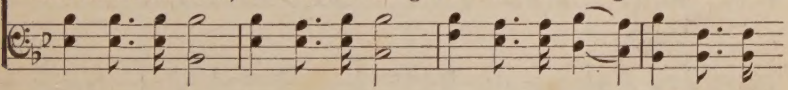
CHORUS.



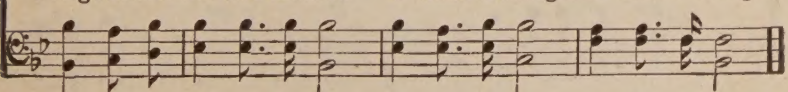
O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my



heart there has been, O what a change! O what a change! O what a



change since the Savior came in! O what a change! O what a change!



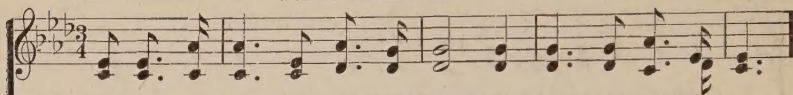
No. 4.

Grace, Enough for Me.

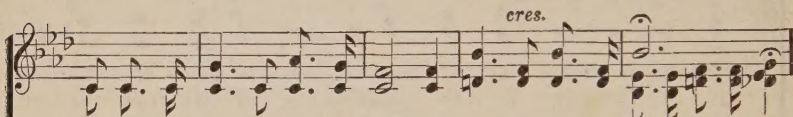
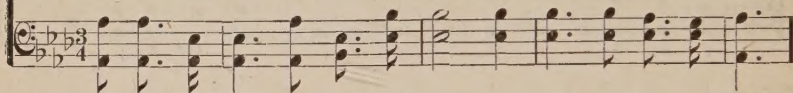
E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

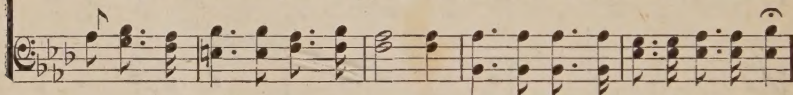
E. O. Excell.



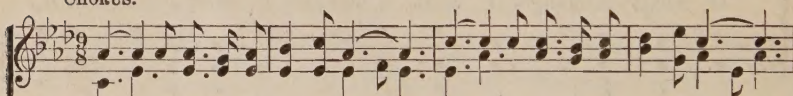
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the vale, My por - tion there will be



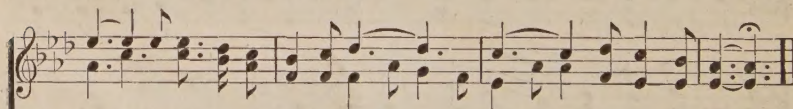
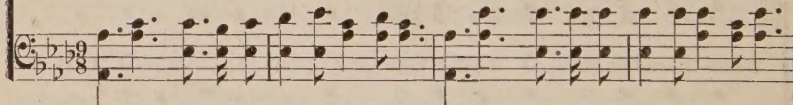
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me.
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



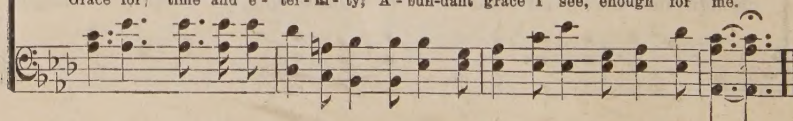
CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal - va - ry, Grace as fath - om - less as the sea,
 Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va - ry, for me, Grace as fath - om - less as the rolling sea,



Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . . enough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A - bun - dant grace I see, enough for me.

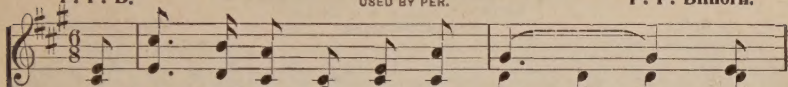


No. 5. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

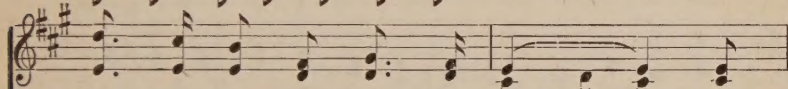
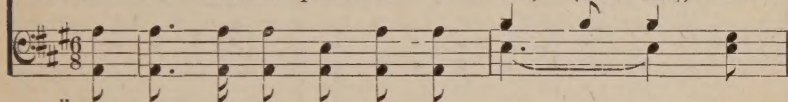
P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, AND 1889, BY P. P. BILHORN.
USED BY PER.

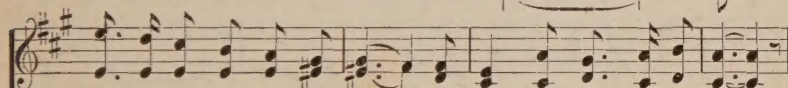
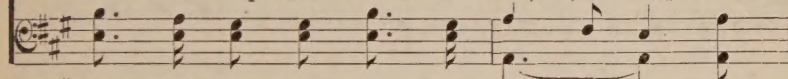
P. P. Bilhorn.



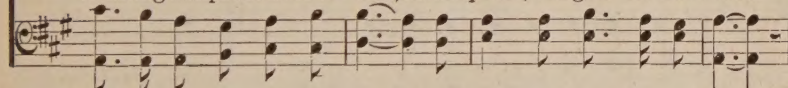
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crown'd, (had crown'd,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And



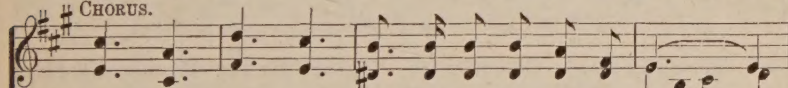
glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's



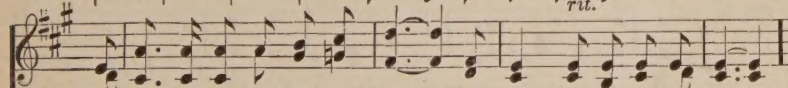
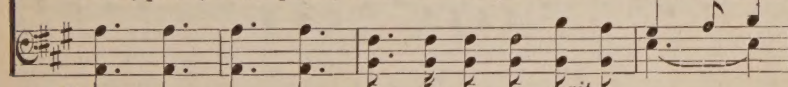
sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



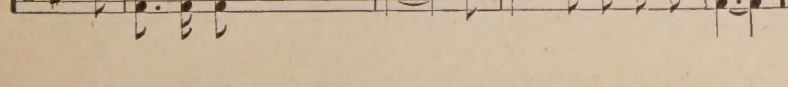
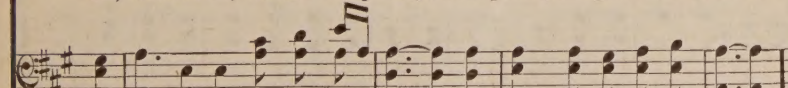
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove;)



Oh, wonderful, wonder - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



No. 6.

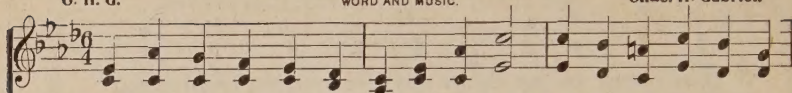
O That Will Be Glory.

Chas. M. Alexander's famous "Glory Song."

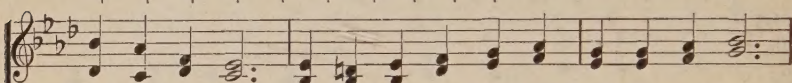
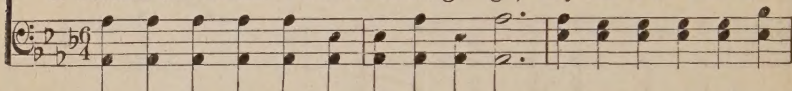
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORD AND MUSIC.

G. H. G.

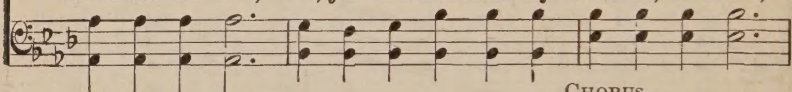
Chas. H. Gabriel.



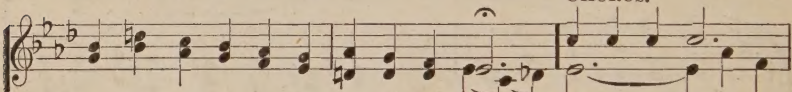
1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-



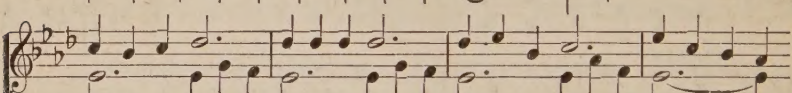
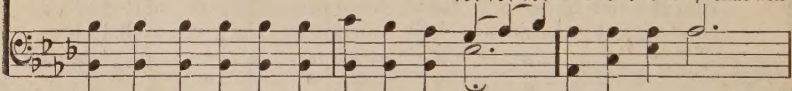
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
 heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,



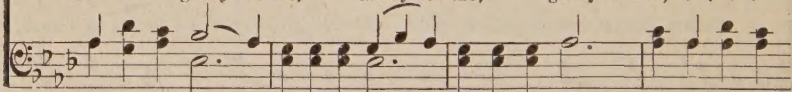
CHORUS.



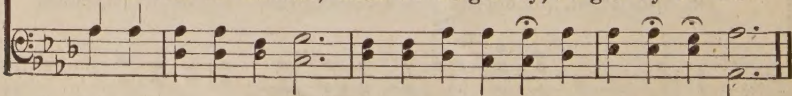
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. O that will be
 O that will



glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
 be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;



I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.



No. 7.

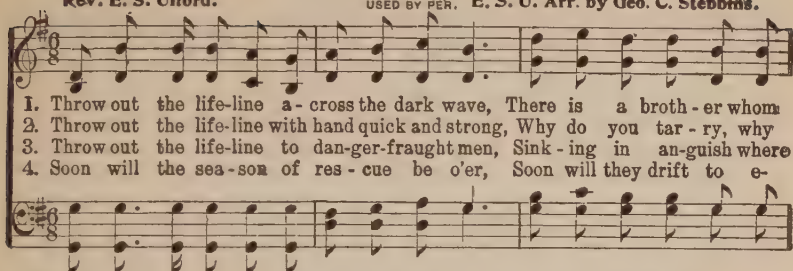
Throw Out the Life-Line.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

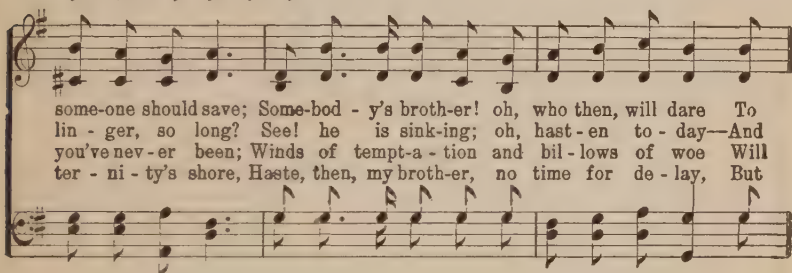
COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

USED BY PER. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

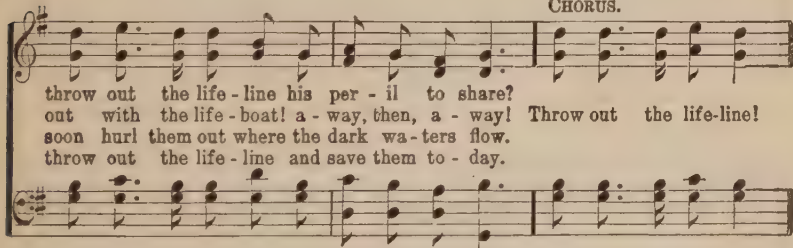


1. Throw out the life-line a- cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
 2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar-ry, why
 3. Throw out the life-line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

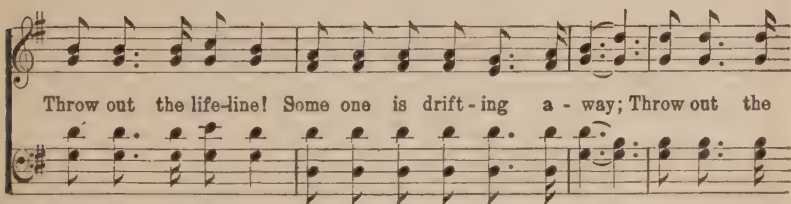


some-one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
 lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to - day—And
 you've nev-er been; Winds of tempt-a - tion and bil-lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

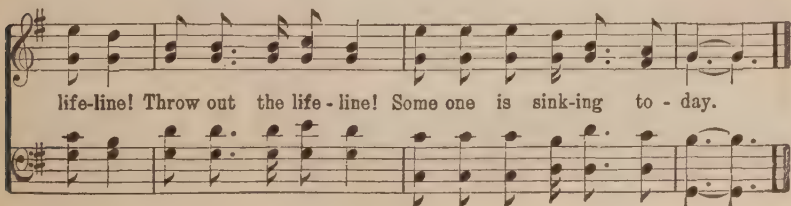
CHORUS.



throw out the life-line his per - il to share?
 out with the life-boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the life-line!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
 throw out the life - line and save them to - day.



Throw out the life-line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the



life-line! Throw out the life - line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

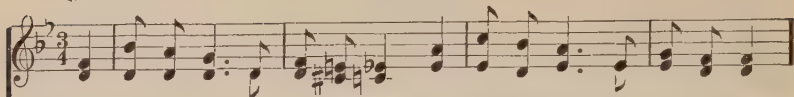
No. 8.

The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, AND 1903, BY E. S. LORENZ.
USED BY PER.

E. S. Lorenz.



1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 Who bids all anxious fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 O let its prais - es ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.



CHORUS.

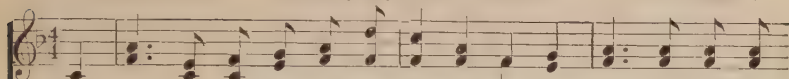


"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Jes - us," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je-sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
 Its worthy praise



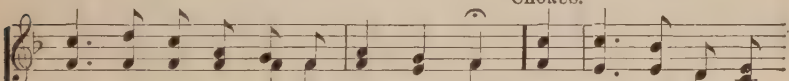


1. O ye of lit - tle faith, why will ye doubt? Why will ye not the
 2. Who is He yon - der in Geth - sem - a - ne, His hair all wet with
 3. He's stand - ing at your side this ver - y hour, Hark! for He soft - ly



truth re - ceive? Thy Lord stands wait - ing just out - side the door And
 mid - night dew, Who prays a - lone in ag - o - ny of blood For
 speaks to thee; Turn not a - way! per - haps when next you hear His

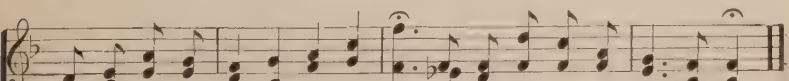
CHORUS.



calls; how can you still His Spir - it grieve?
 you, for you, O care - less one, for you! If you could see Him
 voice, it will be in e - ter - ni - ty.



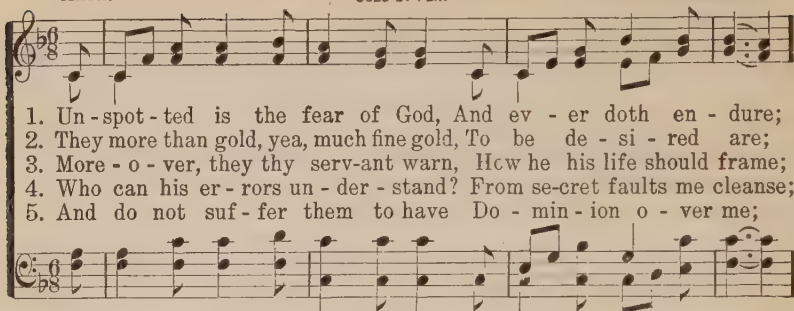
on the cross to - night, Could hear His dy - ing prayer— "For give them,



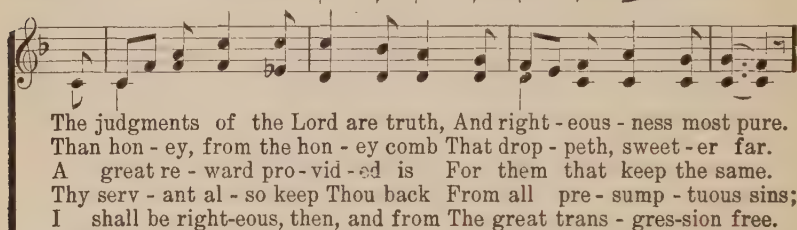
for they know not what they do", O then would you be lieve Him, hanging there?

Anon.

James McGranahan.

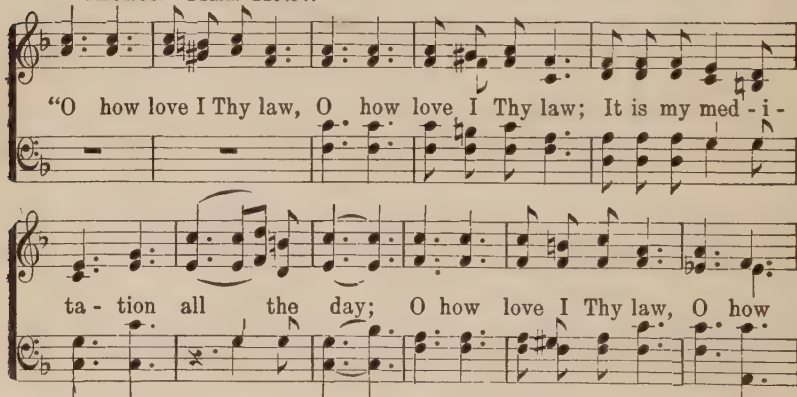


1. Un-spot-ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
 2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - si - red are;
 3. More - o - ver, they thy serv-ant warn, How he his life should frame;
 4. Who can his er - rors un - der - stand? From se-cret faults me cleanse;
 5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

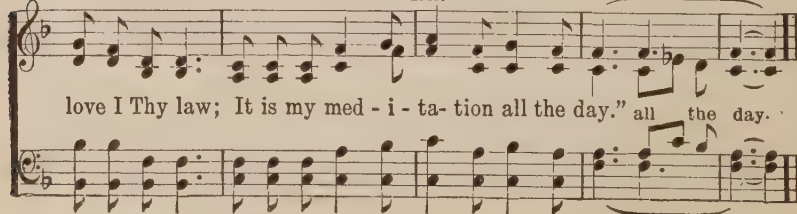


The judgments of the Lord are truth, And right - eous - ness most pure.
 Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey comb That drop - peth, sweet - er far.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
 Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sump - tuous sins;
 I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans - gres-sion free.

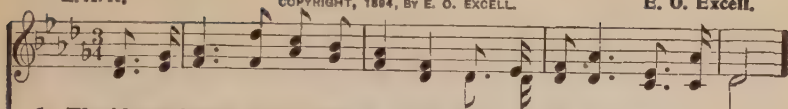
CHORUS. Psalm 119:97.



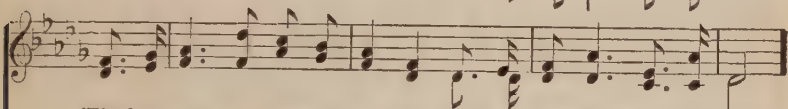
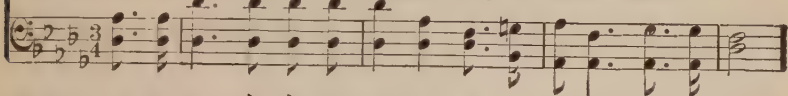
"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -
 ta - tion all the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

Rit.


love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day." all the day.



1. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why He is so dear to me?

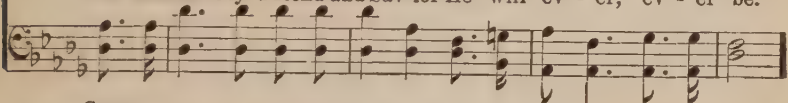


'Tis because my blessed Sav - ior From my sins hath set me free.

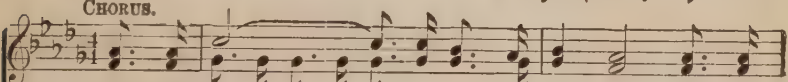
'Tis because the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleanses me.

'Tis because in ev - 'ry con - flict, Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.

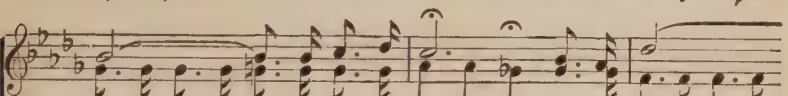
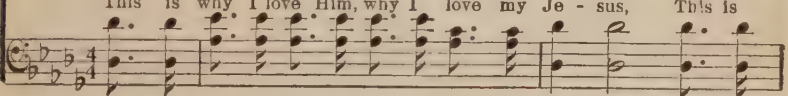
'Tis because my Friend and Sav-ior He will ev - er, ev - er be.



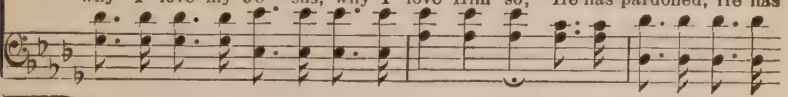
CHORUS.



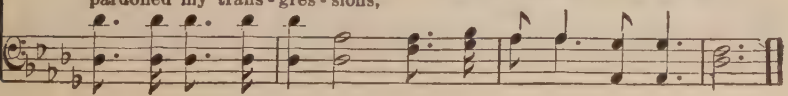
This is why I love Him, why I love my Je - sus, This is
This is why I love Him, why I love my Je - sus, This is



why I love my Je - sus, why I love Him so; He has par - - - -
why I love my Je - sus, why I love Him so; He has pardoned, He has



doned my trans - gres - sions, He has washed me white as snow.
pardoned my trans - gres - sions,



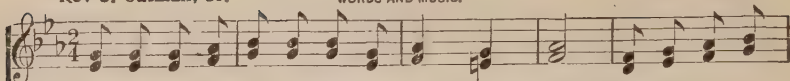
No. 12.

Count Your Blessings.

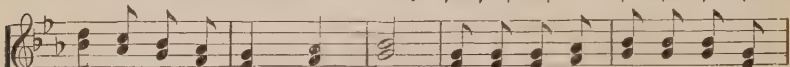
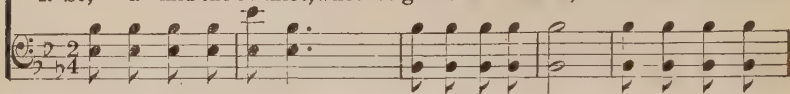
Rev J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

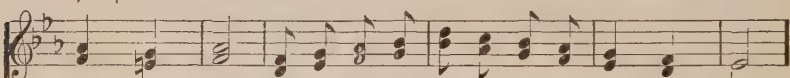
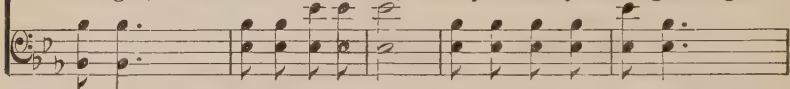
E. O. Excell.



1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them
heav-y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev-'ry
promised you His wealth un - told; Count your many blessings, mon-ey
courage'd, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, an-gels



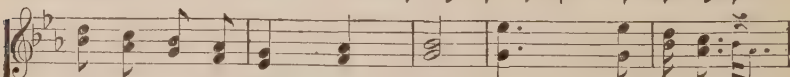
one by one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and comfort give you to your jour-ney's end.



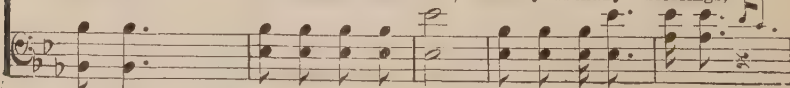
CHORUS.



Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many blessings Name them one by one, Count your many



blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,



Count Your Blessings.

Rit.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a final cadence.

Name them one by one, Count your many bless - ings, See what God hath done.

No. 13.

I Shall Go to Be With Jesus.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a final cadence.

1. When this bus - y life is end - ed, And my work on earth is done;
2. When the sun goes down for - ev - er, And the moon her way for-sakes,
3. Loved ones who have grown a - wea - ry, And have left me by the way,
4. O Thou ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Love me, guide me, keep me still,

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a final cadence.

When I lay a - side my bur - den, At the set - ting of the sun:
With the dawn of judg - ment morn - ing, When my dust from sleep a - wakes;
I shall meet a - gain, and with them, At the break - ing of the day;
That when Thou shalt have com - plete - ly Wrought in me Thy per - fect will;

CHORUS.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a final cadence.

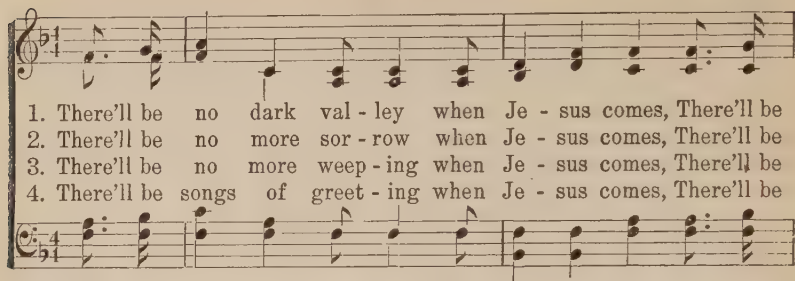
I shall go to be with Je - sus, I shall see His bless - ed face;

I shall sing His praise in glo - ry, Saved by His Re - deem - ing grace.

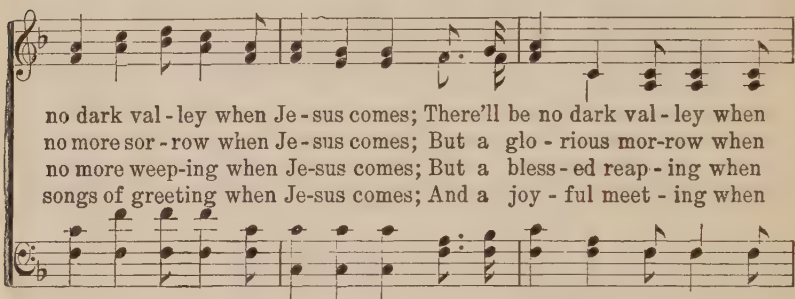
William O. Cushing.

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USED BY PER.

Ira D. Sankey.

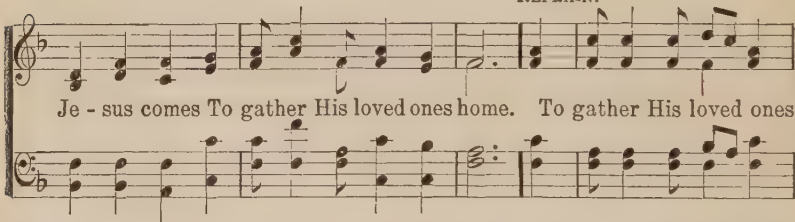


1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes, There'll be
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je-sus comes, There'll be
 3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je-sus comes, There'll be
 4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je-sus comes, There'll be

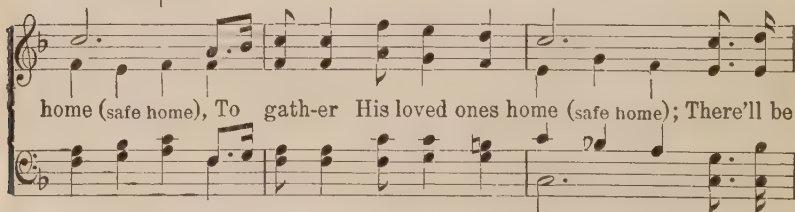


no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark val-ley when
 no more sor-row when Je-sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when
 no more weep-ing when Je-sus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when
 songs of greeting when Je-sus comes; And a joy-ful meet-ing when

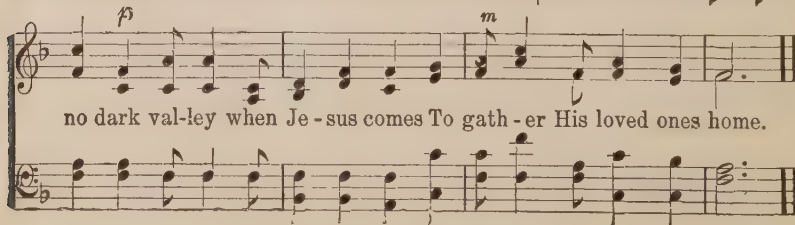
REFRAIN.



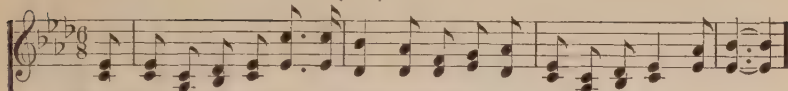
Je-sus comes To gather His loved ones home. To gather His loved ones



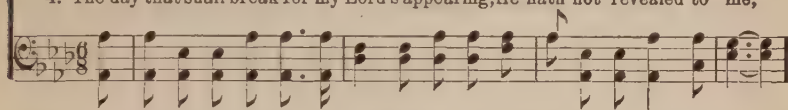
home (safe home), To gath-er His loved ones home (safe home); There'll be



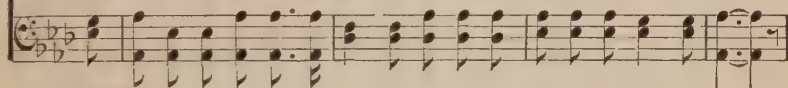
no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home.



1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant coun-try And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's la-bor for me that no oth-er can do, A place I a-lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of har-vest While I with the i- dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's ap-pear-ing, He hath not re-vealed to me,



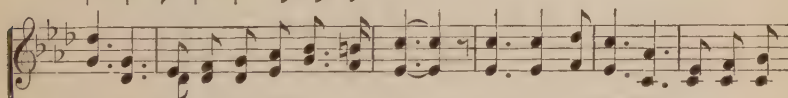
A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be a-mong the chosen, Re-joic-ing to do His will?
The tal-ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful servant A glo-ri-ous day 'twill be.



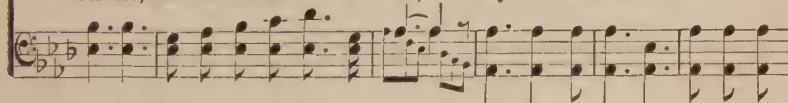
CHORUS.



May I be faith-ful un-to the trust He as-signed me; Con-stant in
Con-stant in heart and in



service, Earn-est in all that I do; May I be faithful! Out in the



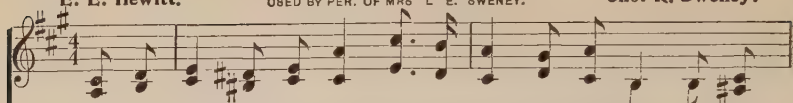
field may He find me, When He re-turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!



E. E. Hewitt.

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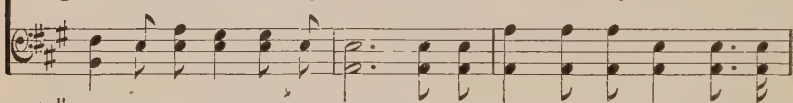
Jno. R. Sweeney.



1. I am think-ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be - hold, Liv-ing



reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonder - ful grace by my
watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the



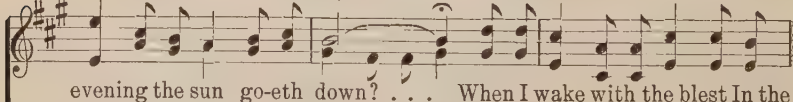
Sav - ior I stand, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
glo - ri - ous day When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls.
cit - y of gold, Should there be a - ny stars in my crown.



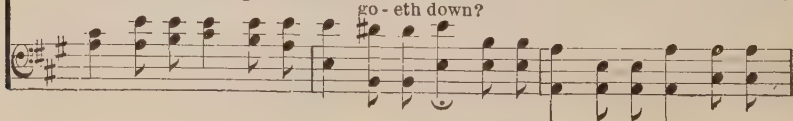
CHORUS.



Will there be a - ny stars, a - ny stars in my crown, When at



evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest In the
go-eth down?



Will There Be Any Stars?

mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
a - ny stars in my crown?

No. 17. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Annie R. Hawks.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL, USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me

CHORUS.

voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
and a - bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev - 'ry
prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 18. I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. Dingman.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MHS L. E. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je-sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to give them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall

Sav - ior in mer-cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of dark-ness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
wel - come, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapt - ure that
call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath - er, re-

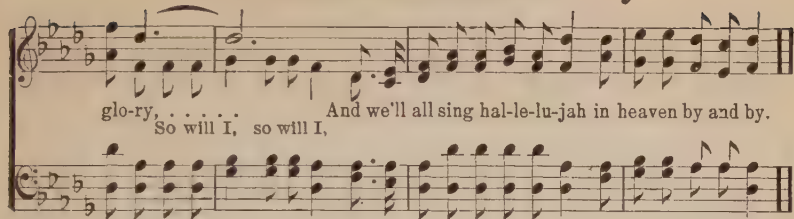
now the light I see; O bless-ed, lov-ing Savior! to Him the praises shall be.
par-don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond con-trol.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joic-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for-ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

I will shout His praise in glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll

all sing hal-le - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.



glo-ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heaven by and by.

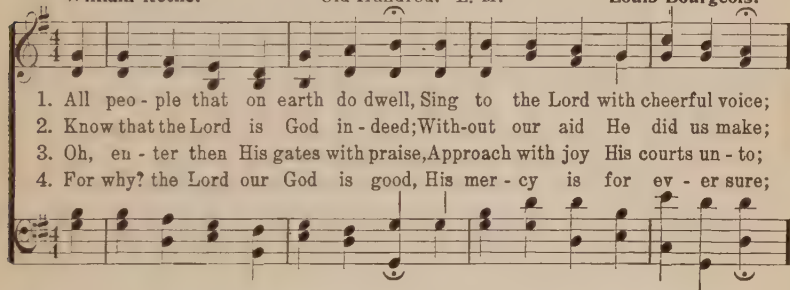
No. 19.

Praise to God.

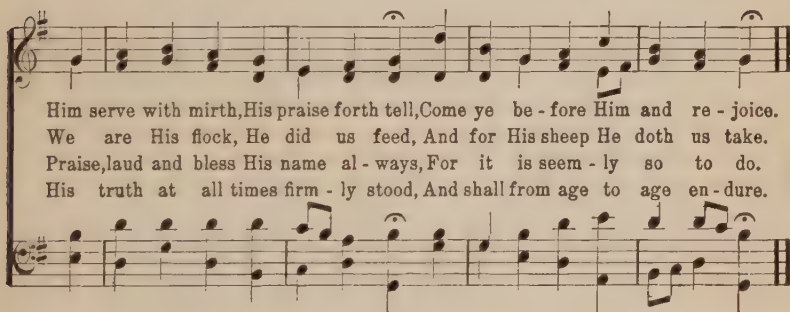
William Kethe.

Old Hundred. L. M.

Louis Bourgeois.



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;
3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un - to;
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for ev - er sure;



Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
 We are His flock, He did us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

No. 20.

Doxology.

Thomas Ken.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 21.

Tune, Old Hundred.

John Clunick.

These verses are sung at the table at the Moody Bible Institute, only one at each meal.

Be present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored;
 These mercies bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with Thee.

No. 22.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
 For life, and health, and every good;
 Let manna to our souls be given,
 The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven.

Edgar Lewis.

L. E. Jones.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
 3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Oh, bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
 brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care; The bur - den that has seem'd so heav - y, Take
 leave all to Him, His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
 gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love,
 to the Lord in pray'r.
 eyes are nev - er dim. Lean up - on His arms, ful-ly trust-ing in His love,

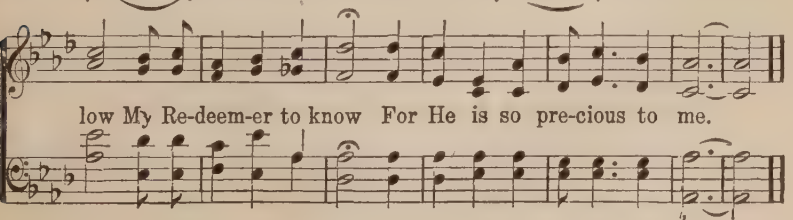
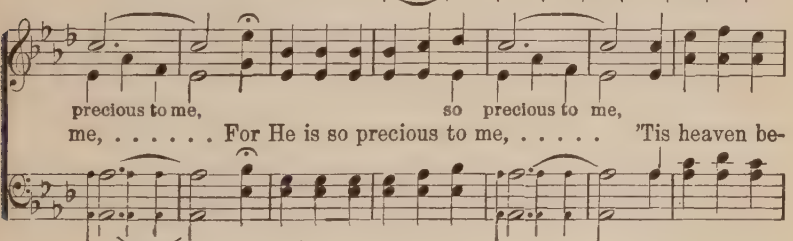
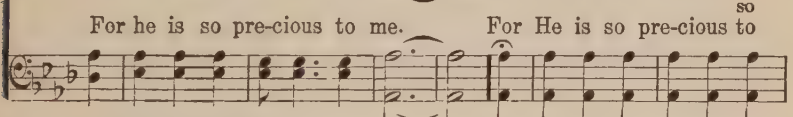
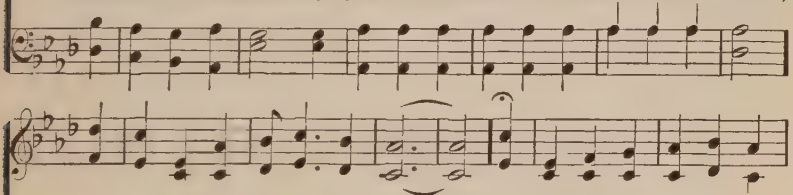
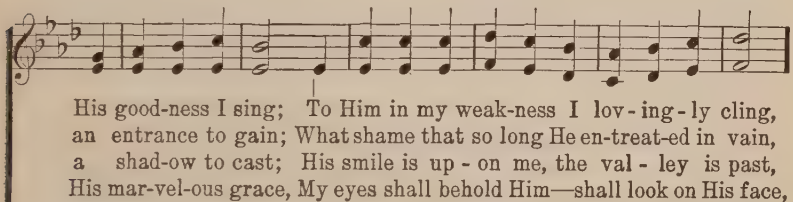
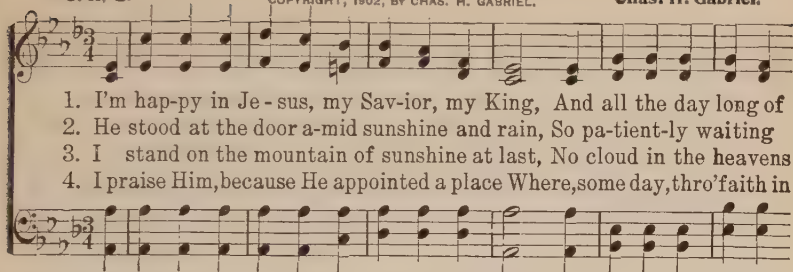
Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove, Lean on His
 Lean up - on His arms, and Lean up - on His

arms, look-ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms.
 arms, ev - er

C. H. G.

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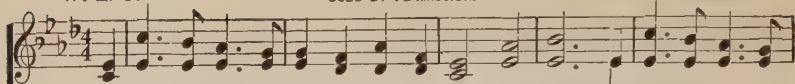
Chas. H. Gabriel.



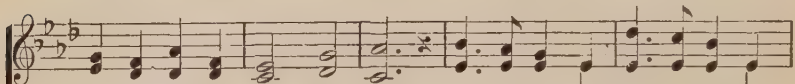
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W. L. T.

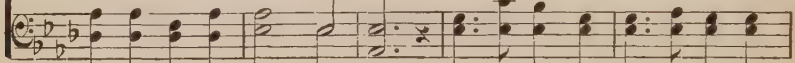
Will L. Thompson.



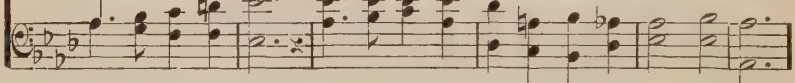
1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne, To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," "Come all ye wea-ry,



rest my bur-dens at His feet, O-ver us He's kind-ly watching,
words of com-fort when we mourn, Precious tho't that He is with us,
la-den ones, there's rest for thee," Je-sus' love is all per-vad-ing,



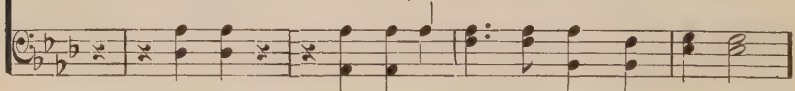
Call-ing t'ward the sky, O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.
Thro'-out earth and sky, Hap-py they who know this love from God on high.



CHORUS.



This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call - ing,
This love is mine,



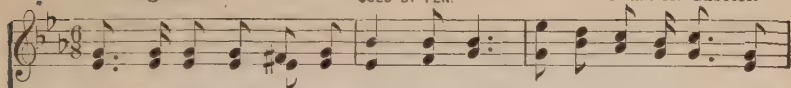
He of - fers you this bless - ing too, 'Tis free to all.



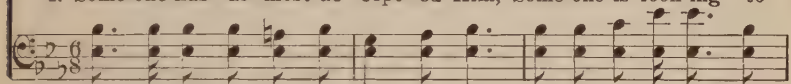
W. M. Lighthall.

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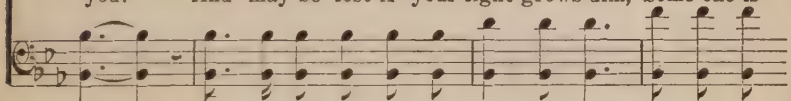
Chas. H. Gabriel.



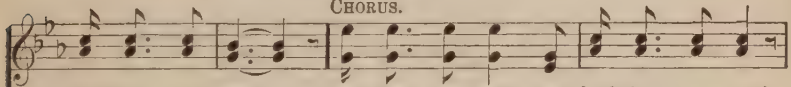
1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing His way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



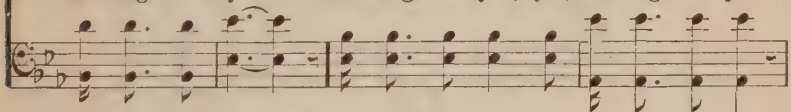
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
 you! Fol - low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
 you; And by your life his de - ci - sion make, Some-one is
 you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



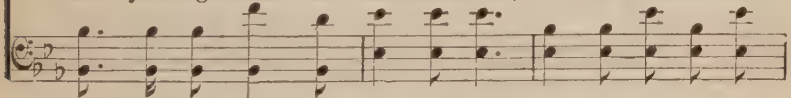
CHORUS.



look-ing to you. Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



Let your light shine the dark-ness thro', O be faith-ful and



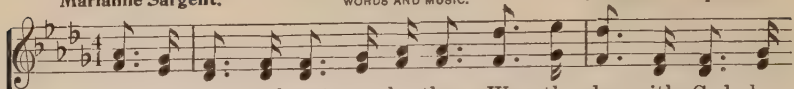
loy-al and true, For some-one is look-ing to you.



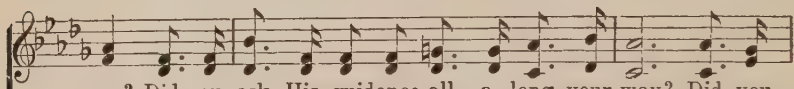
Marianne Sargent.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

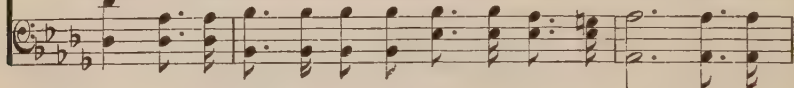
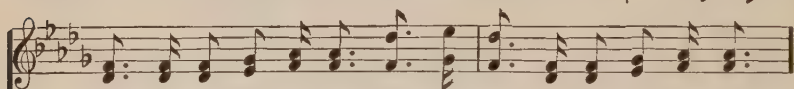
Frank A. Simpkins.



1. In your se - cret heart, my brother, Was the day with God be -
 2. Has the noontide found you, brother, With your face turn'd t'ward the
 3. When the ev'-ning comes, my brother, Will it bring you glad - ly

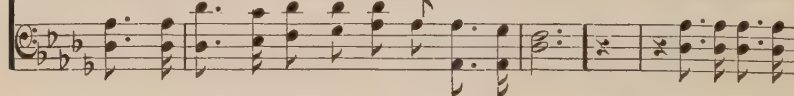
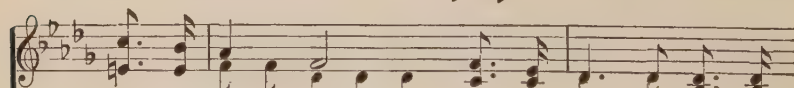
gun? Did you ask His guidance all a - long your way? Did you
 east? Is your treasure hid where thieves can nev - er steal? Have men
 home? Will the work that He has giv - en you be done? Will the

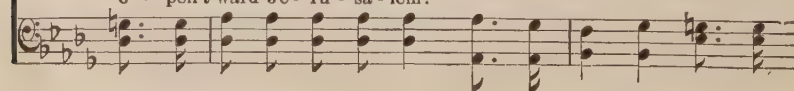
give in - to His keep - ing Hours of joy and hours of weep - ing?
 from your lips been learning Of the Sav - ior's tend - er yearn - ing?
 Mas - ter's voice at e - ven Bid you an - chor in His Heav - en?




When the world has call'd you from Him did you pray? Are your win - - dows
 Have you told them of His love that all may feel?
 Will it prof - it, tho' the world you may have won? Are your windows

o - pen, broth - er, Are they o - pen t'ward Je -
 o - pen t'ward Je - ru - sa - lem!



Are Your Windows Open?

ru - sa - lem? Have you found the peace the world takes not a - way?

No. 28.

At Galvary.

Wm. R. Newell.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY D. B. TOWNER.
USED BY PER.

D. B. Towner.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh! the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan, Oh! the grace that bro't it

cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing turn'd To Cal - va - ry.
as my King; Now my rap - tur'd soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man, Oh! the might - y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

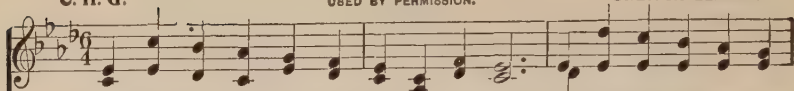
Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti -

plied to me, There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Glad-ly the will of my Lord I o - bey; He is my keep-er from
2. Not o - ver things of the world will I grieve. All that He sends I will
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the path-way to
4. Liv-ing, I'll serve Him where-ev-er I go, E'en tho' it be where the
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His



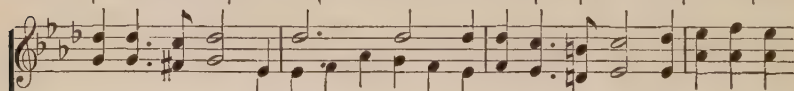
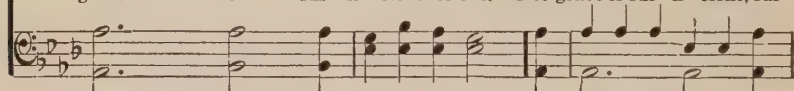
day un - to day; He is my Guide, and He know-eth the way, His
glad-ly re - ceive, Sat-is - fied just to look up and be - lieve, His
glo - ry I climb, Yet I be - lieve in the prom - ise di - vine, His
dark wa - ters flow; Dying, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
prom - ise I'll cling, And with the ran - somed for - ev - er I'll sing—His



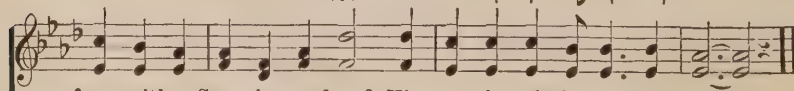
CHORUS.



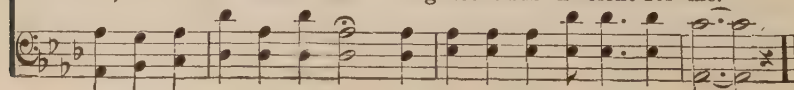
grace is suf - fi - cient for me. His grace is suf -
grace is suf - fi - cient for me. His grace is suf - fi - cient, suf -



fi - cient for me, His grace is sufficient for me; Then why should I
fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cent,



fear, with a Sav - ior so dear? His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.



E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1904-1905, BY JOHN P. HILLIS.
USED BY PER.

John P. Hillis.

1. In the land where the ang - els are sing - ing, There are man - sions of
2. Need we wait till we reach those glad por - tals, For the com - fort - ing
3. In the land where the ang - els are sing - ing, We shall grate - ful - ly

beau - ty and light, Where no sor - rows their shad - ows are fling - ing, Where the
rest of the soul? Till we meet with the shining im - mor - tals, Must the
tell of His love; To the throne of the Lamb humbly bring - ing Stars to

sky is e - ter - nal - ly bright; Then press on - ward, tho' foot - sore and
bil - lows of care wild - ly roll? "Come to me," is the blest in - vi -
shine in His pres - ence a - bove; Oh, we'll join in the won - der - ful

wea - ry, In the path that your Sav - ior hath trod; Hear the word of the
ta - tion, "With the bur - dens of life so op - pressed, In my love there is
sto - ry, In those man - sions so ra - diant and broad, Sing - ing, "Hon - or, and

Lord, sweet and cheer - y, "There is rest for the peo - ple of God."
strong con - so - la - tion, Take my yoke, and your heart shall find rest!"
bless - ing and glo - ry, There's a rest for the peo - ple of God."

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Ira D. Sankey.

1. O the pre-cious gos-pel sto-ry, How it tells of love to all,
 2. O the bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry, Of His meek and low-ly birth,—
 3. O the won-drous gos-pel sto-ry, Where is life in ev-'ry word;

How the Sav-ior in com-pas-sion, Died to save us from the fall;
 And the wel-come of the an-gels When they sang good-will to earth;—
 There is hope and con-so-la-tion, Where the mes-sage sweet is heard;

How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—
 Of the cross, on which He suf-fered, As by proph-ets seen of old,—
 Let us tell it to the wea-ry, And its beau-ties all un-fold;

Let us hast-en to pro-claim it, For the sto-ry *must* be told.
 Of His death and res-ur-rec-tion, Let the sto-ry *now* be told.
 'Tis the on-ly guide to heav-en, And the sto-ry *must* be told.

CHORUS.

The sto-ry must be told (be told), The sto-ry must be told,

The Story Must be Told.

That Je - sus died for sin - ners lost, The sto - ry must be told.

No. 32.

Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
BY PER.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherds' voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

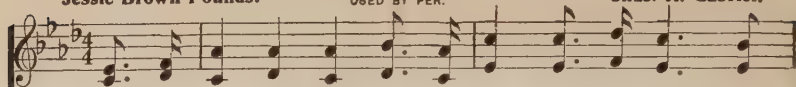
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

No. 33. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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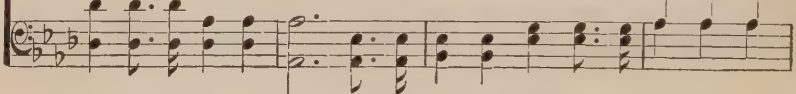
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To



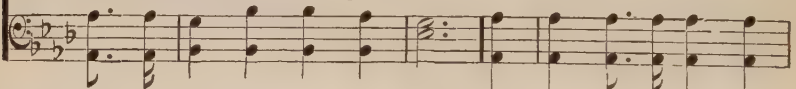

no other way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light;
path that the Sav-ior trod If I e'er would climb to the heights sublime
walk in it nev-er-more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



CHORUS.



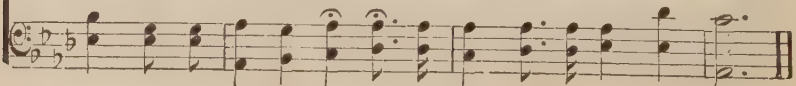
If the Cross-Tree road I miss.
Where the soul's at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the open door.




home, The way of the cross leads home, It is sweet to
leads home, leads home,



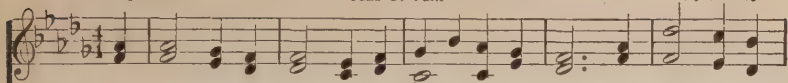

know as I on-ward go That the way of the cross leads home.



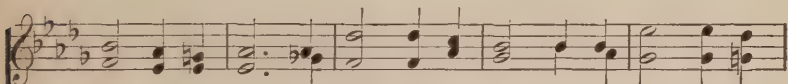
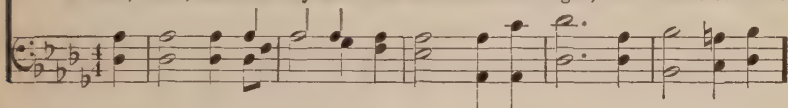
H. G. Spafford.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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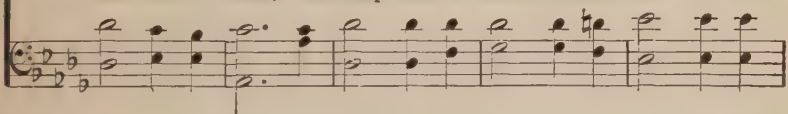
P. P. Bliss.



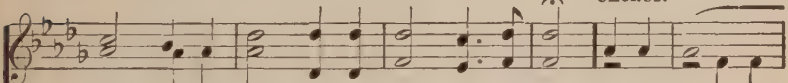
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd



sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -



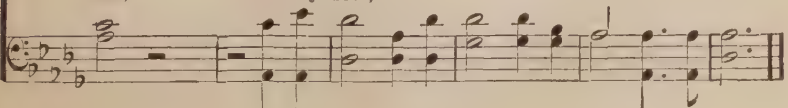
CHORUS.



say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is



. . . . with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
well, with my soul,



1. Just why the Lord hath led so strangely, As we have held Him by the hand,
 2. Just why the road has been so weary, That leads us t'ward the promised land,
 3. Just why we have so much of sorrow While here up on a shift-ing strand,
 4. Why Christ up on the cross should suffer To bring us to the gold-en land,

Tho' here we may not know the rea-son, Up there we'll clear-ly un-der-stand.
 Just why our nights have been so dreary, Up there we'll clear-ly un-der-stand.
 Just why our eyes are dim with weeping, Up there we'll clear-ly un-der-stand.
 Will be made plain when we shall see Him-Up there we'll clear-ly un-der-stand.

CHORUS.

We'll un-der-stand it all up yon-der, That all our
 We'll un-der-stand, all our way the

way the Lord hath planned; By faith in Him
 Lord hath planned, we'll un-der-stand; By faith in Him

we'll trust, be-liev-ing, Up there we'll clear - - ly un-der stand.
 clear-ly un-der-stand, we'll un-der-stand.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. What is the bur-den to - day on your heart? Go tell it to
 2. Poised in His own might-y hand was the load Be - fore up-on
 3. He who hath trod-den the wine-press a - lone, Is touch'd with your
 4. Trust in His keep-ing, nor ques-tion His love, Who gives what is

Je - sus a - lone (a - lone,); Grace un - to you He will
 you it was laid (was laid); Clothed in our flesh He the
 bur - den of grief (of grief); 'Round you His arm of pro-
 need - ful and best (and best); Tell Him your bur - den, His

free - ly im - part, No oth - er such help - er is known.
 ver - y same road Hath trav-el'd, then be not dis - mayed.
 tec - tion is thrown, He'll com-fort, and send you re - lief.
 faith - ful - ness prove, And lean on His bo - som, and rest.

CHORUS.

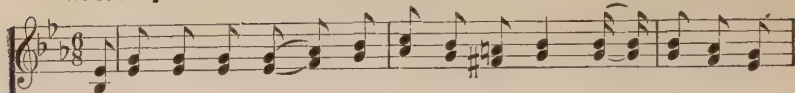
Car-ry your burden to Je - sus, Tell it to Him, tell it to Him;
 Je - sus in prayer,

Take it and trust-ing-ly leave it there, Tell it to Je-sus a - lone.

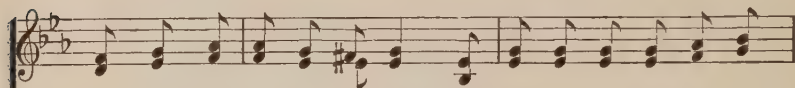
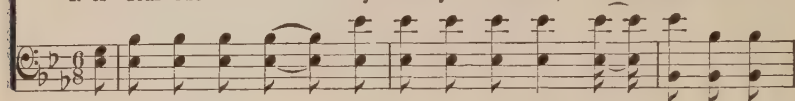
W. T. Sleeper.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.
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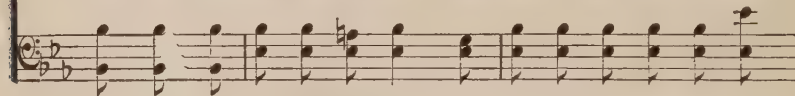
Geo. C. Stebbins.



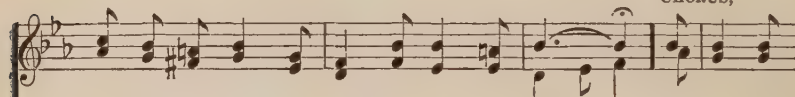
1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful



way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in
ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes - sage to
ran - somed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if
gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the note of this



CHORUS,



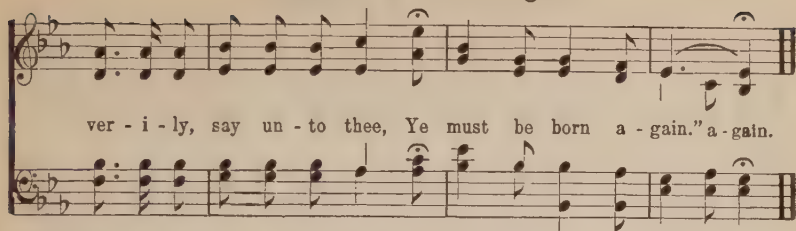
words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain." "Ye must be
ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain." a - gain.



born a - gain,".... "Ye must be born a - gain,".... I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a - gain,



Ye Must Be Born Again.



ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain." a - gain.

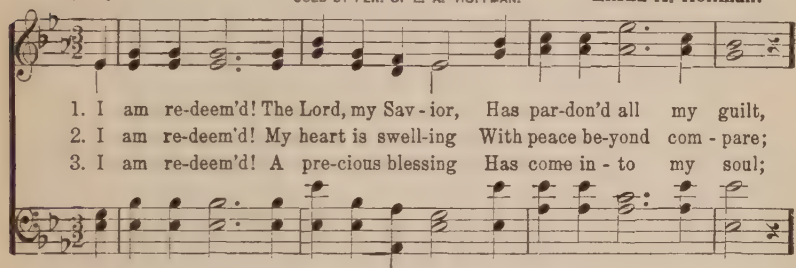
No. 38.

I am Redeemed.

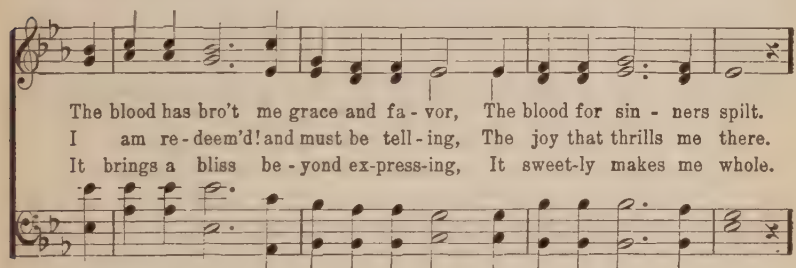
E. A. H.

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

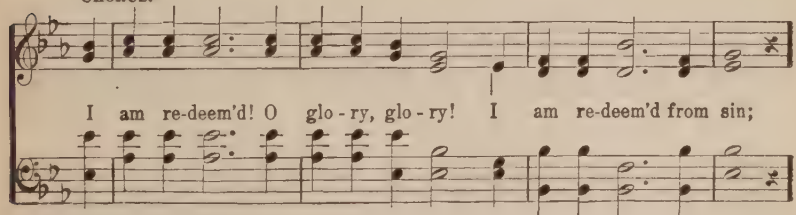


1. I am re-deem'd! The Lord, my Sav - ior, Has par-don'd all my guilt,
2. I am re-deem'd! My heart is swell-ing With peace be-yond com - pare;
3. I am re-deem'd! A pre-cious blessing Has come in - to my soul;

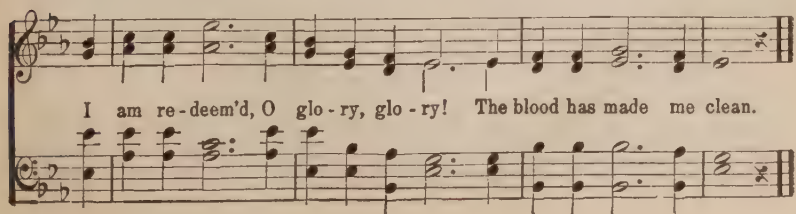


The blood has bro't me grace and fa - vor, The blood for sin - ners spilt.
I am re-deem'd! and must be tell-ing, The joy that thrills me there.
It brings a bliss be - yond ex-press-ing, It sweet-ly makes me whole.

CHORUS.



I am re-deem'd! O glo - ry, glo - ry! I am re-deem'd from sin;

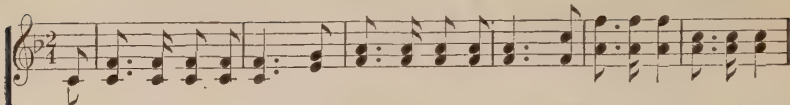


I am re-deem'd, O glo - ry, glo - ry! The blood has made me clean.

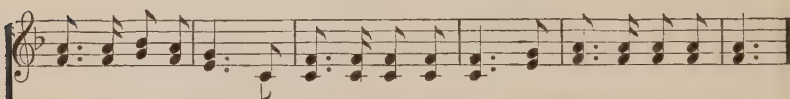
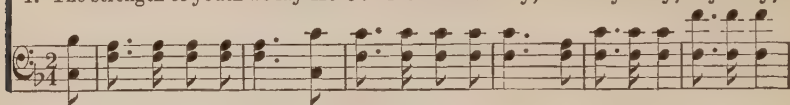
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

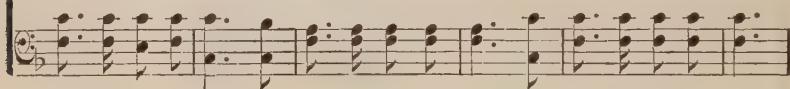
Flora H. Cassel.



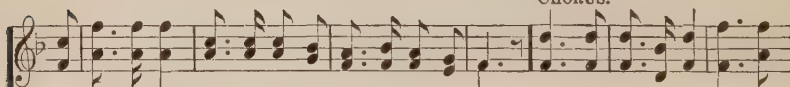
1. From over hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



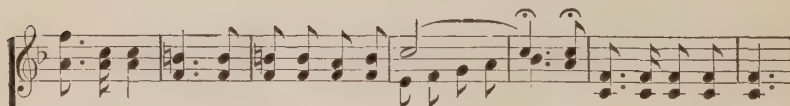
loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's domain,



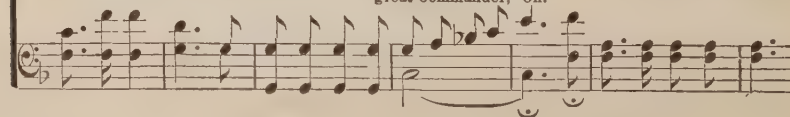
CHORUS.



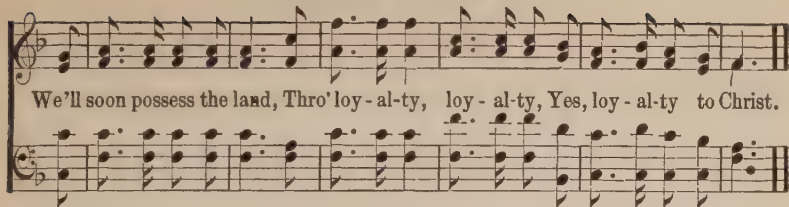
Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ. "On to vic - to - ry! On to



vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"



Loyalty to Christ.



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.

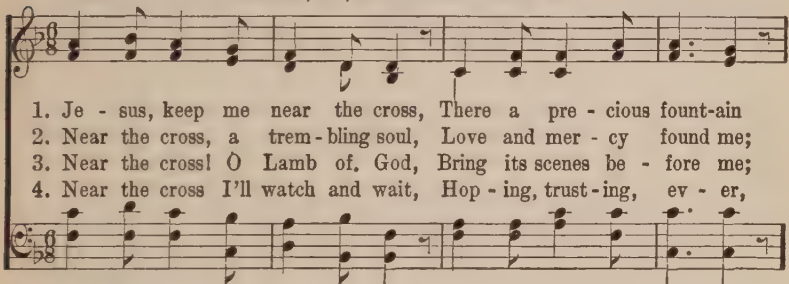
No. 40.

Near the Cross.

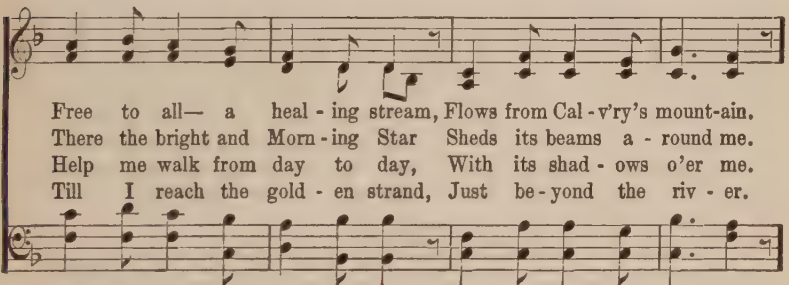
Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

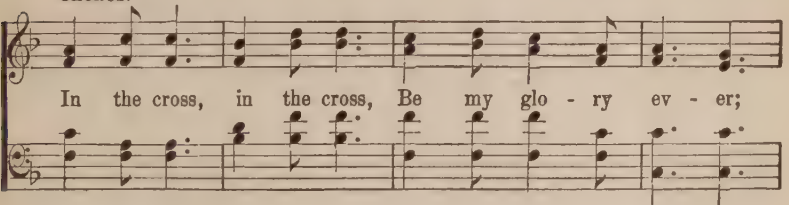


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious fount - ain
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

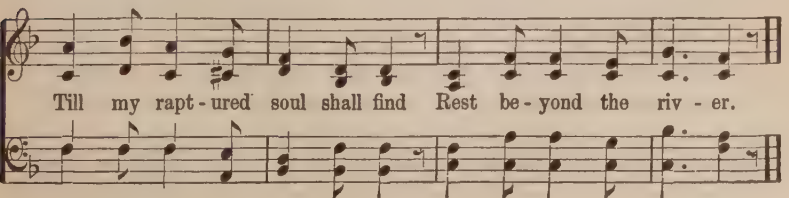


Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's mount - ain.
 There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



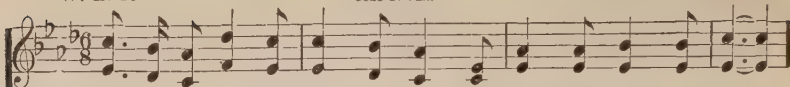
Till my rapt - ured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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W. L. T.

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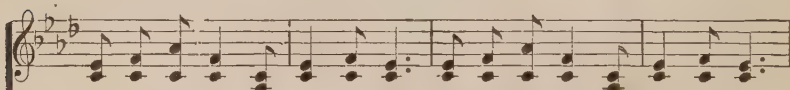
Will L. Thompson.



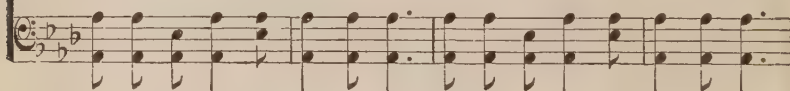
- 1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
- 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
- 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
- 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I should fall.
 I go to Him for bless - ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep - ing His cross with - in my sight,
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;



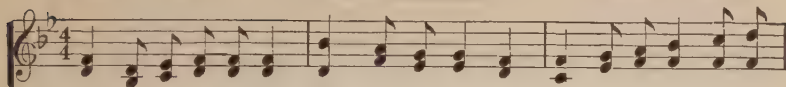
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal, life, e - ter - nal joy He's my friend.



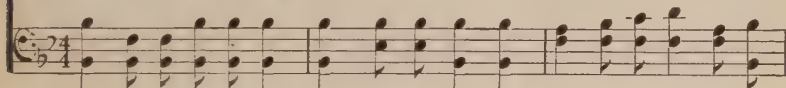
Fanny J. Crosby.

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William H. Doane.



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



No. 43.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

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Helen L. Dungan.

J. H. Dungan.

1. When earthly cares and sorrows roll Like ocean's billows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I onward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev'ry fear; Earth's

[illegible]

tempest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin within my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chang-es cannot harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The time signature is 5/8. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by an eighth note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece is marked with a 'C' for common time, indicating a 5/8 meter. The notation includes various note values, rests, and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Bring peace to my soul to-day, Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
bring peace, sweet peace to-day.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily using the notes G, A, B-flat, and C. The first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The tenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eleventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twelfth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirteenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fourteenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifteenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixteenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventeenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighteenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The nineteenth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twentieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The twenty-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirtieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The thirty-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fortieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The forty-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fiftieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The fifty-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixtieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The sixty-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The seventy-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eightieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The eighty-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninetieth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-first measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-second measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-third measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-fourth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-fifth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-sixth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-seventh measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-eighth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The ninety-ninth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4. The hundredth measure contains a G4 and a B-flat4.

Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The upper staff contains the melody, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, eighth notes A4-G4, and a quarter note F#4. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The system concludes with a double bar line.

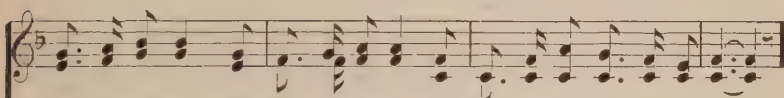
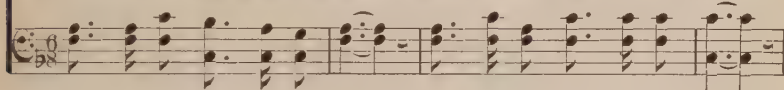
E. A. H.

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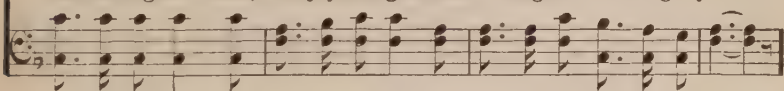
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman,



1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gra-cious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be-stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleans-ing and keep-ing me whole,



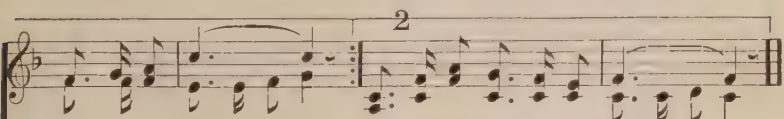
Mer - cy re-veal-ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor, Cleans'd my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
But Je-sus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
Ban-ish-ing sad - ness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.



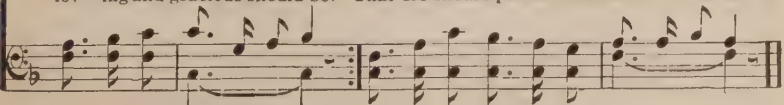
CHORUS.



Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der-ful, strange and so won - der-ful,



gracious should be? That He should save even me!
lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should pardon and save e - ven me!

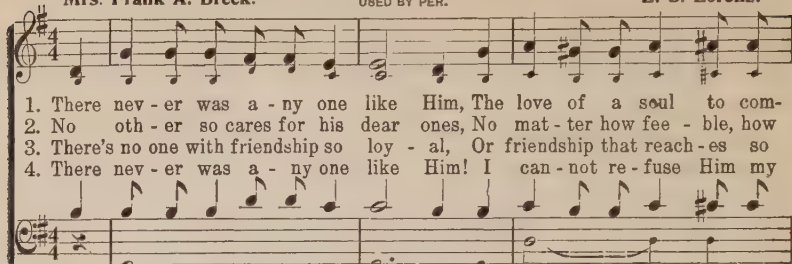


No. 45. There Never Was Any One Like Him.

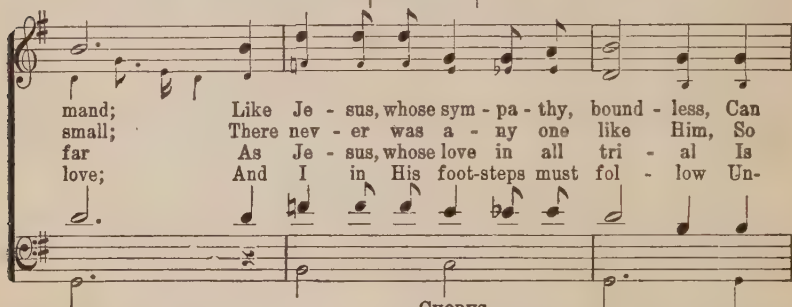
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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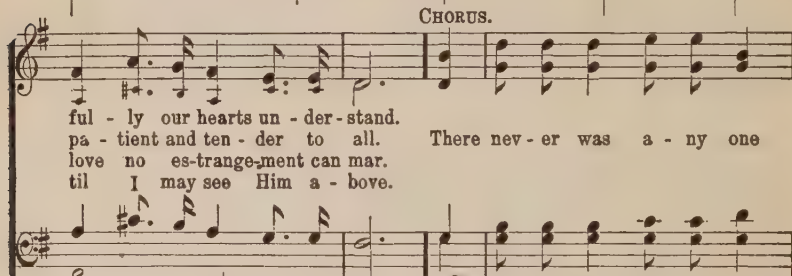
E. S. Lorenz.



1. There nev - er was a - ny one like Him, The love of a soul to com-
2. No oth - er so cares for his dear ones, No mat - ter how fee - ble, how
3. There's no one with friendship so loy - al, Or friendship that reach - es so
4. There nev - er was a - ny one like Him! I can - not re - fuse Him my

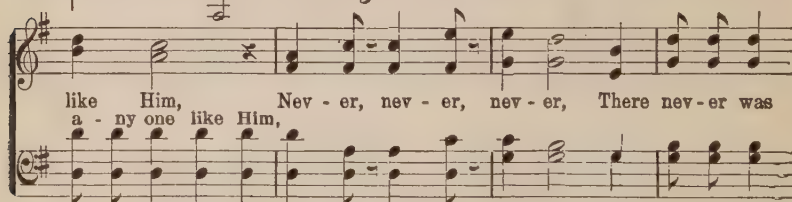


mand;
small;
far
love;
Like Je - sus, whose sym - pa - thy, bound - less, Can
There nev - er was a - ny one like Him, So
As Je - sus, whose love in all tri - al Is
And I in His foot-steps must fol - low Un-

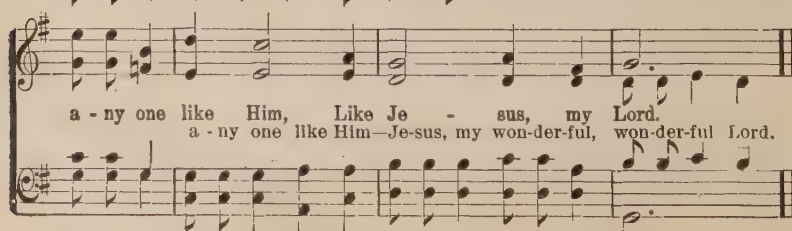


CHORUS.

ful - ly our hearts un - der - stand.
pa - tient and ten - der to all. There nev - er was a - ny one
love no es - trange - ment can mar.
til I may see Him a - bove.



like Him, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, There nev - er was
a - ny one like Him,



a - ny one like Him, Like Je - sus, my Lord.
a - ny one like Him—Je - sus, my won - der - ful, won - der - ful Lord.

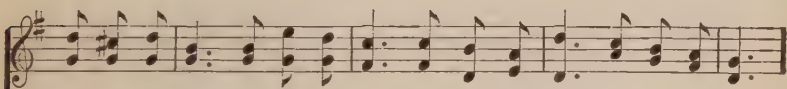
D. Z. Herr.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Je - sus sup - plies my ev - 'ry need, He sac - ri - ficed His life for me;
2. Oh, the a - tone - ment of the Christ, Just now His blood a - vails for me
3. With cru - el thorns up - on His brow And pierc - ed side He ran - som'd me;
4. I hear Him say, "My work is done," Just as He dies up - on the tree,
5. In high - est heav'n He lives a - gain And in - ter - cedes with God for me,
6. Now rest, my new - born, ten - der heart, Se - re - ne - ly rest beneath the blood,



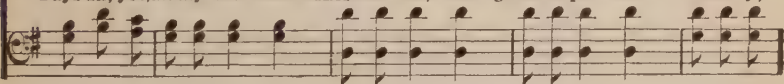
His love, His love He gives in - deed, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
 And fills my heart with sweet - est rest, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
 Oh, praise the Lord, He saves me now, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
 And for my sins He does a - tone; Pays all my debt and makes me free.
 And makes my heart all new with - in, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
 For Je - sus will to thee im - part From Calv'ry's brow His great - est good.



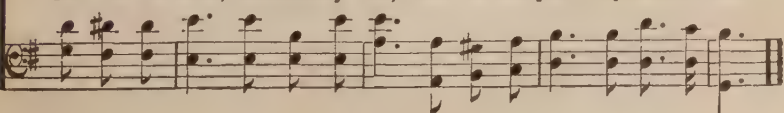
CHORUS.



Pays all my debt and makes me free, And gives me per - fect lib - er - ty;
 Pays all, yes, all my debt and makes me free, And gives me per - fect lib - er - ty;



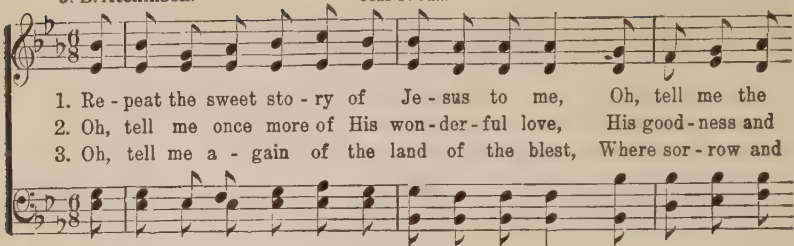
I'm free in Christ, won - drous - ly free, Since Je - sus paid my debt for me.



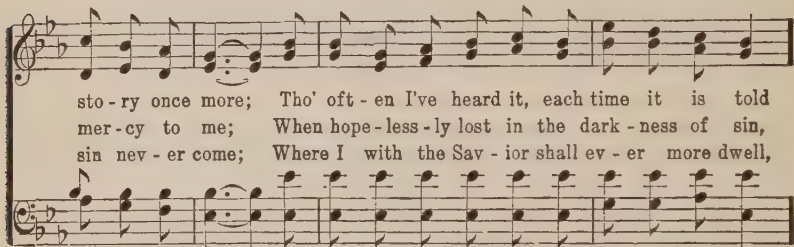
J. B. Atchinson.

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S. D. Goodale.

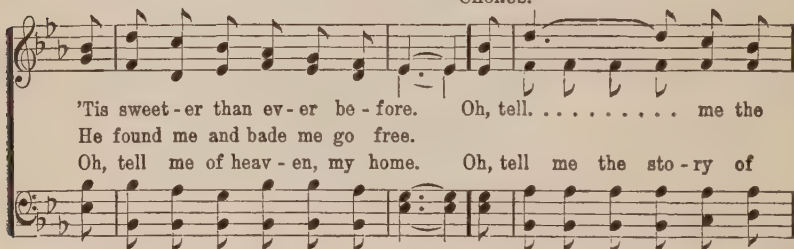


1. Re - peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, Oh, tell me the
 2. Oh, tell me once more of His won - der - ful love, His good - ness and
 3. Oh, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sor - row and

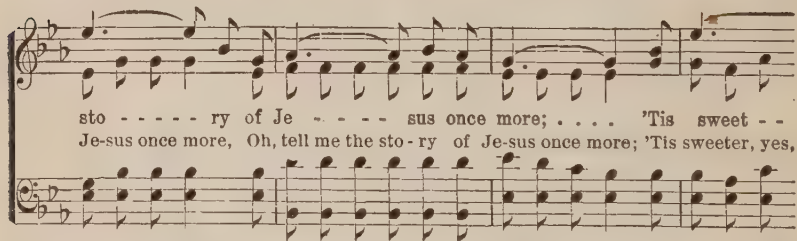


sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told
 mer - cy to me; When hope - less - ly lost in the dark - ness of sin,
 sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav - ior shall ev - er more dwell,

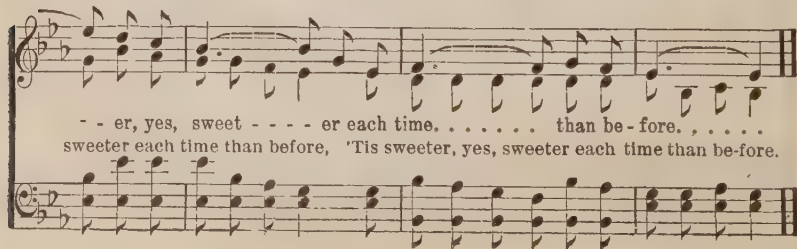
CHORUS.



'Tis sweet - er than ev - er be - fore. Oh, tell. me the
 He found me and bade me go free.
 Oh, tell me of heav - en, my home. Oh, tell me the sto - ry of



sto - - - - ry of Je - - - - sus once more; 'Tis sweet - -
 Je - sus once more, Oh, tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus once more; 'Tis sweeter, yes,

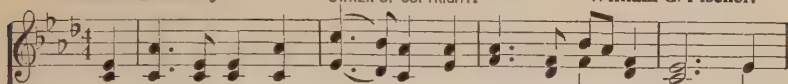


- - er, yes, sweet - - - - er each time. than be - fore.
 sweeter each time than before, 'Tis sweeter, yes, sweeter each time than be - fore.

Catherine Hankey.

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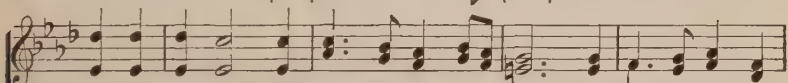
William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem



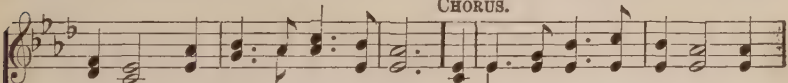
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in



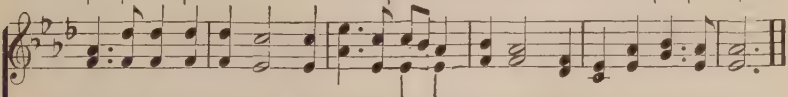
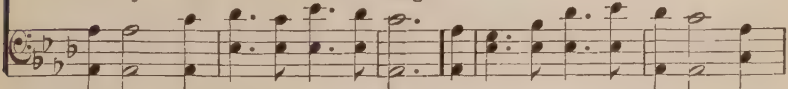
tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



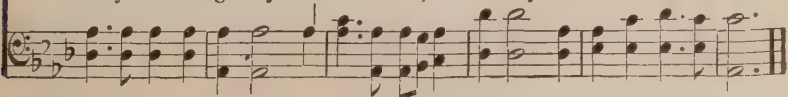
CHORUS.



long - ings As noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



No. 49.

The Story Never Old.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel,

1. The sweet - est sto - ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
 2. He like a Shepherd kind and true, Came seek - ing for His own;
 3. He took up - on Him - self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
 4. "There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
 5. "O dear - ly, dear - ly hath He loved And we must love Him too,

Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
 Yet see! in Pi - late's judg - ment hall He stands de - spised, a - lone!
 And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
 And trust in His re deem - ing love, And try His works to do."

CHORUS.

O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
 O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweet - est ev - er told! Un - til the

gates of gold swing back for me, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
 gates of gold swing back for me, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

then on yonder shore It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.
 then on you - der shore, It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.

John R. Clements.

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H. P. Danks.

Solo, or Semi-chorus.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square;"
 2. All the gates of pearl are made In "the cit - y four-square,"
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square;"
 4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "the cit - y four-square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 There life's crystal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS. *mf*

God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears,"

death, no pain nor fears; And they count not
 There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time

time by years, . . . For there is "no night there."
 by years, by years, For there is "no night . . . there."

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Mrs. L. Shorey.

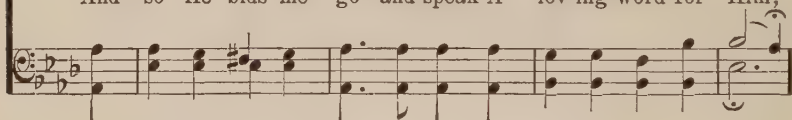
Joseph D. Little.



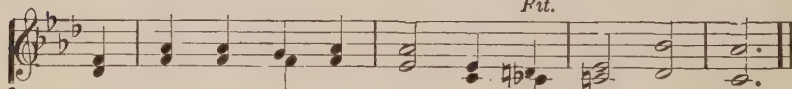
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to m^e,
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,



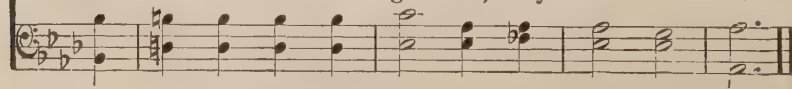
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
 But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply,
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try,
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;

*Fit.*

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

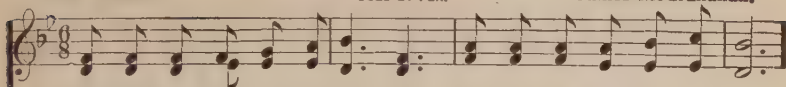


No. 52. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

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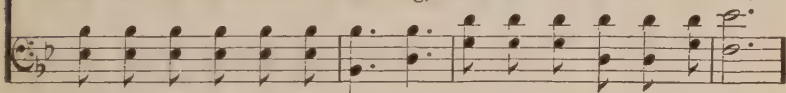
James McGranahan.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing." This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing." Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing." Oh, that to - day they might fall,



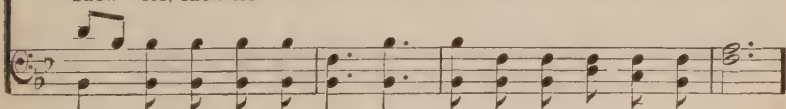
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bund-ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.



Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show - ers, show-ers



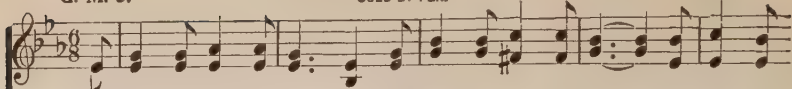
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



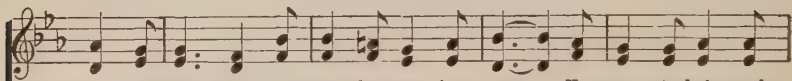
G. M. J.

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James McGranahan.



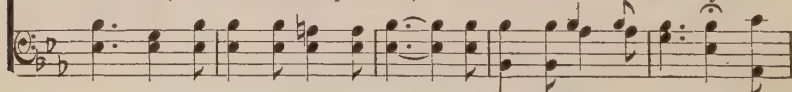
1. God loved a world of sin - ners, For them He gave His Son; And who - so -
 2. Be - hold the bleed - ing Sav - ior Up - on the cru - el tree, — The just con -
 3. God loves the vil - est sin - ner, But hates the small - est sin; Then who shall
 4. Re - turn to God, O wan - d'r'er, Thy purchased par - don take; Thy sins He'll



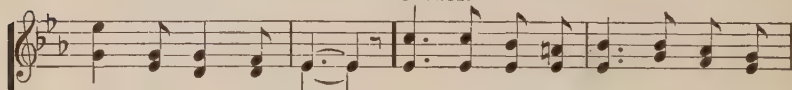
e'er re - ceives Him, He saves them, ev - 'ry one; He came to bring sal -
 demned, for - sak - en — He dies for you and me; The "Son of God" be -
 see His king - dom? Or who can en - ter in? The pre - cious blood of
 not re - mem - ber, For thy Re - deem - er's sake; He'll cast them all be -



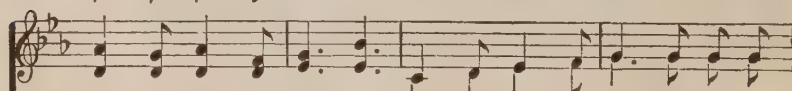
va - tion, To bear our sins a - way, That we with Him in glo - ry Might
 lov - ed, For us a curse was made; That we might have redemption, The
 Je - sus — Let ev - 'ry creat - ure know — Can make the "chief of sinners" Full
 hind Him, Or 'neath the deep - est sea, And love us ev - er free - ly Thro'



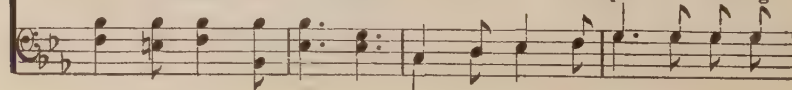
CHORUS.



live thro' end - less day.
 aw - ful price He paid. "How shall we es - cape if we neg -
 whit - er than the snow.
 out e - ter - ni - ty

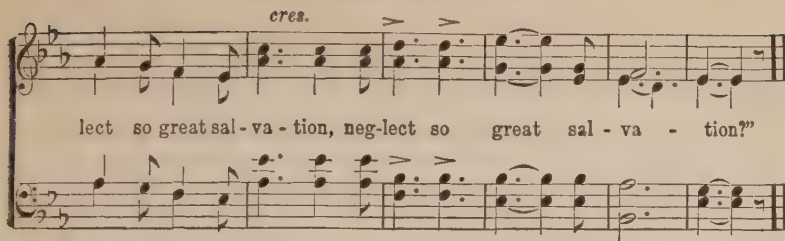


lect so great sal - va - tion? How shall we es - cape if we neg -



How Shall We Escape?

cres.



lect so great sal - va - tion, neg - lect so great sal - va - tion?"

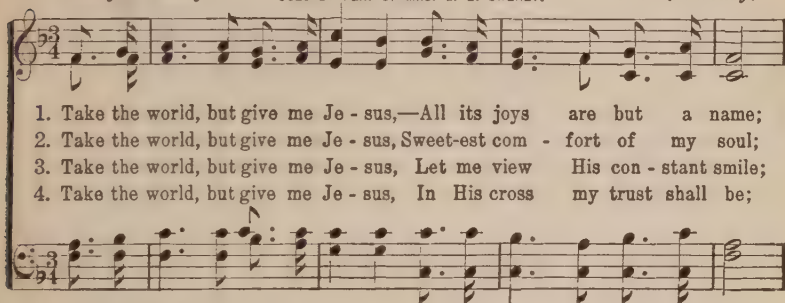
No. 54.

Give Me Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

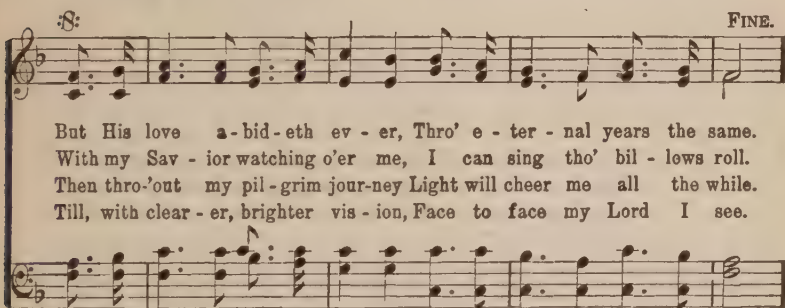
COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

Jno R. Sweney.



1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, —All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet - est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con - stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be;

8:

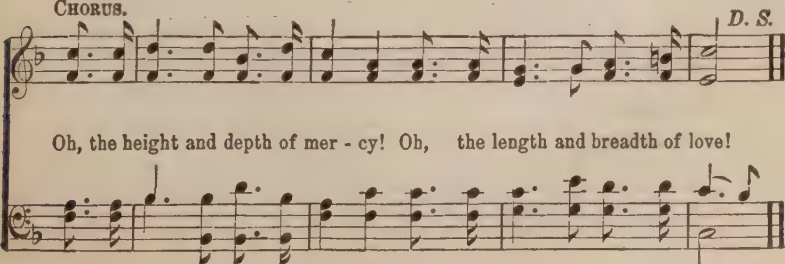


FINE.

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watching o'er me, I can sing tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

D. S.—Oh, the full - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

CHORUS.



D. S.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

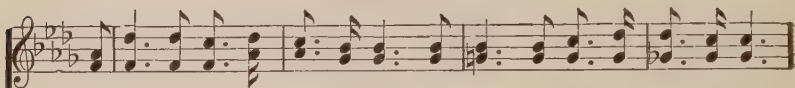
S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

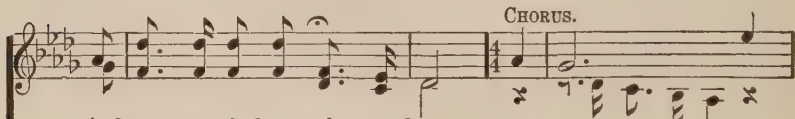
E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

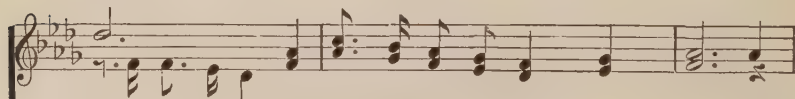


But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with Histouch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He
My Fa-ther knows,



knows The storms that would my way op - pose, He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



My Father Knows.

knows He knows, And tempers ev'ry wind that blows.
My Father knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 56.

No, Not One!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one? no, not one!

None else could heal all our souls' dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

D.S. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

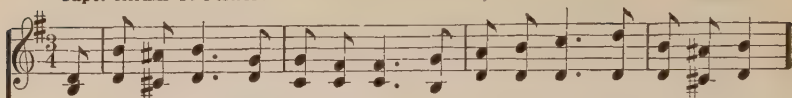
D. S.

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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Capt. Hiram T. Fisher.

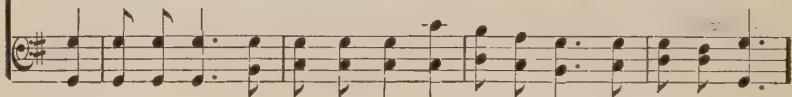
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. By faith I see my Sav-ior's face, By faith I take His sav-ing grace;
2. Yes, Christ is all in all to me, He saved my soul and set me free;
3. Oh, wondrous love that sought my place, To die for me up - on the cross;
4. Blest Cal - va - ry—most blessed Christ, That Thou shouldst seek when I was lost;



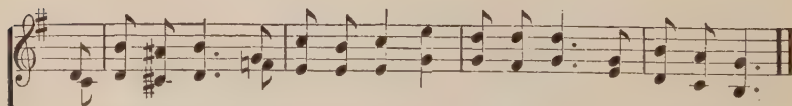
In Him all mer - cies free a-bound, He keeps my feet on sol - id ground.
 Praise Him, O praise Him world a-round, And stand with Him on sol - id ground.
 That paid my debt in bleeding wound, And set my feet on blood-bought ground.
 Oh, may Thy pre - cious name re-sound, Till all shall find Thy standing ground.



CHORUS.



In joy - ous notes my heart would sing, And rend-er prais - es to my King;



In sink-ing sand my feet He found, And plant-ed them on sol - id ground.

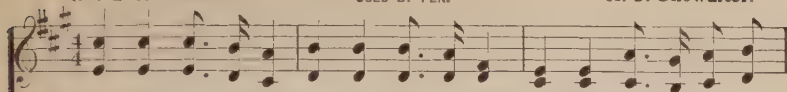


No. 58. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

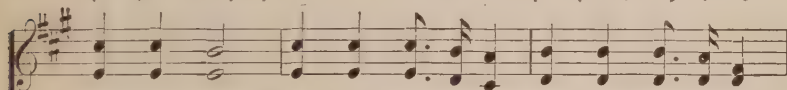
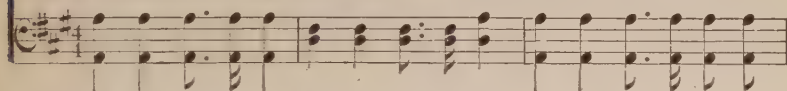
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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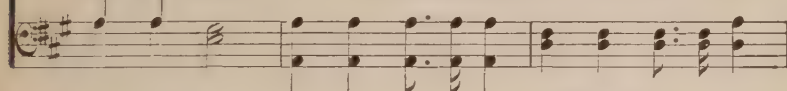
A. J. Showalter.



1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-



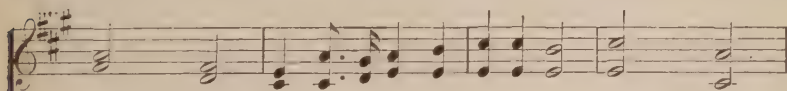
last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,



REFRAIN.



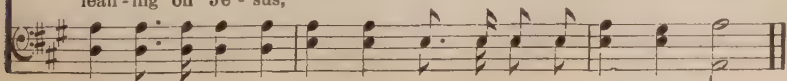
Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms! Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

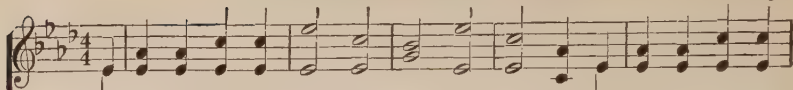


lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean-ing,
lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,

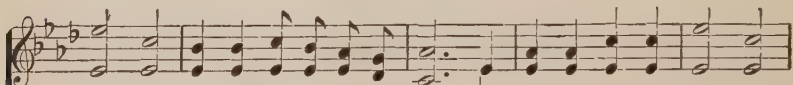
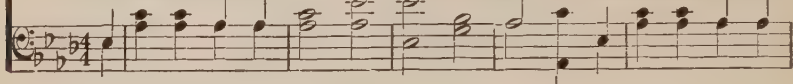


lean-ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.
lean-ing on Je-sus,

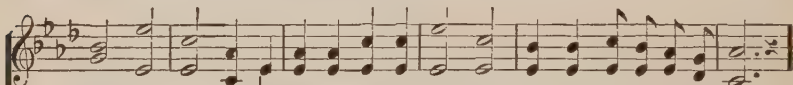
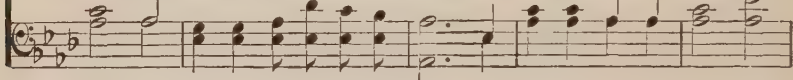




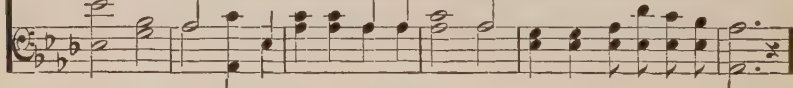
1. The gos - pel ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gos - pel ship is
2. She has landed ma - ny thousands, thousands, thousands, She has landed ma - ny
3. Sails filled with heav'nly breez - es, breez - es, breez - es, Sails filled with heav'nly
4. Take passage now for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Take passage now for



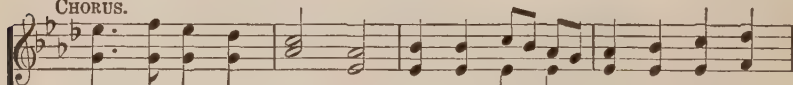
sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore; All who would ship for glo - ry,
thousands, On fair Canaan's happy shore; And thousands now are sail - ing,
breez - es, Swift - ly glides the ship a - long; Her com - pan - y are sing - ing,
glo - ry, Sail - ing o'er life's troubled sea; With us you shall be hap - py,



glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor.
sailing, sailing, And thousands now are sailing, yet there's room for thousands more.
sing - ing, sing - ing, Her com - pan - y are sing - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry is their song.
hap - py, hap - py, With us you shall be hap - py Hap - py through e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! All on board are sweet - ly sing - ing,



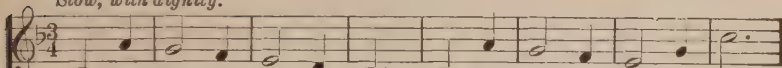
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



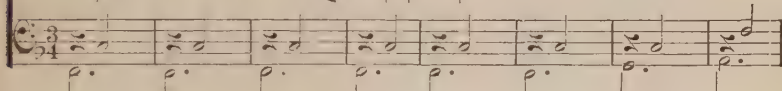
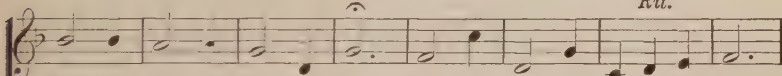
John Burton.

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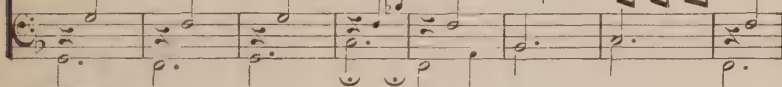
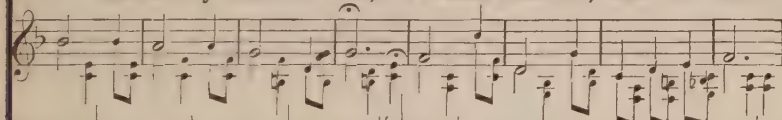
E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

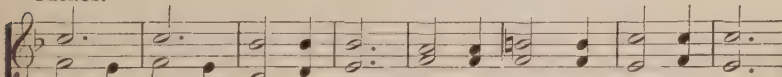
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suff-ring in this wil-der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb-el sin-ner's doom;

*Rit.*

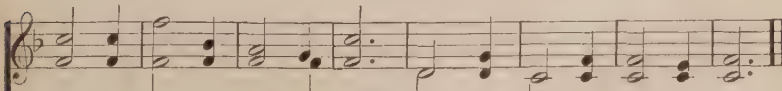
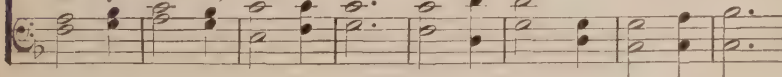
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun-ish or re-ward;
 Mine to show, by liv-ing faith, Man can tri-umph o-ver death;
 O thou ho-ly book di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.



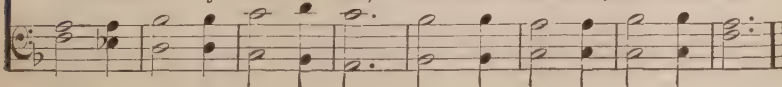
CHORUS.



Mine, mine, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 Ho - ly Bi - ble,



O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Church of our God, Pur - chase of
 2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with
 3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Praise His dear name! This bless - ed
 4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the
 5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the

Je - sus, re - deemed by His blood; Called from the world and its
 Je - sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
 se - cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous - ness
 wil - der - ness wan - der - ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
 Bridegroom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

I - dols to flee, Called from the bond - age of sin to be free.
 tar - nished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
 but Christ with - in, Liv - ing, and reign - ing, and sav - ing from sin.
 dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
 day draw - eth near When in His beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

CHORUS.

"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"

as we're marching a - long; Sing it, shout it.
 "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing,

Holiness Unto the Lord.

loud and long, "Ho - li-ness un-to the Lord," now and for-ev - er.
 "Ho - li-ness un-to the Lord,"

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes). The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, also in two flats and 3/4 time, with a steady eighth-note accompaniment pattern.

No. 62. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

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J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
 2. Once heav-en seem'd a far-off place, Till Je-sus show'd His smil-ing face;
 3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell;

The musical score is for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, also in two flats and 3/4 time, with a steady eighth-note accompaniment pattern.

And 'mid earth's sor-rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
 Now it's be - gun with-in my soul 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
 In cot-tage, or a mansion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heaven there.

The musical score continues with the same voice and piano parts as the previous section, maintaining the two-flat key signature and 3/4 time signature.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

The chorus is written for voice and piano, continuing the two-flat key signature and 3/4 time signature.

On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je-sus is, 'tis heaven there.

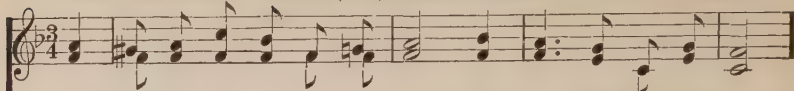
The final verse of the song is written for voice and piano, concluding the piece in the same two-flat key signature and 3/4 time signature.

(May be sung in D flat.)

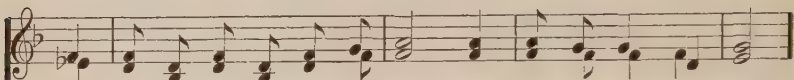
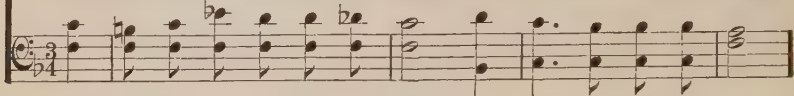
Moses Gage Shirley.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

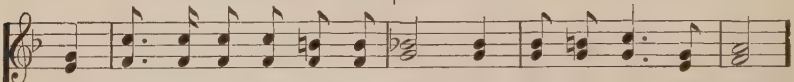
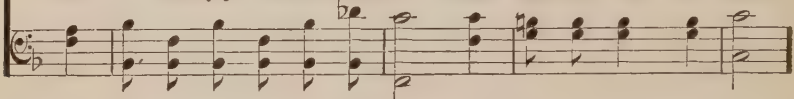
Chas. H. Gabriel.



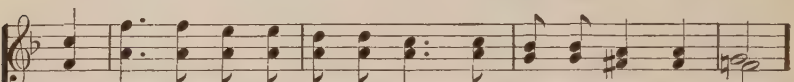
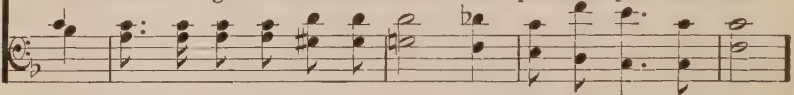
1. Some day the sun of life will set, and I shall fall a - sleep,
2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a - sleep,
3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a - sleep,



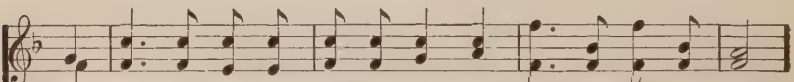
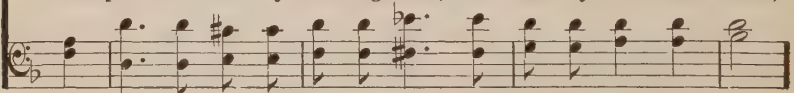
And, leav - ing all that I hold dear, will find the si - lence deep,—
 And, pass - ing from you, I shall see a - far the gold - en street,
 But O what joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep!



That mys - ter - y which, still un - solved, God and His an - gels know,
 And saint - ed forms of those who dwell up - on the oth - er shore,
 For where I go we know that God has prom - ised per - fect rest



(And those who walk by crys - tal streams where heav'nly breez - es blow,)
 Be - hold the lov'd ones who from us a while have gone be - fore,
 And peace for ev - 'ry ach - ing heart, and ev - 'ry troub - led breast;



Where grief nor sor - row ev - er come, nor troub - le's bil - lows sweep;
 Where soft and cool - ing path - ways lie, where none shall ev - er weep—
 And love more last - ing than our own He'll give to me to keep,



When I Shall Fall Asleep.

Some day the Reap - er will ap - pear, and I shall fall a - sleep.
 Some day the hour for me will come, and I shall fall a - sleep.
 When all my bur - dens are laid down and I have gone a - sleep.

No. 64.

Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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 E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weedon.

1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov ing him-self a friend in need;
 2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
 3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
 4. Some-body filled the day with light, Con-stant ly chased a - way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long, —
 Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right, —
 Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain, —
 Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease, —

Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

F. J. Crosby.

USED BY PER. OF MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rapt - ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.
 Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long.

No. 66. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Anon.

Arranged.



1. I am dwell - ing on the mount - ain, Where the gold - en sun - light gleams,
2. I can see far down the mount - ain, Where I wan - dered wea - ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the fount - ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;




O'er a land whose won - drous beau - ty Far ex - ceeds my fond - est dreams;
Oft - en hin - d'ered in my jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's sweet riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;




Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
Bro - ken vows and dis - ap - point - ments, Thick - ly sprin - kled all the way,
There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas - ures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,

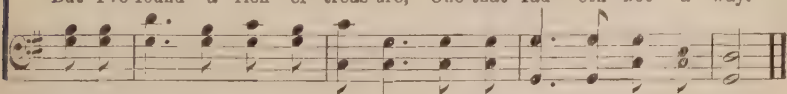


CHO. - Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.



They are bloom - ing by the fount - ain, 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bow - rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
But I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.



Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation,
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the cross.

5 'Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers;
Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

D. W. M.

COPYRIGHT 1902, BY D. W. MYLAND.
USED BY PER.Rev. D. W. Myland.
Arr. by J. M. Kirk.

1. I have heav'n-ly glad-ness in my soul to-day Which all earth-ly
 2. Oth-er friends may help me, be most kind and true, And their love I'll
 3. He is with me when no earth-ly friend is near, He can feel my
 4. The sweet sun-shine of His grace re-fresh-es me As I walk life's

joys out-shine, Driv-ing all my sad-ness, doubts and fears a-way;
 ne'er re-sign, But my Sav-ior is the best I ev-er knew—
 soul's deep need, And His ten-der love my faint-ing heart doth cheer;
 path with Him; At the journey's end His bless-ed face I'll see

CHORUS.

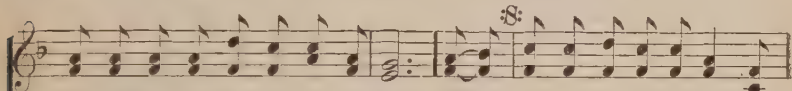
It is this that Christ is mine. He is mine, . . . His joy I
 Precious friend! I know He's mine.
 O He is a friend in-deed.
 Where no shad-ows ev-er dim. He is mine,

know, . . . He a-bides with me wher-e'er I go; wher-e'er I go; And His
 His joy I know,

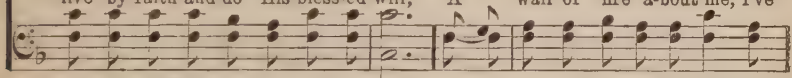
gen-tle presence doth my heart en-twine, Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is mine.



1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sak - en, and
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've



D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

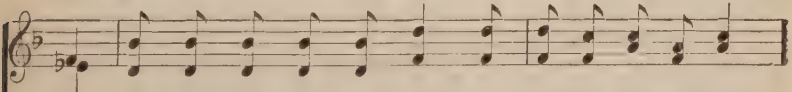
FINE.



Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.



bright and Morning Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.



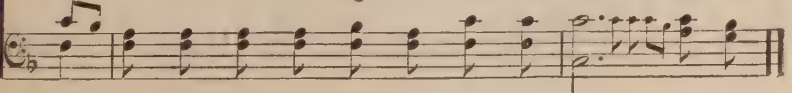
In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,



D. S.



He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the



No. 69. Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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J. Howard Entwisle.

1. There's a dark and a trou-ble-d side of life, There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crush-ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be

sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who

CHORUS.

sun - ny side we al - so may view.
sun again will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep-eth ev - 'ry one in His care.

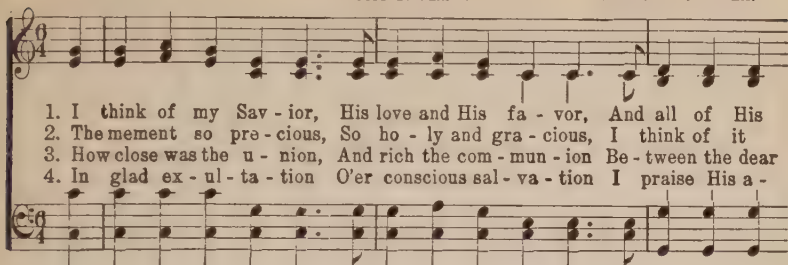
sun - ny side, Keep on the sun - ny side of life; It will help us ev - 'ry day,

It will bright-en all the way, If we keep on the sun - ny side of life.

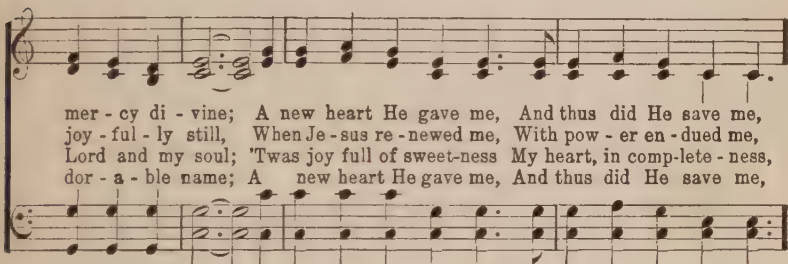
E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1898 BY HENRY DATE,
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Elisha A. Hoffman.

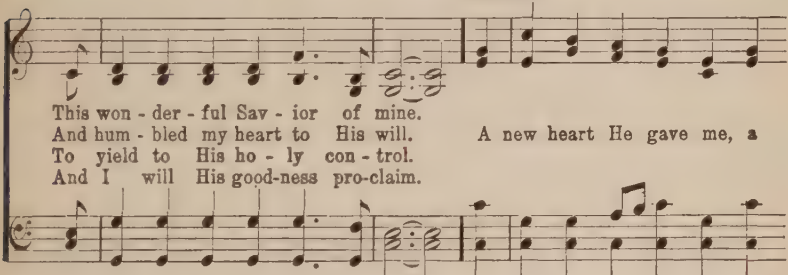


1. I think of my Sav - ior, His love and His fa - vor, And all of His
 2. Themement so pre - cious, So ho - ly and gra - cious, I think of it
 3. How close was the u - nion, And rich the com - mun - ion Be - tween the dear
 4. In glad ex - ul - ta - tion O'er conscious sal - va - tion I praise His a -

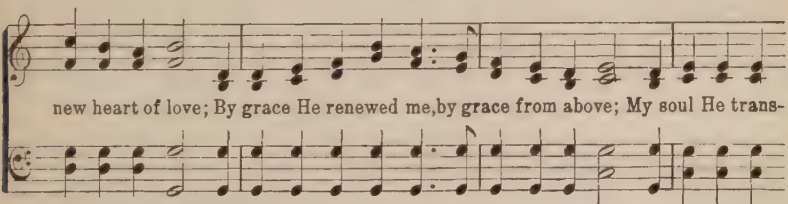


mer - cy di - vine; A new heart He gave me, And thus did He save me,
 joy - ful - ly still, When Je - sus re - newed me, With pow - er en - dued me,
 Lord and my soul; 'Twas joy full of sweet - ness My heart, in com - plete - ness,
 dor - a - ble name; A new heart He gave me, And thus did He save me,

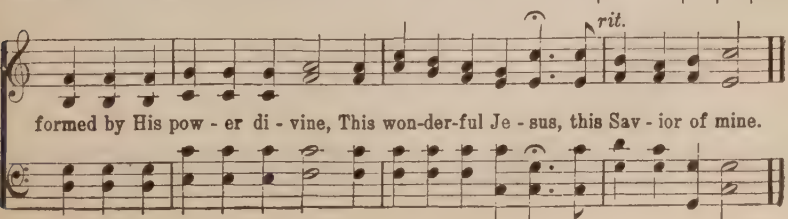
CHORUS.



This won - der - ful Sav - ior of mine.
 And hum - bled my heart to His will. A new heart He gave me, a
 To yield to His ho - ly con - trol.
 And I will His good - ness pro - claim.



new heart of love; By grace He renewed me, by grace from above; My soul He trans -

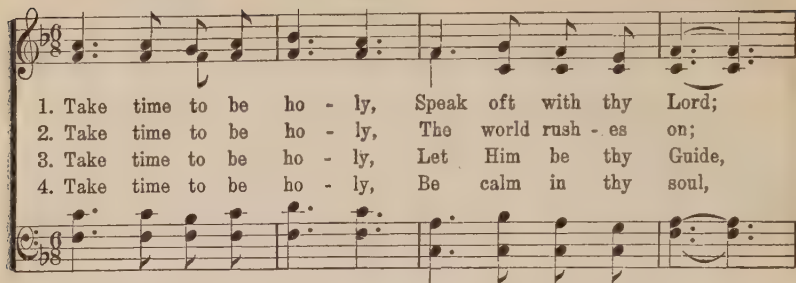


formed by His pow - er di - vine, This won - der - ful Je - sus, this Sav - ior of mine.

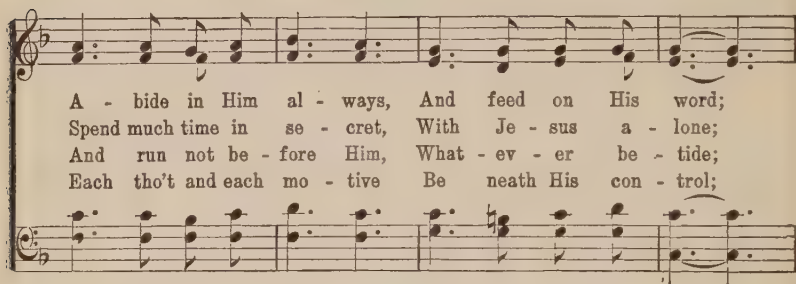
W. D. Longstaff.

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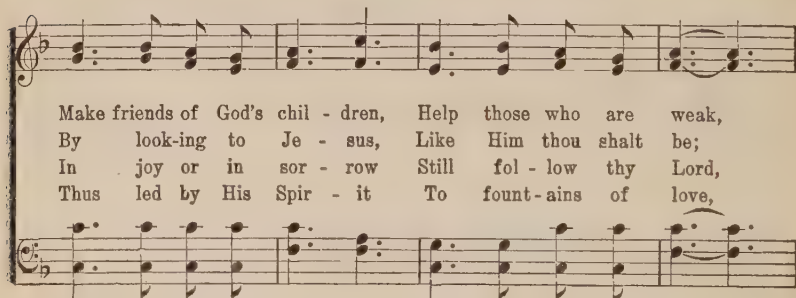
Geo. C. Stebbins.



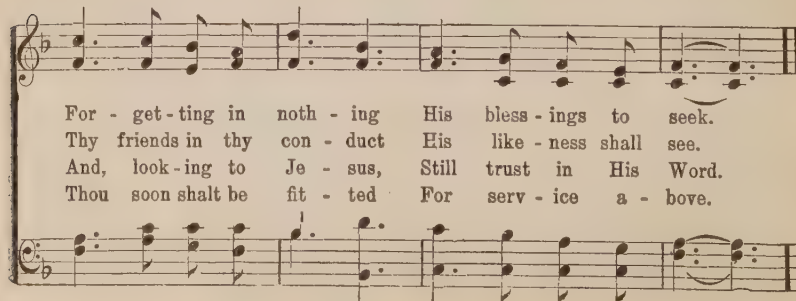
1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,



A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His word;
 Spend much time in se - cret, With Je - sus a - lone;
 And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
 Each tho't and each mo - tive Be neath His con - trol;



Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
 In joy or in sor - row Still fol - low thy Lord,
 Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,

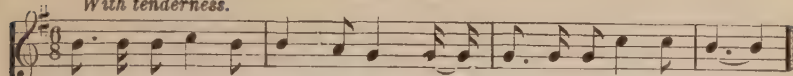


For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ings to seek.
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

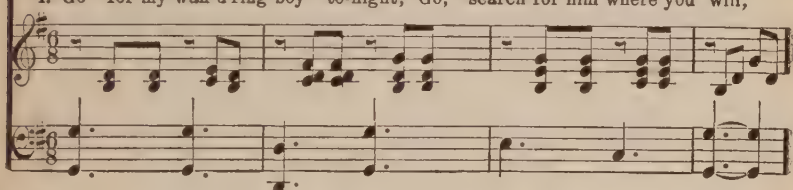
R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
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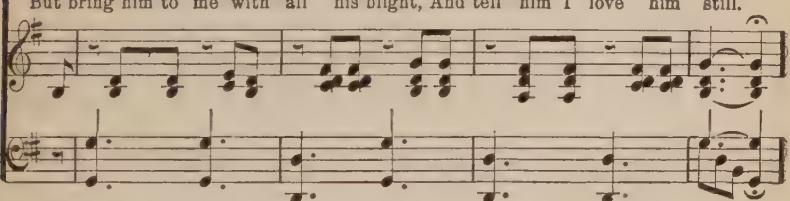
Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.


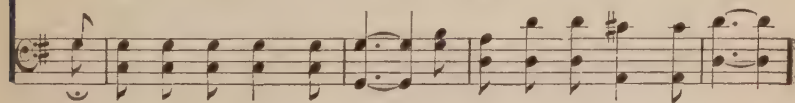
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-der-est care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wan-d'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will;




The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.


CHORUS. *Not too fast.*


O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?




My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?



J. H. Sammis.

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D. B. Towner.

1. Saved by grace a - lone, Gods own word be - liev - ing—It is glo - ry
 2. Not a care have I since my Sav - ior car - eth—It is glo - ry
 3. Sev - ered from the world His dear name con - fess - ing—It is glo - ry
 4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - ior—It is glo - ry
 5. Work - ing day by day, mind - ed that He sees us—It is glo - ry

all the way! Walk - ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing—
 all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth—
 all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing—
 all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
 all the way! Watch and wait and pray, look - ing un - to Je - sus—

CHORUS.

it is glo - ry all the way! Glo - - - - ry! Glo - - - - ry!
 Glo - ry all the way, yes, glo - ry all the way!

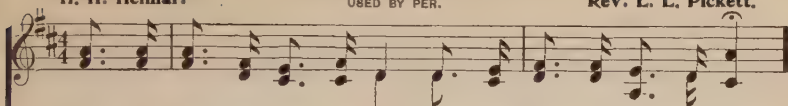
It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - - - - ry!
 It is glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way, yes,

Glo - - - - ry! It is glo - ry all the way!
 glo - ry all the way, It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

H. H. Heimar.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY L. L. PICKETT.
USED BY PER.

Rev. L. L. Pickett.



1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. Oh, this pre - cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow
4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem-pests come and go!
5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,



Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Let me ev - er - more a - bide Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Streaming from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.



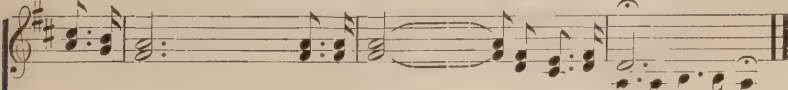
CHORUS.



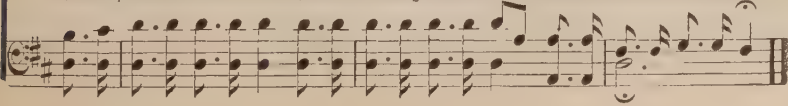
Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
 Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the



joys ce - les - tial glow; Oh, there's peace and
 joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial glow; Oh, there's peace and rest and love.

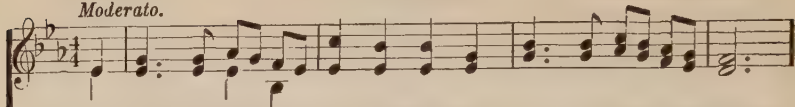


rest and love, Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow.
 Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow.

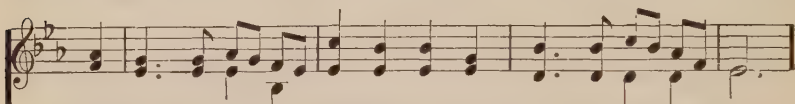
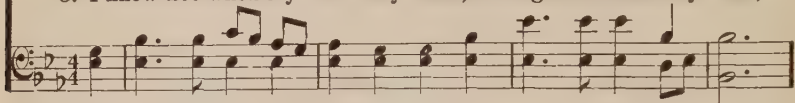


El. Nathan.
*Moderato.*COPYRIGHT, 1888 AND 1887, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
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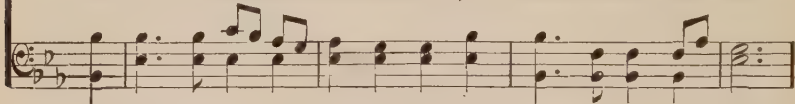
James McGranahan.



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



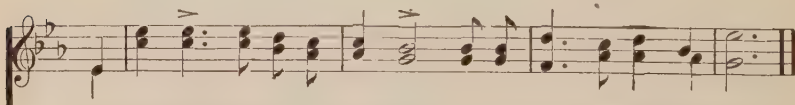
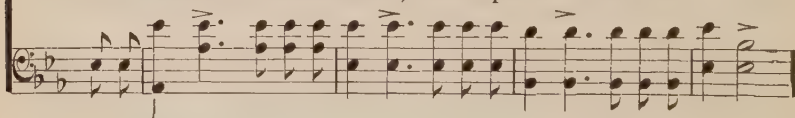
Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be-liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the Word, Cre-ate-ing faith in Him.
 Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore His face I see,
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



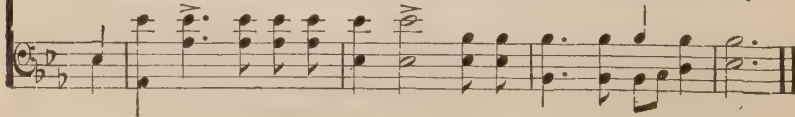
CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a-ble



To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."



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Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

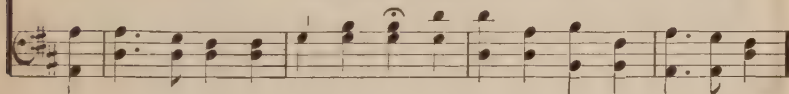
William B. Bradbury.



1. He lead-eth me! oh! bless-ed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,



What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;



His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



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Elizabeth C. Clephane,

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for

fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
 Thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer: "'Tis of mine Has wandered a-way from

gold; A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare, A - way from the
 me; And al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the

ten - der Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
 desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Or how dark was the night that the Lord
 passed through
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
 the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 They were shed for one who had gone
 astray

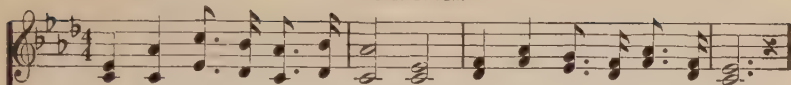
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back
 "Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and
 torn?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a
 thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
 own!"

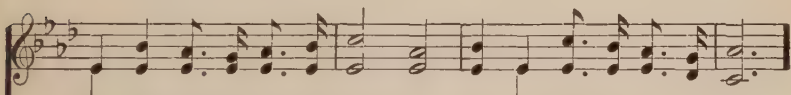
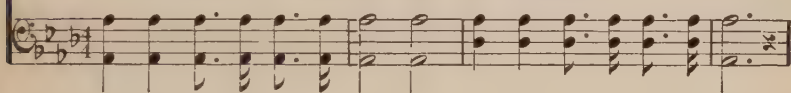
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.



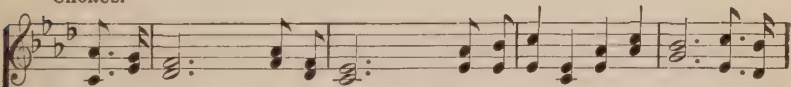
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus with you, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



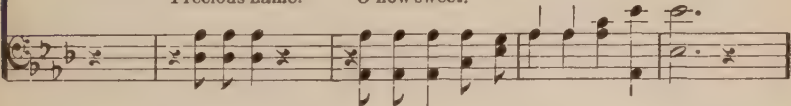
It will joy and com - fort give you Take it then wher - e'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r,
 When His lov - ing arms - re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete



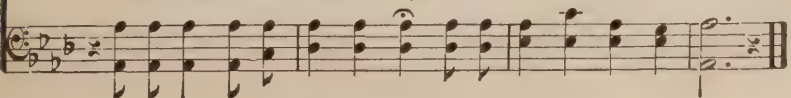
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Precious
 Precious name. O how sweet.



name. O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name O how sweet, how sweet!

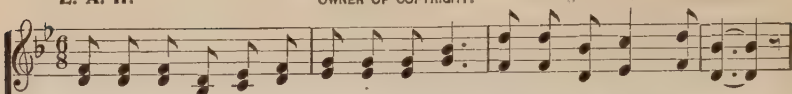


No. 79. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

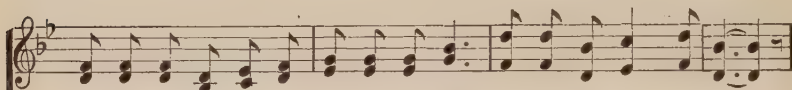
E. A. H.

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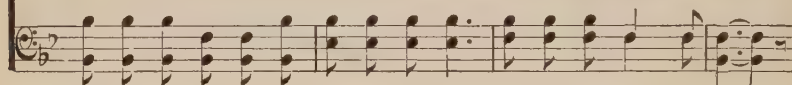
E. A. Hoffman.



1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem - na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



Count-est thou all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



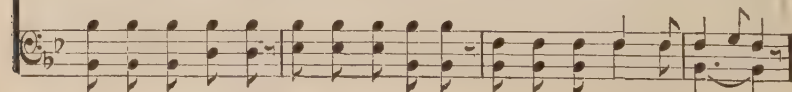
CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
 of God?



Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT OF JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy-ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a might-y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

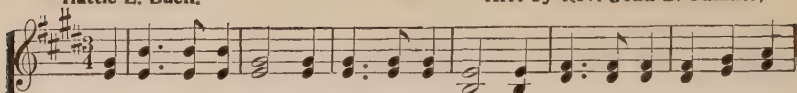
Spread the ti-dings all a-round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin-ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By His death and end-less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na-tions now re-joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev-'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech-o back, ye o-cean caves;
 Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer-cy craves;
 Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est hills and deep-est caves;

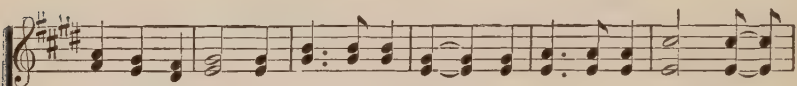
On-ward! —'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic-to-ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Hattie E. Buell.

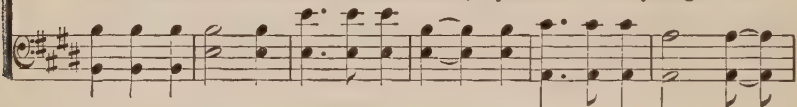
Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner,



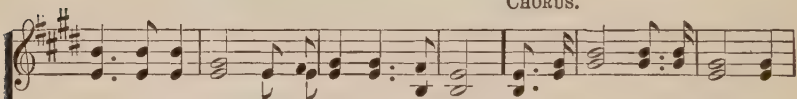
1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for



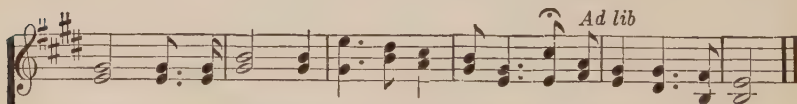
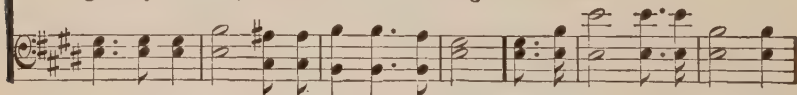
world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
 poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, And will
 al-lie by birth! But I've been a-do-pt-ed, my name's writ-ten down,—An
 me-o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



CHORUS.



cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
 heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



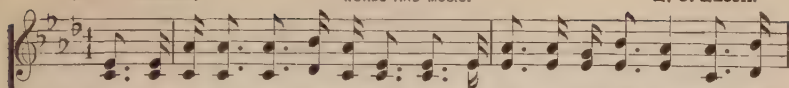
child of a King! With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!



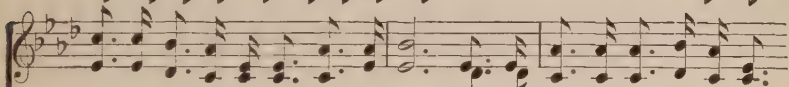
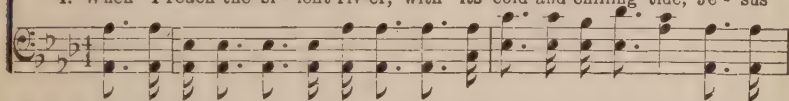
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

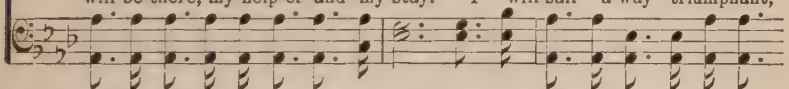
E. O. Excell.



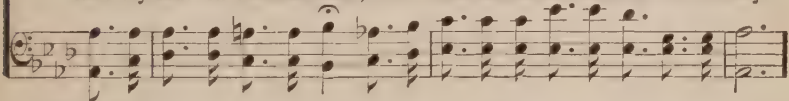
1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma - ny snares and pit - falls all a - long the pil - grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus



tri - als and temp - ta - tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my - self sup - port - ed
o - ver - come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor - row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless - ed light of heav - en
will be there, my help - er and my stay. I will sail a - way triumphant,



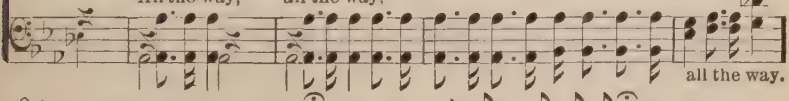
by a strong and lov - ing hand, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
grace suf - fi - cient is be - stowed, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
land my soul on Ca - naan's side, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.



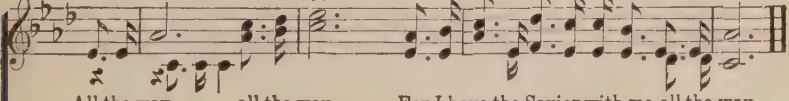
REFRAIN.



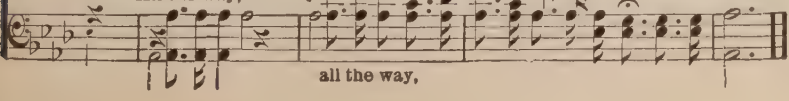
All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way,



all the way.



All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
All the way,



all the way.

M. J. H.

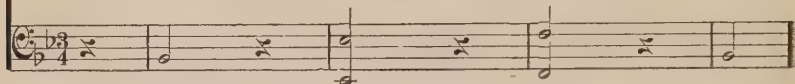
SYCHAR SONG.

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Melvin J. Hill.



1. I am ful - ly trust - ing Je - sus, E - ven when the sky is dark;
2. I am ful - ly trust - ing Je - sus, For His prom - ise I have tried;
3. Tho' He may not lead me al - ways In - to paths where I would go,



When the rays of light are hid - den, Then His love is in my heart.
 He's my par - aclete and guar - dian, Ev - er walk - ing by my side.
 Yet I'll trust His love and wis - dom, Fol - low on His will to know.



CHORUS.



Trust in His name He is the same,
 Trust in his name, He is the same, Ev - er the same, Ev - er the same,



Now and for - ev - er, He's al - ways the same.
 Trust in His mer - its, believe on His name,



Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Duet and Quartette.

Charles Wesley.
Andante.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

M, M, Snyder,

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let thy healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity.

MARTYN.

FINE. D. C.

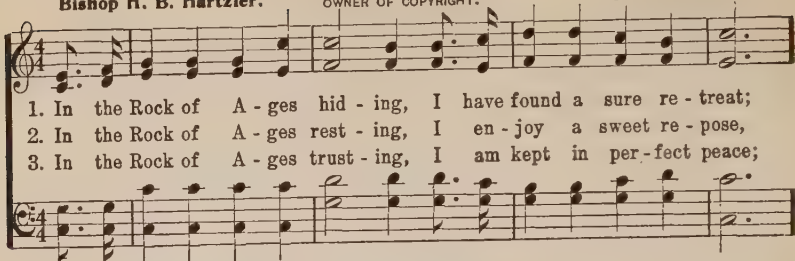
No. 85.

Hiding in the Rock.

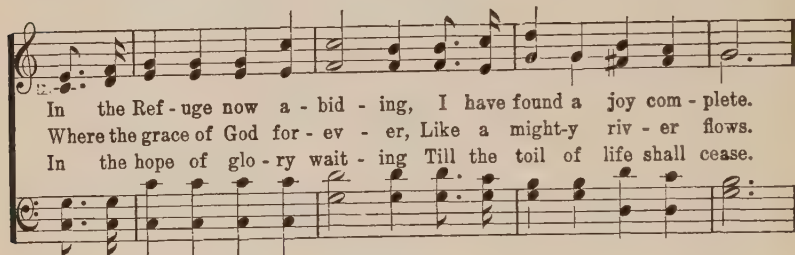
Bishop H. B. Hartzler.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

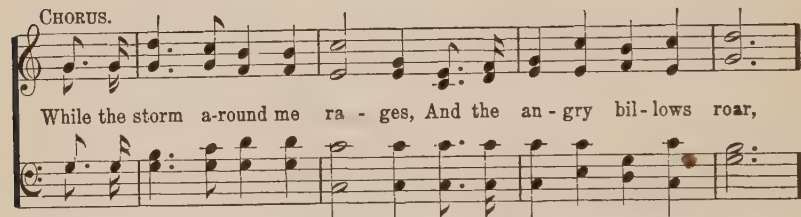


1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re - treat;
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re - pose,
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace;

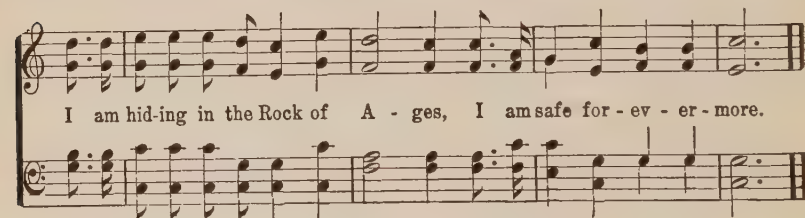


In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com - plete.
Where the grace of God for - ev - er, Like a might - y riv - er flows.
In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing Till the toil of life shall cease.

CHORUS.



While the storm a - round me ra - ges, And the an - gry bil - lows roar,



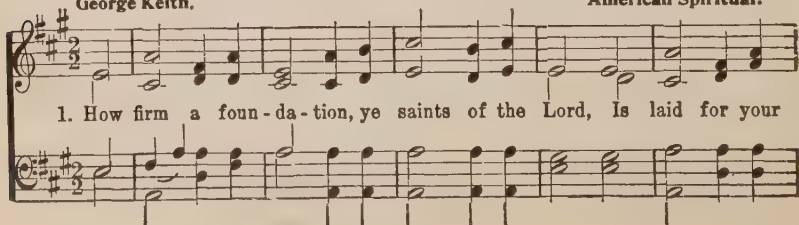
I am hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ev - er - more.

No. 86.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

American Spiritual.



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

How Firm a Foundation.

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to

you He has said, You who un-to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?

The image shows the first system of a musical score for the hymn 'How Firm a Foundation'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes.

- 2 Fear not; I am with thee: O be not dismayed:
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
- 5 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

No. 87.

Portuguese Hymn.

The image shows the musical score for the 'Portuguese Hymn'. It consists of three staves, all in the key of D major (two sharps). The first staff is in 4/4 time and contains the main melody. The second and third staves provide a harmonic accompaniment. The notes are clearly written, and the overall style is typical of 19th-century hymn books.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav-'ler, In tat-tered gar-ments clad,
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. { The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
3. { The song-sters in the ar-bor That stood be-side the way
His watch-word be-ing "On-ward," He stopped his ear and run,

And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad; {
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. {
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow; {
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. {
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay; {
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. {

REFRAIN.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

- 4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!
- 5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er that narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;

They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

- 6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 89.

(Tune: No. 88.)

- 1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with Him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life He'll give,
And all His valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

Gird on your heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with Him above.

- 5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend,
Neither will He upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

No. 90.

(Tune: No. 88.)
COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY R. K. CARTER.

- 1 I saw a blood-washed pilgrim,
A sinner saved by grace,
Upon the King's great highway,
With peaceful, shining face.
Temptations sore beset him,
But nothing could affright,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."

CHO.—Palms of victory.

- 2 I saw him in the furnace,
He doubted not, nor feared,
And in the flames beside him
The Son of God appeared.
Though seven times 'twas heated
With all the tempter's might,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light.—CHO.

- 3 'Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count Him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—CHO.

- 4 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.—CHO.

No. 91.

Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Grigg,

L. Mason.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
3. A-shamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
4. Till then—nor is my boast-ing vain—Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
And, oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.

No. 92.

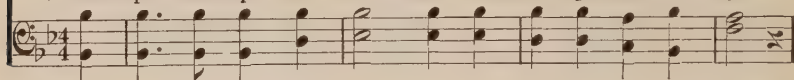
Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield.

George J. Webb.



1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;

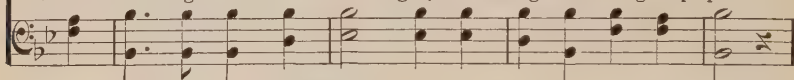


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FINE.



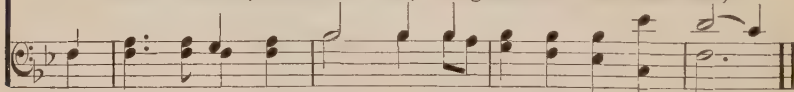
- Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
D.S.—Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.



D. S.



- From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
 "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - num - bered foes;



- 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

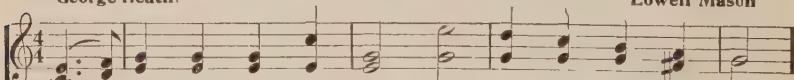
- 4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day, the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song;
 To Him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally!

No. 93.

My Soul Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and, fight and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!



My Soul Be On Thy Guard.

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 The work of faith, will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown,
 He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

No. 94.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.,

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - ior, so
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of - f'ring to
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my

safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
 cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
 Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
 Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Savior, still near - er to Thee.

Rev. J. H. Sammis.

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D. B. Towner.

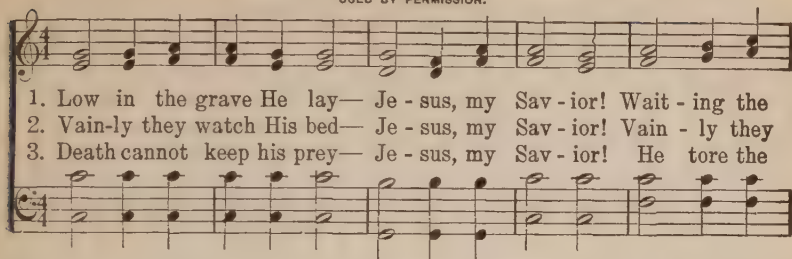
1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love, Un - til all on the
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
 al - tar we lay; For the fav - or He shows, And the joy He be -
 side in the way; What He says, we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.

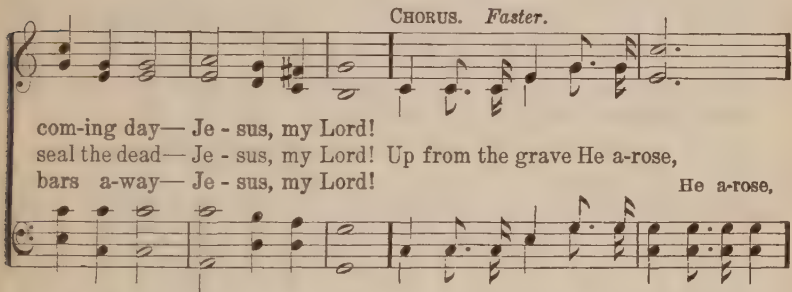
still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
 stows, And for all who will trust and o - bey.
 go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

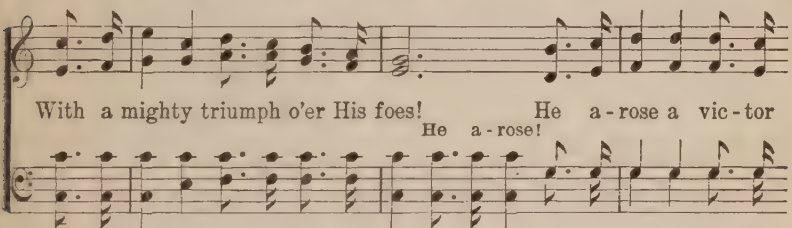


1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they
 3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the

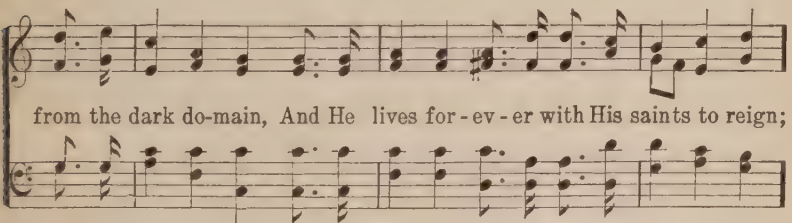
CHORUS. *Faster.*



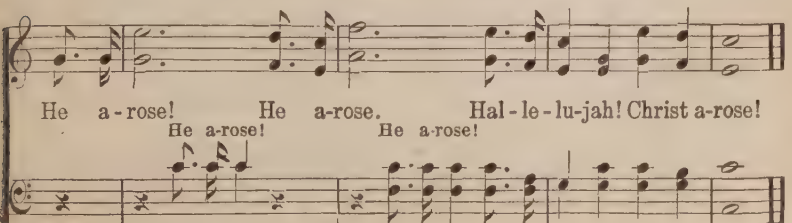
com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose,
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose,



With a mighty triumph o'er His foes! He a - rose a vic - tor
 He a - rose!



from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign;

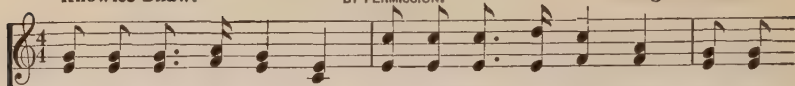


He a - rose! He a - rose. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

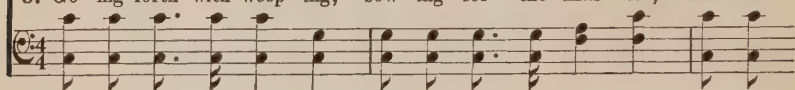
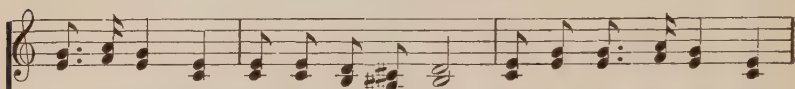
Knowles Shaw.

BY PERMISSION.

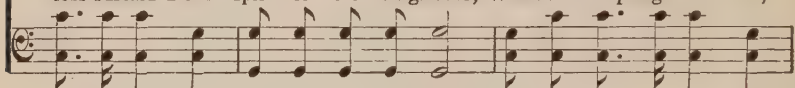
George A. Minor.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the

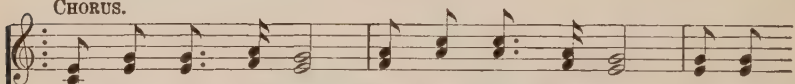
in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 neither clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 loss sustain'd our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,



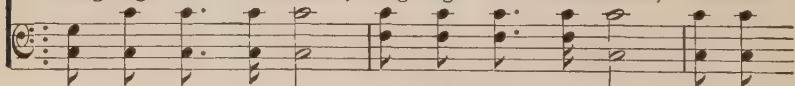
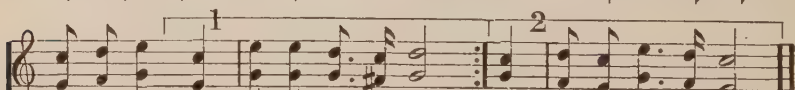

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



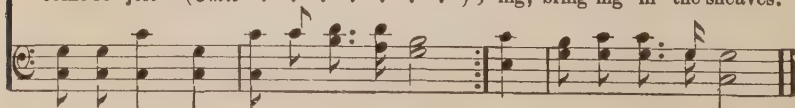
CHORUS.



{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall
 Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall

come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves;
 come re-joic-(Omit) } ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



No. 98.

The Old Time Religion.

As sung by Chas. M. Alexander.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

USED BY PER.

C. D. T.

Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
 1. It was good for our mo-thers, It was good for our mo-thers,
 2. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
 3. It has saved our . . fa-thers, It has saved our . . fa-thers,

'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good e-nough for me!
 It was good for our mo-thers, And its good e-nough for me!
 Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, And its good e-nough for me!
 It has saved our . . fa-thers, And its good e-nough for me!

4 Makes me love the good old Bible,
 And it's good enough for me!
 5 It will lead me to Jesus,
 And it's good enough for me!

6 It will do when I'm dying,
 And it's good enough for me!
 7 It will take us all to heaven,
 And it's good enough for me!

No. 99. I Know That Jesus Saves Me.

L. H. Edmunds.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. { No work, no mer-it of my own; I know that Je-sus saves me; }
 2. { The pow'r, the glo-ry, His a-lone, I know that Je-sus . . . } saves me.
 2. { The pre-cious blood is on my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me; }
 2. { And ev-'ry care on Him I roll, I know that Je-sus . . . } saves me.

D.C. While to His blood-stained cross I cling, I know that Je-sus . . . saves me.

CHORUS.

D. C.

In Him I trust, for Him I sing, All glo-ry to my ris-en King;

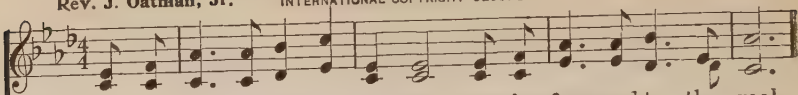
3 For service pure and glad and free,
 I know that Jesus saves me;
 For blessed, joyful liberty,
 I know that Jesus saves me.

4 'Tis only in His strength I stand,
 I know that Jesus saves me,
 I'm kept by His almighty hand,
 I know that Jesus saves me.

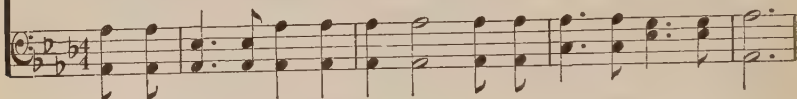
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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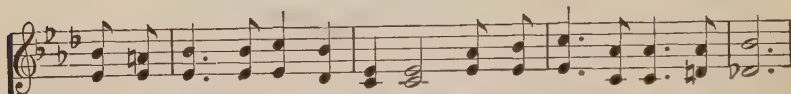
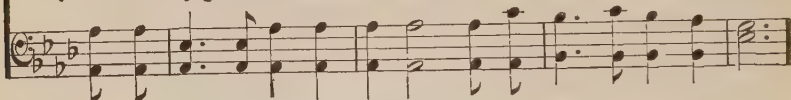
E. O. Excell.



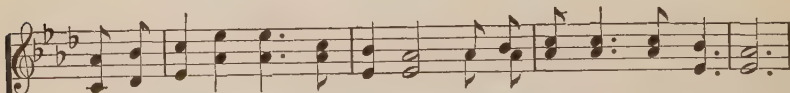
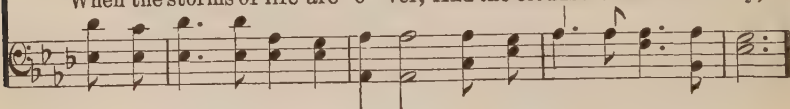
1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sinful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Many friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;



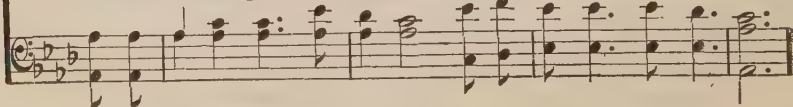
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
 Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
 With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;
 But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;



Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
 It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in his day;
 On this road they fought their battles, Shout-ing vic-t'ry day by day.
 When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,



I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fashioned way.
 I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fashioned way.
 I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
 I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.



CHORUS.

The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

In the good old - fashioned way, In the good old - fashioned way,

D. C.
I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fashioned way.

CODA.
Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.

No. 101. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

Heber.

Geo. Kingsley.

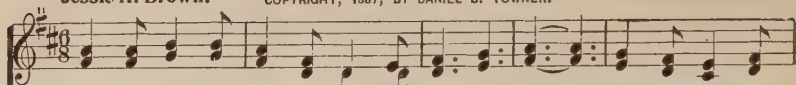
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Je - sus, my shep - herd, guard - ian, friend, My proph - et, priest and king;
4. I would Thy bound - less love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath,

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
So shall the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

Jessie H. Brown.

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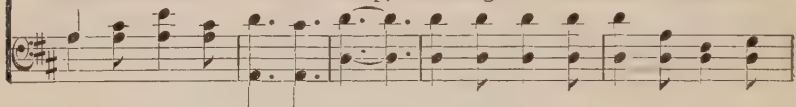
D. B. Towner.



1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He
 2. An - y where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
 3. An - y where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark ling



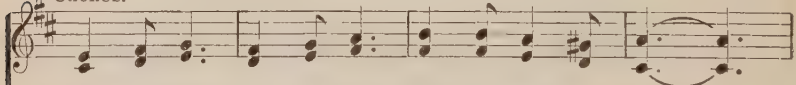

leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him dear - est
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 shad-ows round a - bout me creep, Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er




joys would fade, An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
 drear - est ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.



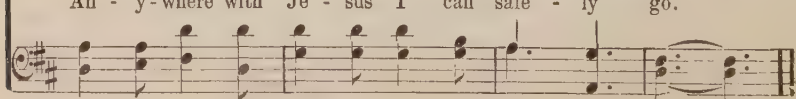
CHORUS.



An - y-where, an - y-where! Fear I can - not know;




An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

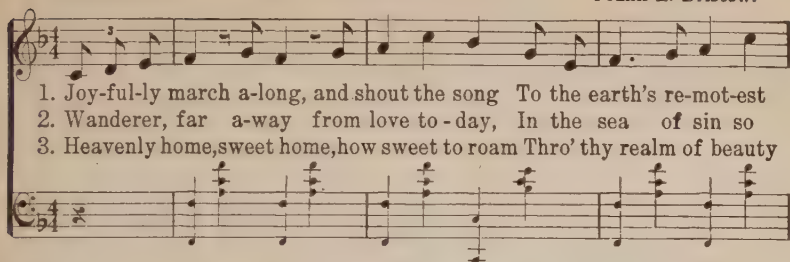


No. 103. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

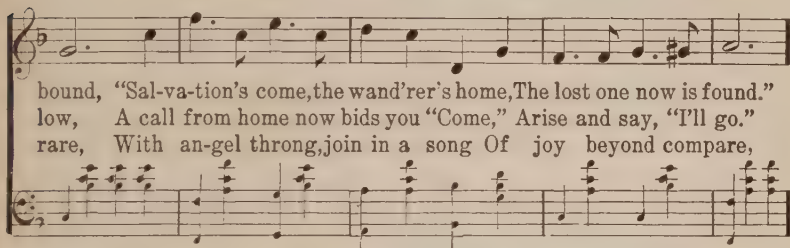
F. L. B.

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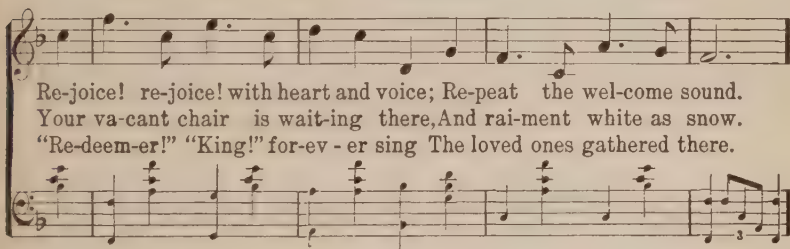
Frank L. Bristow.



1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
2. Wanderer, far a-way from love to-day, In the sea of sin so
3. Heavenly home, sweet home, how sweet to roam Thro' thy realm of beauty

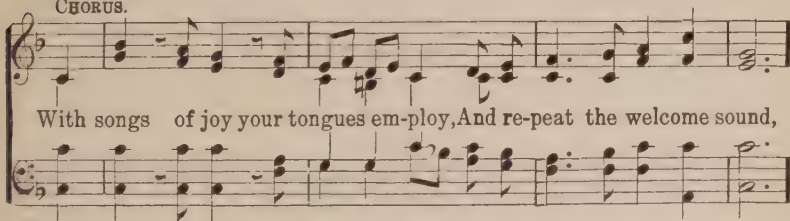


bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found."
low, A call from home now bids you "Come," Arise and say, "I'll go."
rare, With an-gel throng, join in a song Of joy beyond compare,

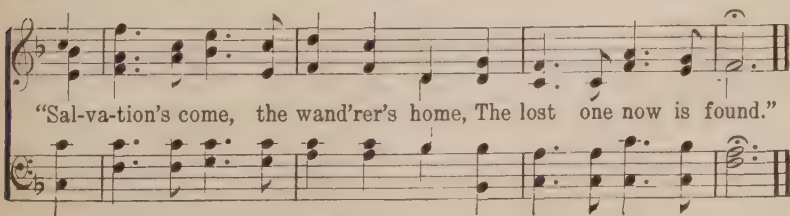


Re-joice! re-joice! with heart and voice; Re-peat the wel-come sound.
Your va-cant chair is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow.
"Re-deem-er!" "King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gathered there.

CHORUS.



With songs of joy your tongues em-ploy, And re-peat the welcome sound,

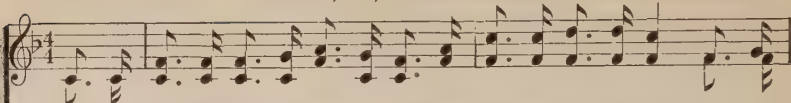


"Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found."

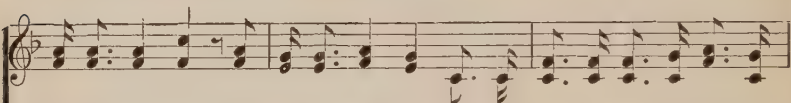
Mrs. C. H. M.

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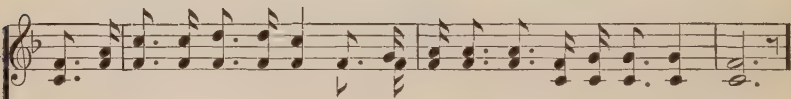
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. We to - day may have the pow - er which they had at Pen - te - cost, Just the
2. It was while they all were praying, that the Spir - it was out - pour'd, We may
3. As the Spir - it gave them utt'rance they be - gan to tes - ti - fy, We may
4. As we tar - ry here, O Father, cleanse and fill each waiting heart, With the
5. Now the glo - rious scene re - peat - ing in an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Send the



ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; This our her - i - tage in Je - sus
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; In like man - ner we must wait with
have the same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; And three thousand were con - vert ed
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; Lib - er - ty and strength for service
ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r; Un - to Thee shall be the glo - ry,



e'en the bless - ed Ho ly Ghost, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
one de - sire and one accord, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
and their Lord did glo - ri - fy, We may have the same, the ver - y same pow'r.
to Thy chil - dren all impart, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, For the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.



CHORUS.



The ver - y same pow'r, the ver - y same pow'r, Praise O praise His



Another Pentecost.

ho - ly name for - ev - er! Just the ver - y same pow'r Je - sus

promised should come down, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.

No. 105.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

(GORDON.)

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

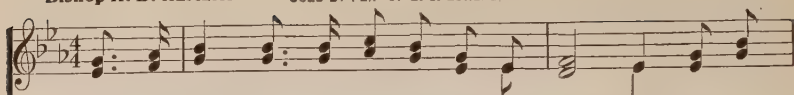
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

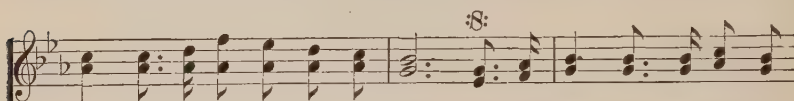
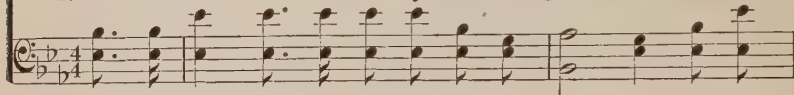
Bishop H. B. Hartzler.

USED BY PER OF E. S. LORENZ.

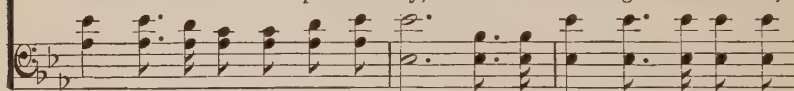
E. S. Lorenz.



1. Like a star of the morn-ing in its beau-ty, Like a
2. 'Tis a light in the wil-der-ness of sor-row, And a
3. 'Tis the voice of a Friend for-ev-er near me, In the
4. It shall stand in its beau-ty and its glo-ry, When the



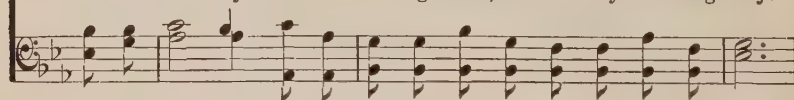
sun is the Bi-ble to my soul; Shin-ing clear on the way of
Lamp on the wea-ry pil-grim way; And it guides to the brighte-
toil and the bat-tle here be-low; In the gloom of the val-ley
earth and the heavens pass a-way; Ev-er tell-ing the bless-ed,



D. S.—I will cling to the dear, old,



love and du-ty, As I hast-en on my jour-ney to the goal.
ter-nal mor-row, Shining more and more un-to the per-fect day.
it will cheer me, Till the glo-ry of His King-dom I shall see.
won-drous sto-ry Of the lov-ing Lamb, the on-ly Liv-ing Way.

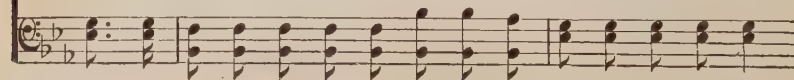


Ho-ly Bi-ble, As I hast-en to the cit-y of the King.

CHORUS.



Ho-ly Bi-ble! my pre-cious Bi-ble!
Ho-ly Bi-ble! Ho-ly Bi-ble! pre-cious Bi-ble! book di-vine!



My Precious Bible.

D. S.

Gift of God, and Lamp of Life, my beau - ti - ful Bi - ble! thou art mine!

No. 107.

He is All in All to Me.

Fannie J. Crosby

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Arr. by W. J. K.

1. There is con - stant joy a - bid - ing In Christ my Lord and King;
2. When my path is veild in shad - ows, And clouds a - bove me roll;
3. I shall yet be - hold and praise him, And dwell in per - fect peace,

Of His love that pass - eth knowledge My heart and tongue shall sing.
I can smile a - mid the tem - pest, His glo - ry fills my soul.
In the gold - en land of beau - ty, Where cloud and wave shall cease.

CHORUS.

He is all in all to me, And my song of songs shall be,
He's all in all to me, my song of songs shall be,

Hal - le - lu - jah! O my Sav - ior, I am trust - ing on - ly thee.

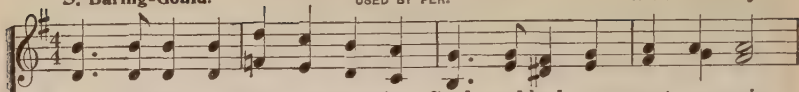
No. 108.

Resurrection Morn.

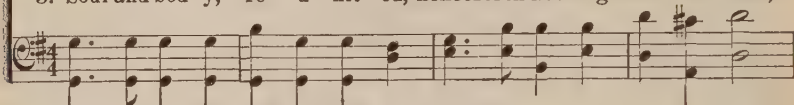
S. Baring-Gould.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
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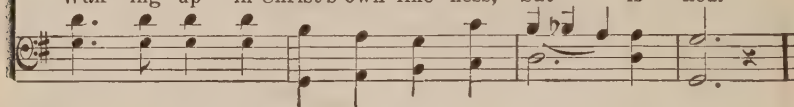
Ira D. Sankey.



1. On the res - ur - rec - tion morning, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,
2. Here a while they must be part - ed, And the flesh its sab - bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
4. On that hap - py East - er morn - ing All the graves their dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, henceforth nothing shall di - vide,



No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No more pain.
 Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped in sleep.
 When there breaks the last and bright - est East - er morn.
 Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet once more.
 Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - is - fied.

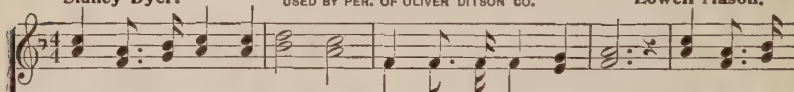


No. 109. Work, for the Night is Coming.

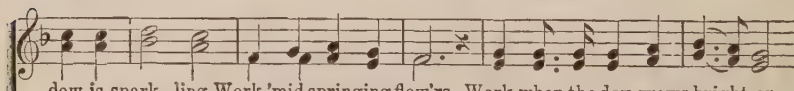
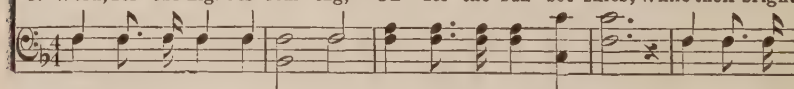
Sidney Dyer.

USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO.

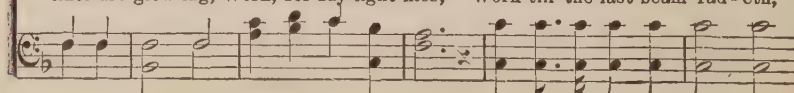
Lowell Mason.



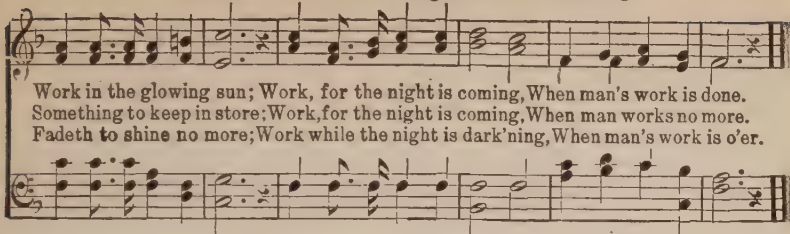
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright - est
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright



dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs, Work when the day grows bright - er,
 hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute,
 tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,



Work, for the Night is Coming.



Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

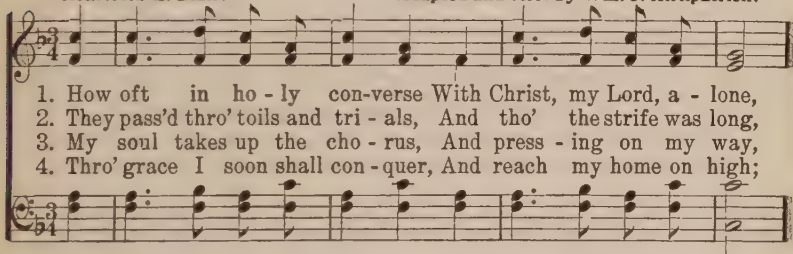
No. 110.

Hallelujah! Amen.

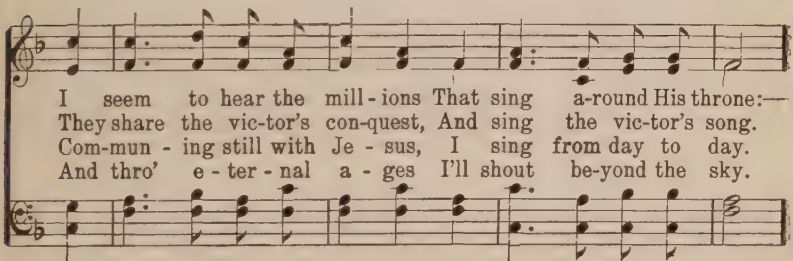
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Henrietta E. Blair.

Adapted and Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

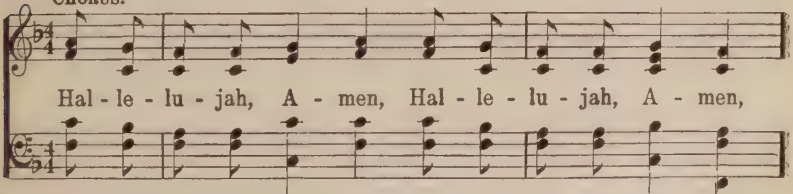


1. How oft in ho - ly con - verse With Christ, my Lord, a - lone,
2. They pass'd thro' toils and tri - als, And tho' the strife was long,
3. My soul takes up the cho - rus, And press - ing on my way,
4. Thro' grace I soon shall con - quer, And reach my home on high;

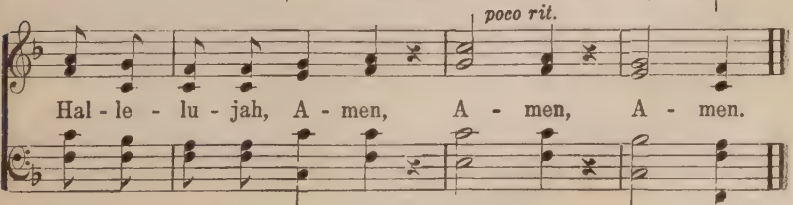


I seem to hear the mill - ions That sing a - round His throne:—
 They share the vic - tor's con - quest, And sing the vic - tor's song.
 Com - mun - ing still with Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
 And thro' e - ter - nal a - ges I'll shout be - yond the sky.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,



Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

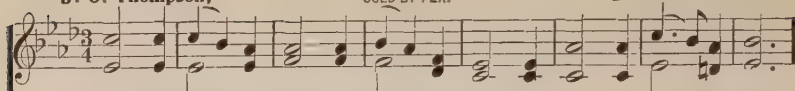
No. 111.

The Gail for Reapers.

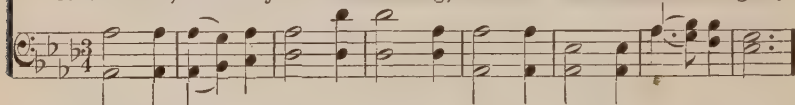
J. O. Thompson,

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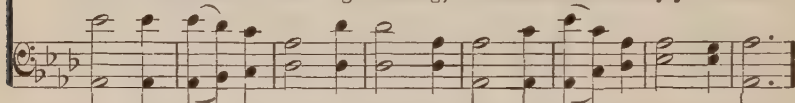
J. B. O. Clemm.



1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of ri-pened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;



Far and near their gold is gleam-ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at even-ing wending, Thoushalt come with joy un-told.



D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Lord of har - vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;



No. 112.

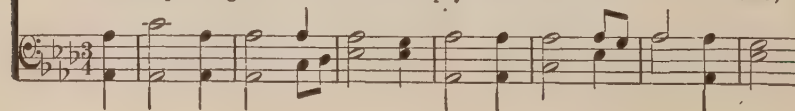
Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide And shut His glo - ries in;
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face Whilst His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree!
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er died For man, the creat-ure's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 113.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Lewis Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears! The bleed-ing sac-ri-
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all-re-deem-ing
3. Five bleed-ing wounds He bears, Received on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef-fec-tual
4. My God is re - con - ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His

fice In my be - half ap-pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
 love, His precious blood to plead; His blood a-toned for all our race,
 pray'rs, They strongly plead for me; "For - give him, O for-give," they cry,
 child, I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 "For-give him, O for-give," they cry, "Nor let that ran-somed sin - ner die!"
 With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa-ther!" cry.

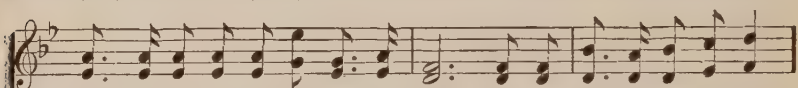
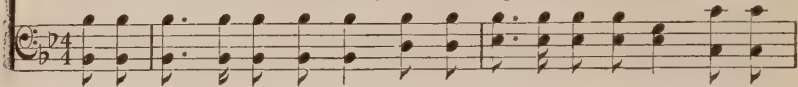
C. H. G.

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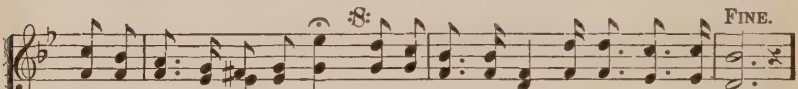
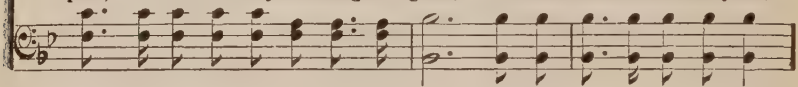
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a



word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



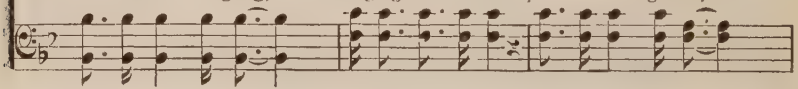
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.



CHORUS.



Keep your heart singing all the while, Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,



D. S.



smile, Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;



No. 115. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

J. M. Black.

1. { When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,
2. { On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies,
3. { Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; }
And the (Omit.) } roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; }
And the (Omit.) } roll is called up.
Let us talk of all His won - drous love and care; }
And the (Omit.) } roll is called up

D. S. - roll is called up

FINE. CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
When the roll is called up

yon - der, I'll be there.

yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be

der, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the
there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

D. S.

No. 116.

Holy. Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

(NICEA.)

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ever-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

No. 117.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross!

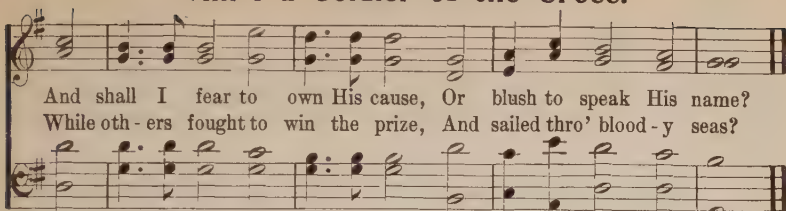
Rev. Isaac Watts.

(ARLINGTON.)

Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease,

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

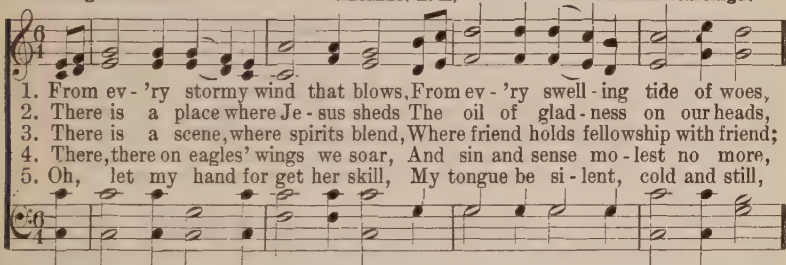
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

No. 118. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

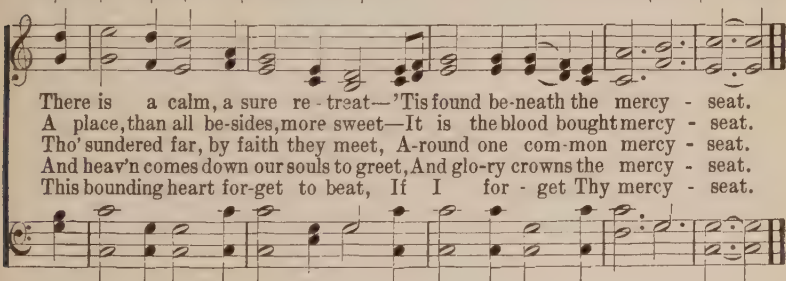
Hugh Stowell.

RETREAT, L. M,

Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev-'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,
5. Oh, let my hand for get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold and still,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'Tis found be-neath the mercy-seat.
A place, than all be-sides, more sweet—It is the blood bought mercy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, A-round one com-mon mercy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mercy-seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for-get Thy mercy-seat.

No. 119.

Tune above.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauntious hopes of heaven.

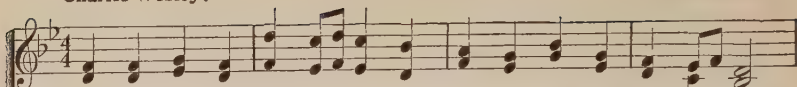
3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the peaceful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee!

Charlotte Elliott.

Charles Wesley.

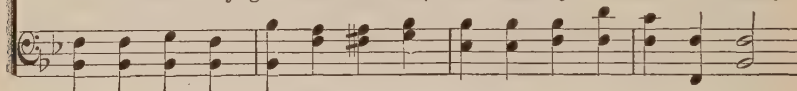
John Zundel.



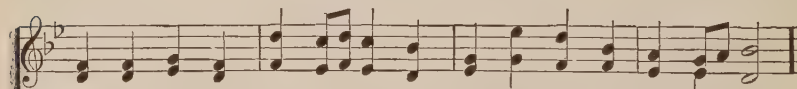
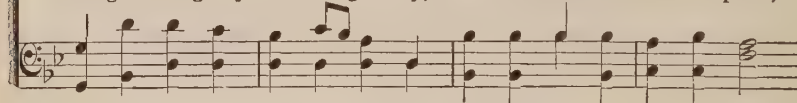
1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, Al might - y to de - liv - 'er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that per - fect rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy temp - les leave;
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee,



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, at its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



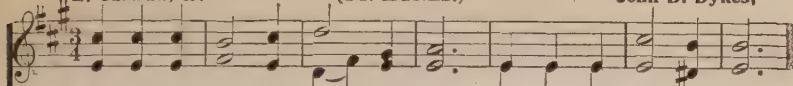
No. 121.

Jesus, the Very Thought.

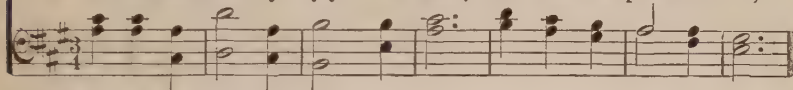
E. Caswall, tr.

(ST. AGNES.)

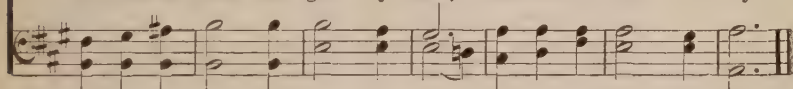
John B. Dykes,



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
 3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
 4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 5. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;



But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.
 The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
 Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 122.

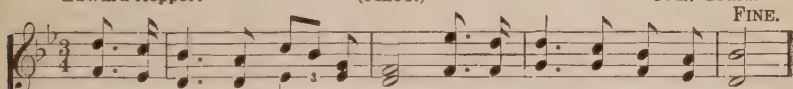
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

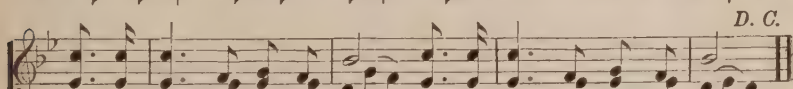
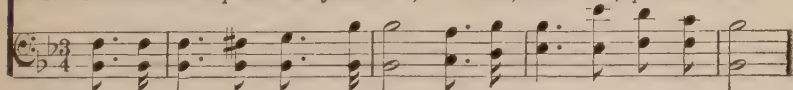
(PILOT.)

J. E. Gould.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uons sea;
 D. C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.



Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;



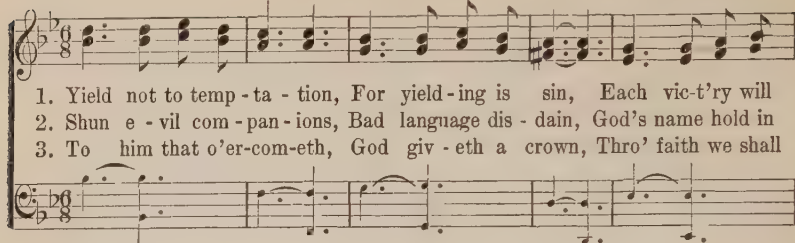
2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea;
 Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar,
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
 May I hear Thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

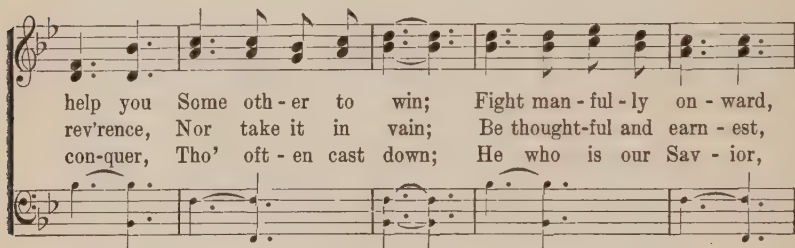
H. R. P.

BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

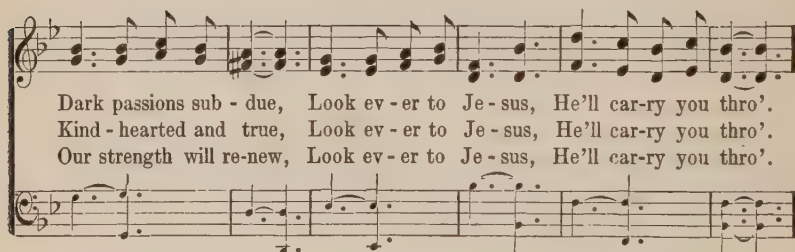
H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

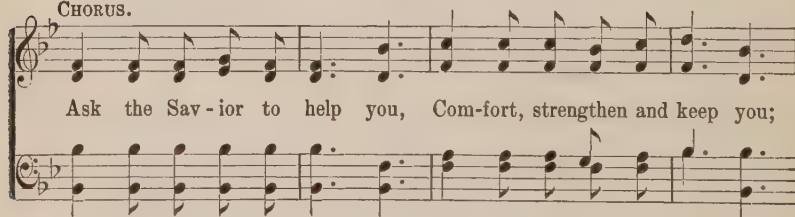


help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought - ful and earn - est,
 con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

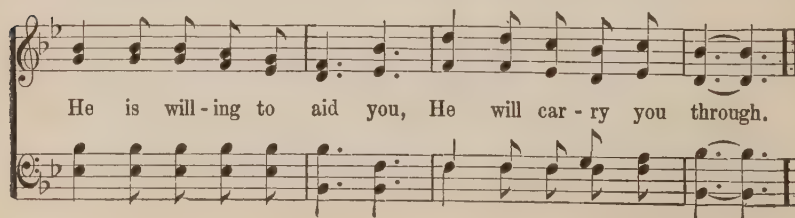


Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.

CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

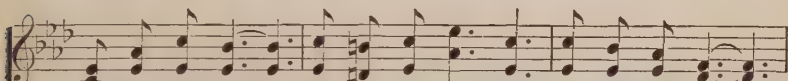
M. D.

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L. M. B.

Con espres.

1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round; Sub - tle temp - ta - tions,
2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?
3. God is your wis - dom; God is your might; God's ev - er near you
4. Let us press on then; nev - er des - pair; Live a - bove feel - ing,



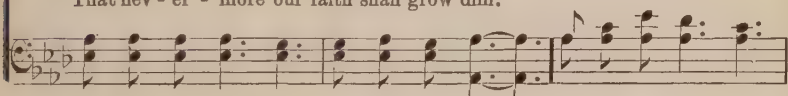
trou - bles a - bound; Noth - ing seems hope - ful, noth - ing seems glad,
where would the fight? But in the hard - ness, God gives to you,
guid - ing you right; He un - der - stands you, knows all you need:
vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him,



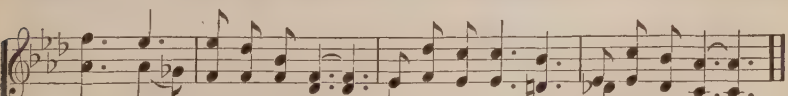
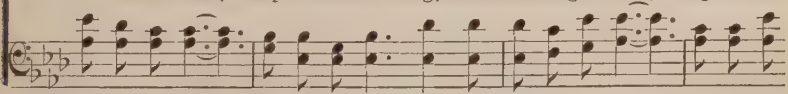
CHORUS.



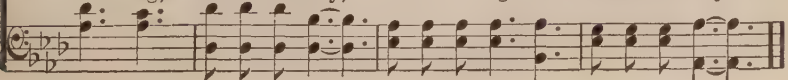
All is des - pair - ing, oft - en times sad. 1. Keep on be - liev - ing,
Chances for prov - ing what He can do.
Trust - ing in Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed. 2. Keep on re - joic - ing,
That nev - er - more our faith shall grow dim.



Je - sus is near, Keep on be - liev - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be -



liev - ing, this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.



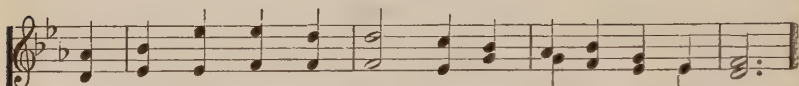
Stone.

(AURELIA,)

S. S. Wesley.



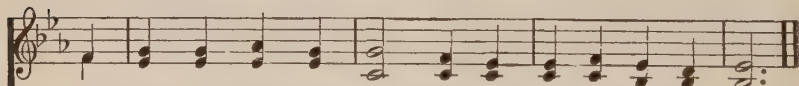
1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - press'd,
 4. Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mult of her war;



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed;
 She waits the con - su - ma - tion Of Peace for - ev - er - more;



From heav'n He came, and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up "How long?"
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.



No. 126.

Sun of My Soul.

John Keble,

(HURSLEY.)

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 127.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

(RATHBUN)

Ithimar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
 cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that thro' all time abide.

No. 128.

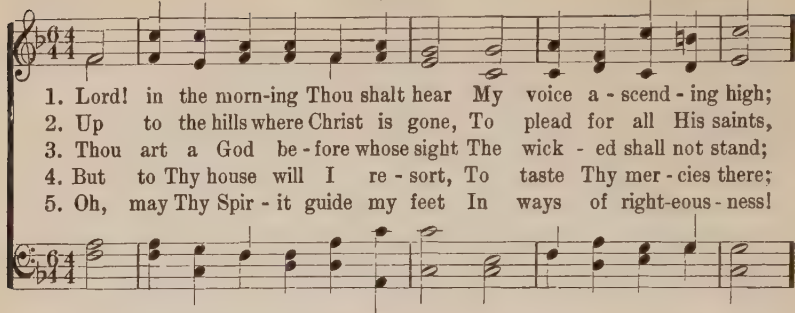
Lord! In the Morning.

Watts.

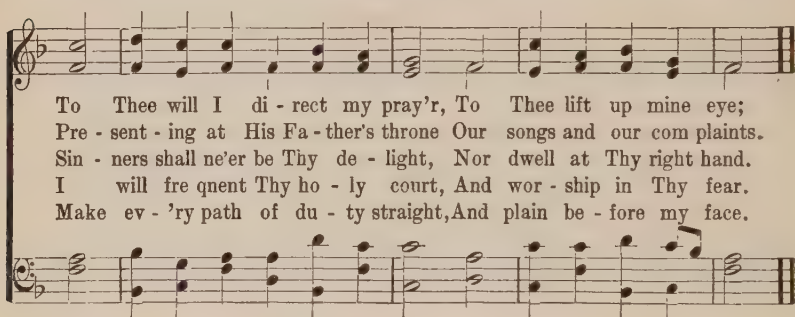
Ps. 5.

(MEAD.)

Aaron Williams.



1. Lord! in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice a - scend - ing high;
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,
 3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand;
 4. But to Thy house will I re - sort, To taste Thy mer - cies there;
 5. Oh, may Thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness!



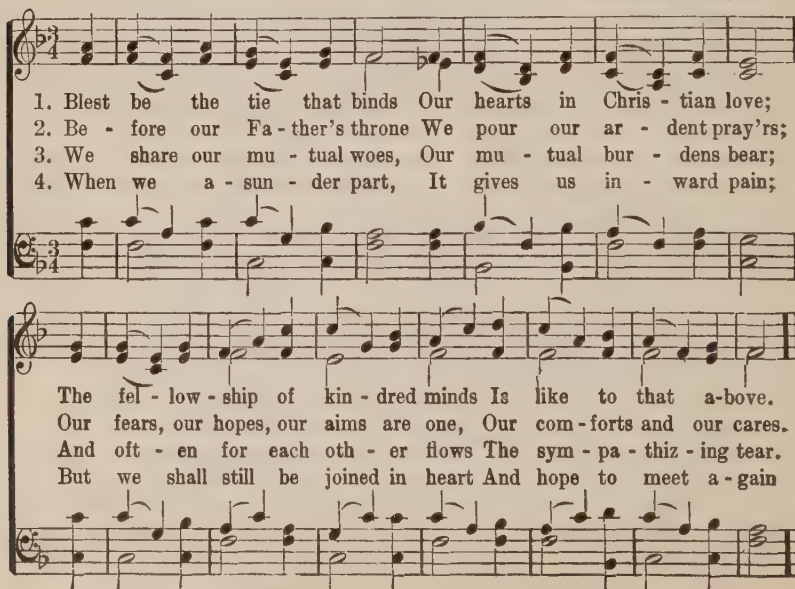
To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye;
 Pre - sent - ing at His Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com - plaints.
 Sin - ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
 I will fre - quent Thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in Thy fear.
 Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face.

No. 129.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

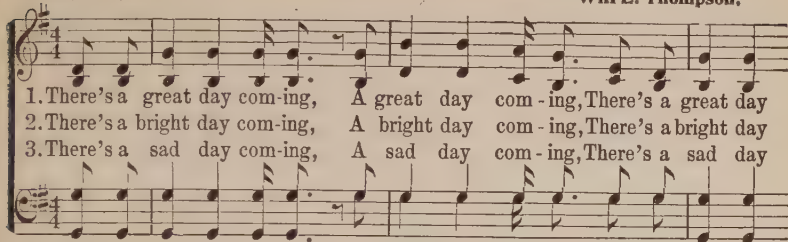
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a - gain

No. 130. There's a Great Day Coming.

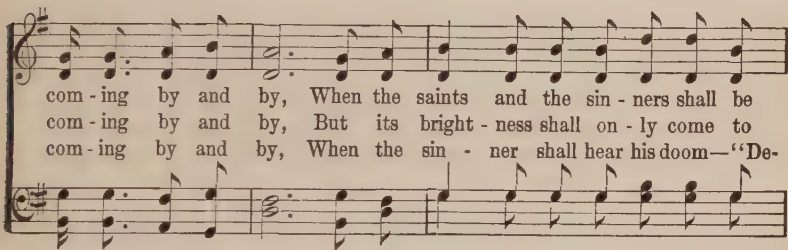
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W. L. T.

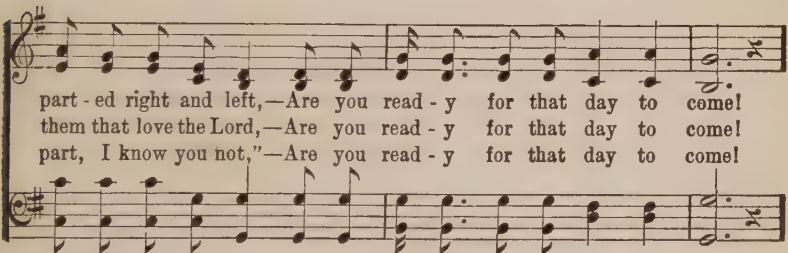
Will L. Thompson.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

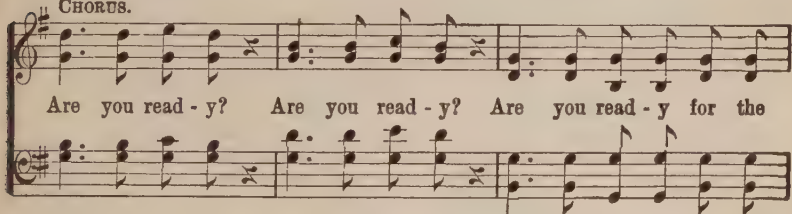


com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-

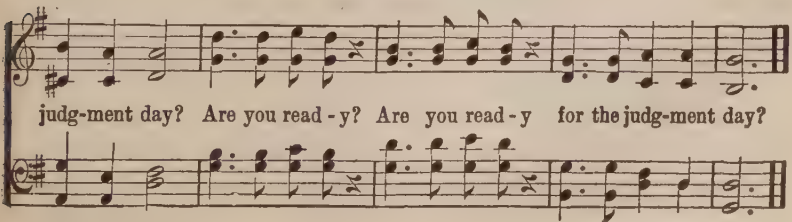


part-ed right and left,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
part, I know you not,"—Are you read-y for that day to come!

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

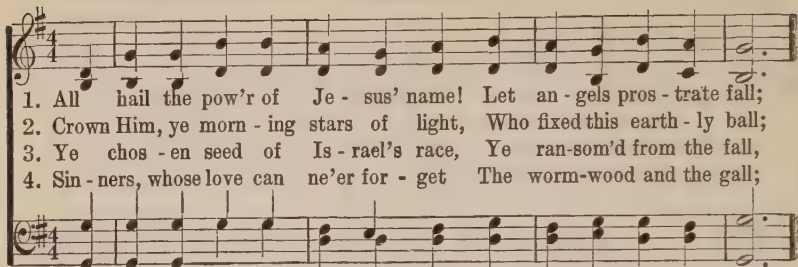


judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?

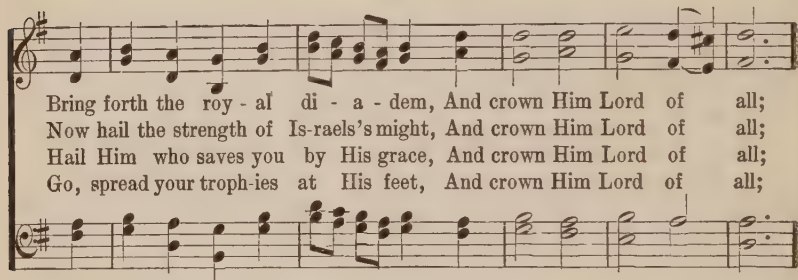
Edward Perronet, Alt.

(CORONATION.)

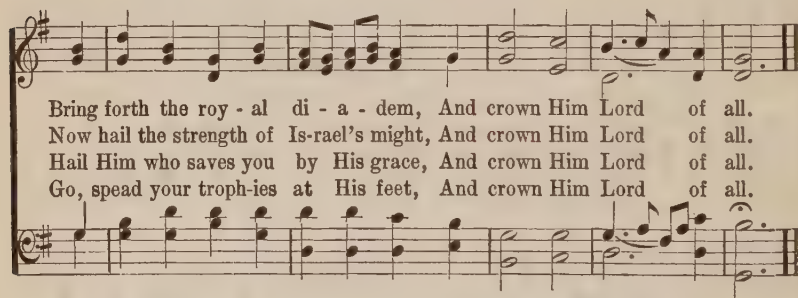
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
 3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - som'd from the fall,
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your troph - ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your troph - ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 132.

Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of Thy name.

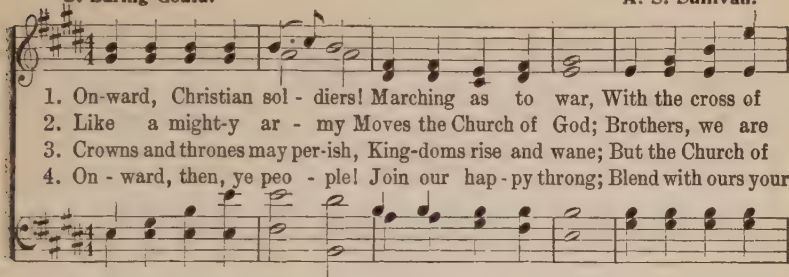
3 Jesus the name that calms my fears,
 That bids my sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

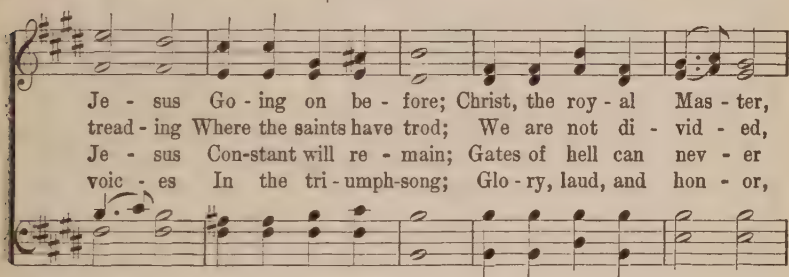
Charles Wesley.

S. Baring-Gould.

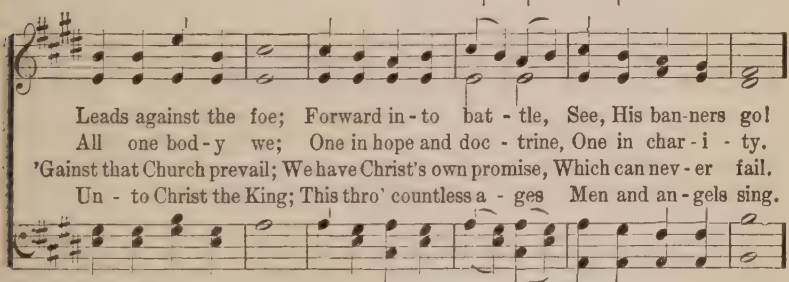
A. S. Sullivan.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your

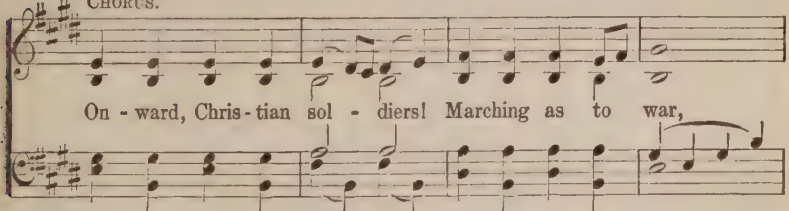


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

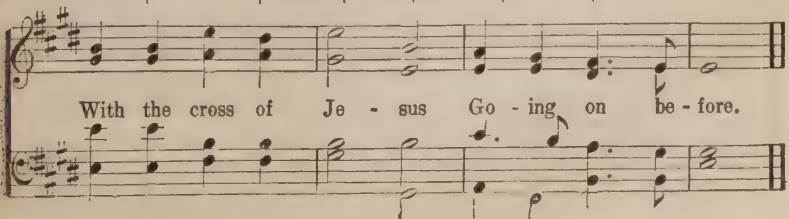


Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

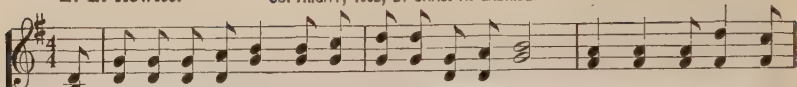


With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

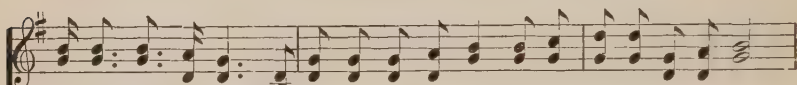
E. E. Hewitt.

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W. A. Post.

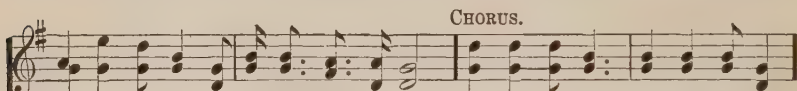


1. Why stand ye i - dly gazing t'ward heaven's blessed height? This same Je - sus is
 2. Re - ceiving His good Spirit, we'll know His presence near; This same Je - sus is
 3. Our low - ly talents doubling, more faithful may we be; This same Je - sus is
 4. In ev - 'ry time of tri - al we'll trust His changeless love; This same Je - sus is

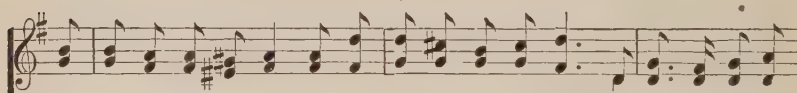


com - ing back a - gain; The shin - ing an - gels told it, ar - rayed in spotless white;
 com - ing back a - gain; He fills us with His bless - ing, He gives us love and cheer;
 com - ing back a - gain; And spread abroad His gos - pel with happy hearts and free;
 com - ing back a - gain; The mighty King of Glo - ry still reigns for us a - bove;

CHORUS.



This same Je - sus is com - ing back a - gain. This same Je - sus, this same Je - sus;



Oh, tell the joy - ful ti - dings to all the sons of men! Oh, let us work and

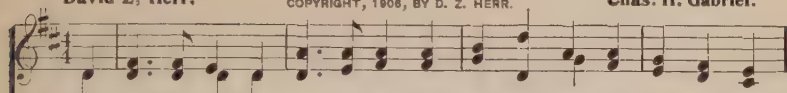


pray, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day; This same Je - sus is com - ing back a - gain.

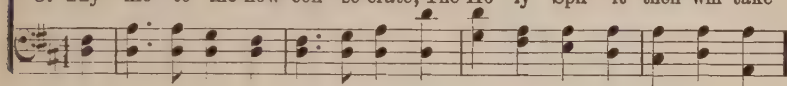
David Z. Herr.

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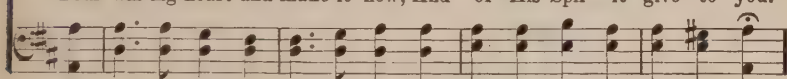
Chas. H. Gabriel.



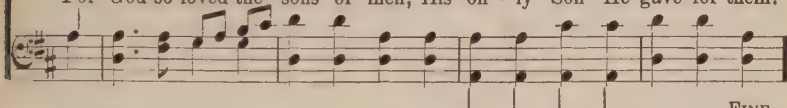
1. Je - sus revealed most solemn truths, When to the rul - er of the Jews
 2. Dear Lord, can man be born a - gain When he is old and full of sin?
 3. Thy life to me now con - se - crate, The Ho - ly Spir - it then will take



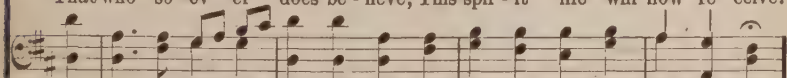

He said: "Ye must be born a - gain," If you a home in heav'n would win;
 Be - lieve on me and mar - vel not, But give this truth most ear - nest tho't;
 Your will - ing heart and make it new, And of His Spir - it give to you.




And if you would my kingdom view, Your spir - it must be born a - new,
 For this new birth, which I do give, Is My Spir - it, and you shall live;
 For God so loved the sons of men, His on - ly Son He gave for them:




And who - so - ev - er does be - lieve, This spir - it life will now re - ceive.
 And who - so - ev - er does be - lieve, This spir - it life will now re - ceive.
 That who - so - ev - er does be - lieve, This spir - it life will now re - ceive.



D. S.—an - gels join in heav - en's song, And that will be sweet heav'n for me.

CHORUS.

D. S.



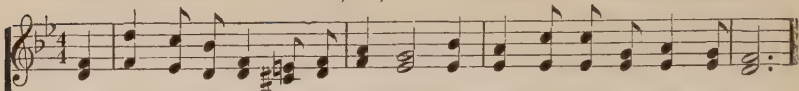
Oh, by and by, this spir - it life Which Je - sus gives and ev - er lives, Will



Kenneth McDonald.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

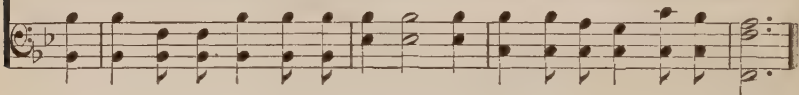
Chas. H. Gabriel.



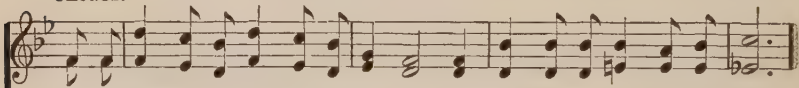
1. Yes, Je - sus my Sav - ior is com - ing, Although He has tar - ried so long;
2. His face I may see in the morning, With glo - ry transcendant and bright,
3. The saints who are wait - ing to greet Him, Will quick - ly re - spond to His cry,
4. I may not be here at His com - ing: My dust may be rest - ing in gloom;
5. For He shall redeem from cor - rup - tion This tem - ple that treasur'd His love,
6. And there we shall dwell in His presence, For - ev - er be - hold - ing His face,



I yearn for the light of His presence To glad - den my spir - it with song.
 An es - cort of an - gels be - fore Him, Ar - rayed in their garments of light.
 And Je - sus will crown them im - mor - tal, To reign with their Savior on high.
 But that which is sown in dis - hon - or, In glo - ry shall burst from the tomb.
 And bear it with splen - dor tri - umph - ant, To man - sions of glo - ry a - bove.
 With all who have lean'd on His goodness, And tast - ed His won - der - ful grace.



CHORUS.



I am wait - ing in hope for His com - ing, Yet ear - nest - ly do - ing His will;



My Mas - ter will nev - er de - ceive me, His word He will sure - ly ful - fill.



No. 137.

Rock of Ages.

A. M, Toplady.

(TOPLADY.)

Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 138.

A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

(BOYLSTON.)

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil, O, may it all my

soul to save And fit it for the sky.
pow'r's engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

No. 139.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

(Tune above.)

Dwight.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

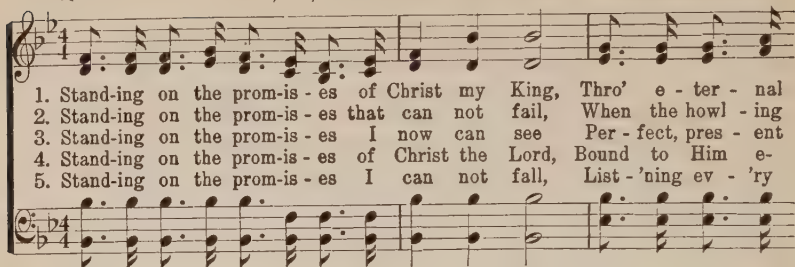
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

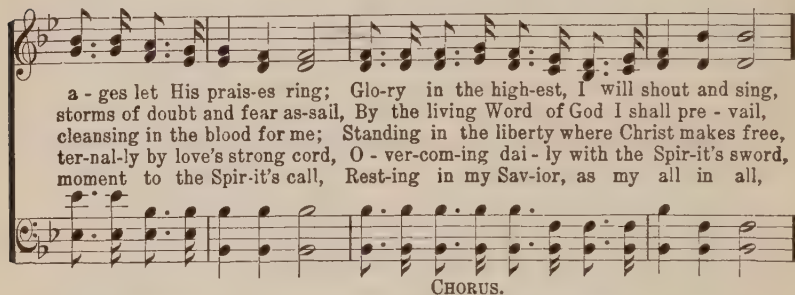
R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER.

R. Kelso Carter.



1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can not fail, When the howl - ing
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can not fall, List - 'ning ev - 'ry



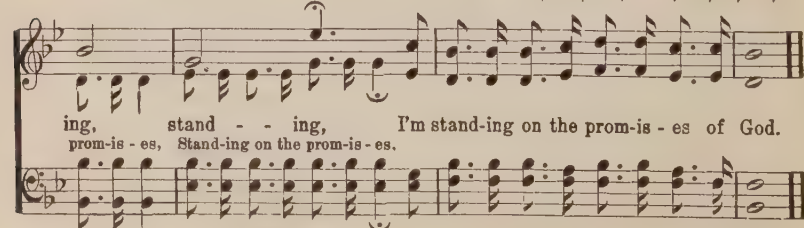
a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the living Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 moment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.



Standing on the prom-is - es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - -
 Standing on the prom-is - es, Stand-ing on the

ing, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - -
 prom-is - es, Standing on the



ing, stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
 prom-is - es, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es.

No. 141. He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

F. A. G.

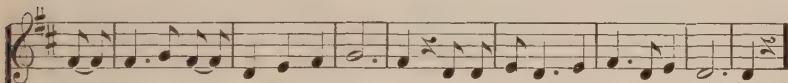
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY F. A. GRAVES.
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F. A. Graves.

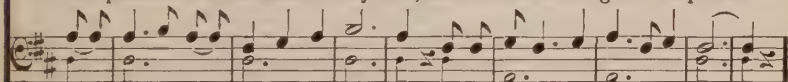
TENOR & ALTO, DUET.



1. My Father has ma-ny dear chil-dren: Will He ev-er forget to keep me?
2. Our Father remembers the spar-rows, Their val-ue and fall He doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How pa-tient and watchful is He;
4. I now will a-bide in His shad-ow, Never rest-less nor fear-ful will be;
5. O brother, why don't you ac-cept Him, He of-fers sal - va - tion so free;



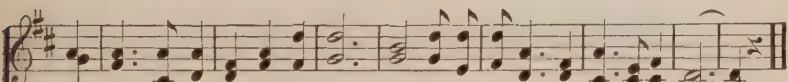
He gave His own Son to re-deem them, And He cannot for-get to keep me.
But dear-er to Him are His chil-dren, And He'll never fer-get to keep me.
Tho' moth-er for- get her own off-spring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
Re- pent and be- lieve and o- bey Him, And He'll never for-got to keep thee.



CHORUS.



He'll never for-get to keep me, keep me, He'll never for-get to keep me, keep me;
5th. v. He'll never for-get to keep thee, keep thee, He'll never for-get to keep thee, keep thee;
thee; . . .



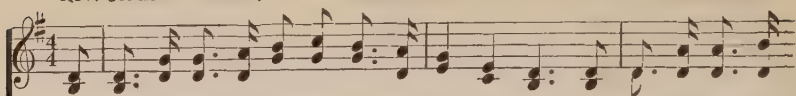
1. He gave His own Son to re-deem me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
2. But dear-er to Him are His chil-dren, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
3. Tho' mother forget her own offspring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
4. In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
5. Re-pent and be-lieve and o-bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.



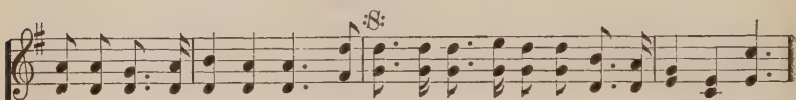
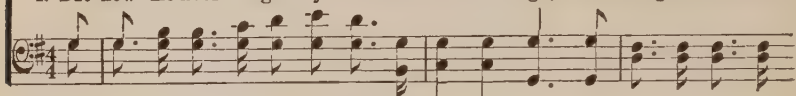
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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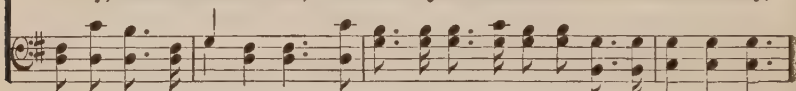
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



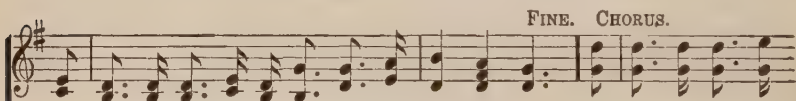
1. I see my Sav-ior hanging on the blood-y tree, By faith I see Him
2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the dark-ness flee, No more do types and
3. It veiled the face of na-ture to be-hold Him die, It made the mountains
4. But now He lives in glo-ry in that home on high, Where angels chant the



dy-ing there in ag-o-ny; But in His death on Calv'ry is my hope and plea,
 shadows point to Cal-va-ry; He broke the chains that bound me, when He look'd at me,
 tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dying as He hung on high,
 sto-ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,



D. S.—want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.

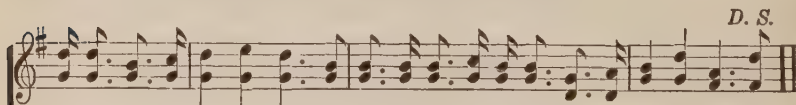


FINE. CHORUS.

I want to love Him bet-ter, for He died for me.
 I want to love Him bet-ter, for He set me free. I want to love Him
 I want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.
 I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.



I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.



D. S.

bet-ter for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I



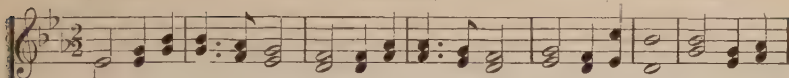
No. 143.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

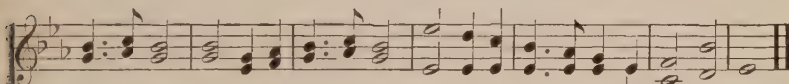
Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET.)

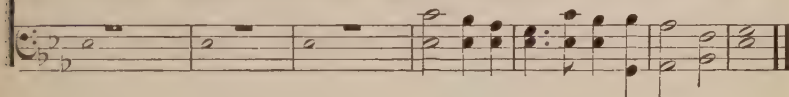
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior



while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to - day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul



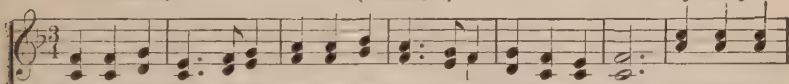
No. 144.

My Country! 'Tis of Thee,

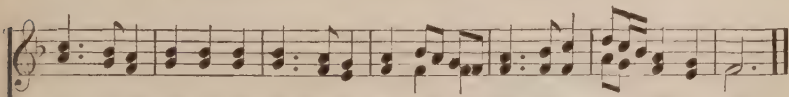
S. F. Smith,

(AMERICA.)

Henry Carey.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



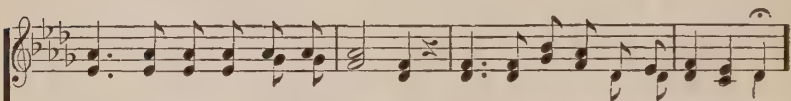
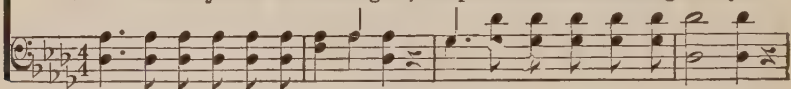
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J. E. Rankin, D. D.

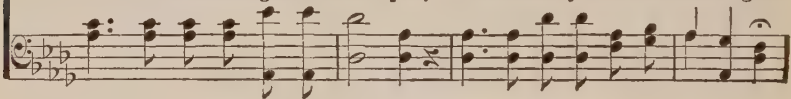
W. G. Tomer.



1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,



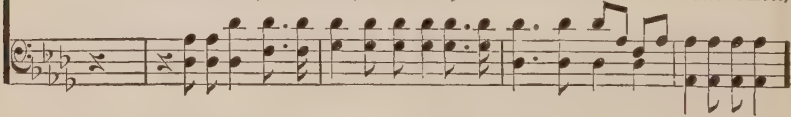
With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un - fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



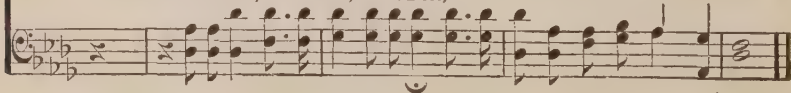
CHORUS.



Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



Children's Songs.

No. 146.

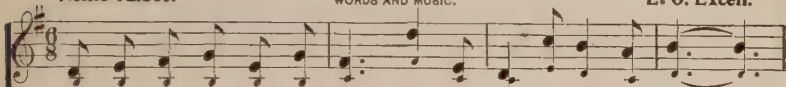
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

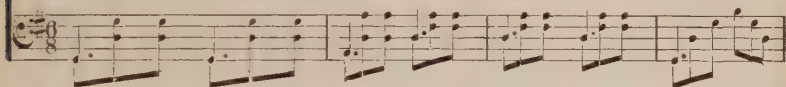
Nellie Talbot.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleas - ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



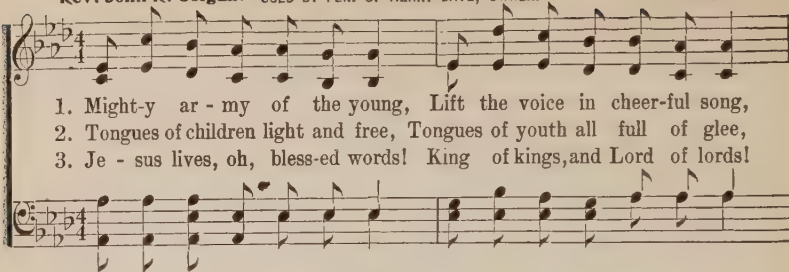
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.



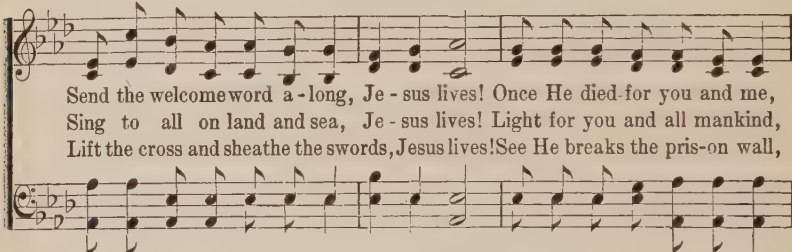
Rev. John R. Colgan.

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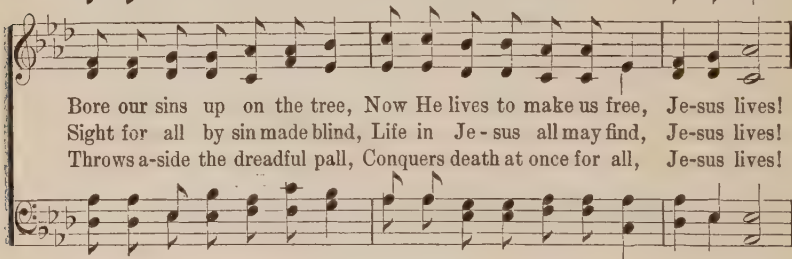
A. F. Myers.



1. Might-y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

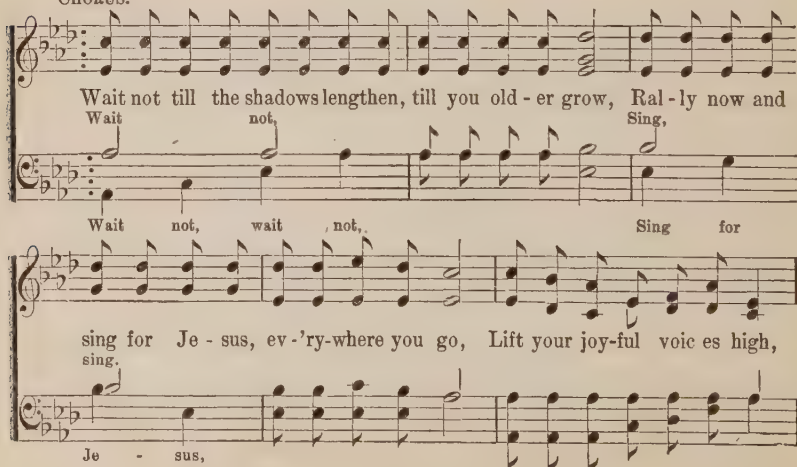


Send the welcomeword a-long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See He breaks the pris-on wall,



Bore our sins up on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.



Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and
Wait not, Sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for
sing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic es high,
sing,
Je - sus,

Jesus Lives!

Repeat Chorus *pp*

f rit.



Ring-ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless-ed ti-dings fly, Je-sus lives!

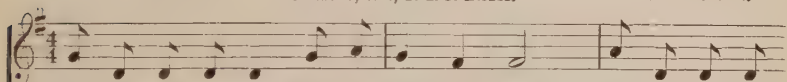


No. 148.

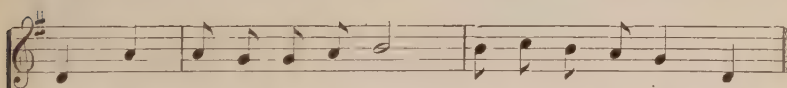
Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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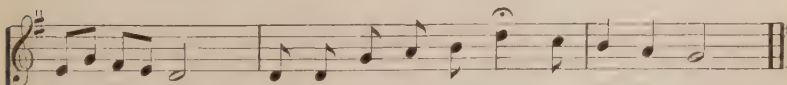
E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that



can - dle Burn-ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,



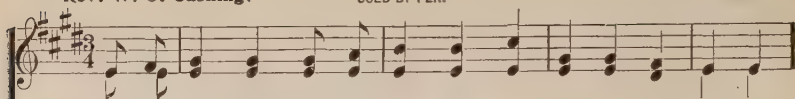
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.



Rev. W. O. Cushing.

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USED BY PER.

Geo. F. Root.



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom;
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,



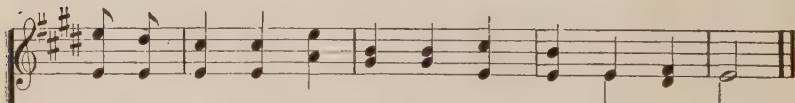
All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,—
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.



CHORUS.



Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,



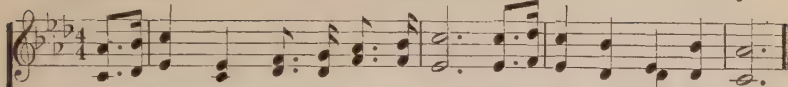
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.



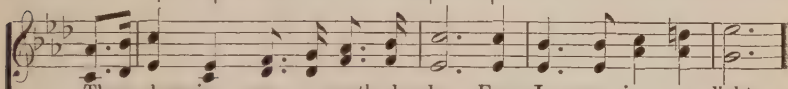
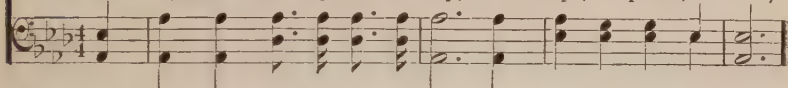
E. E. Hewitt.

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USED BY PER. OF MRS. J. R. SWENEY.

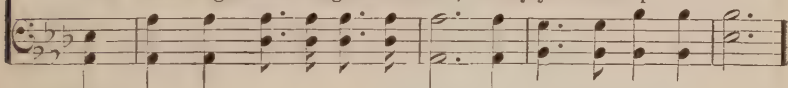
Jno R. Sweney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.



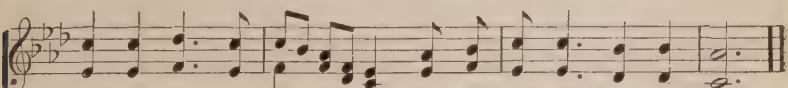
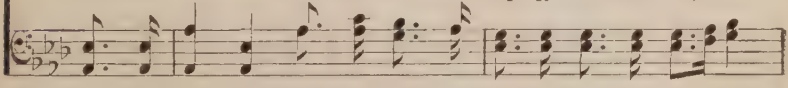
REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - shine, Bless-ed sun - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,



While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
 hap-py mo-ments roll;



Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.



No. 151. Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No!

P. S.

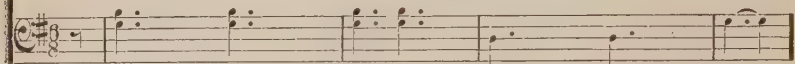
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer.

SOLO.



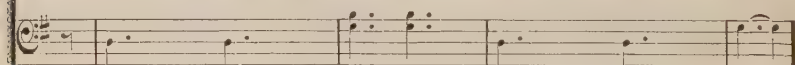
1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A-long the grand highway of life;
2. In cour-age, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long jour-ney be-gin;
3. Be care-ful in choos-ing com-pan-ions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true;



You'll meet with a thou-sand tempta-tions—Each cit-y with e-vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav-en-ly Fa-ther Will keep you un-spot-ted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;



This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's dan-ger wher-ev-er you go;
Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine cup to know,



But if you are tempted in weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firmness, with patience and kind-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

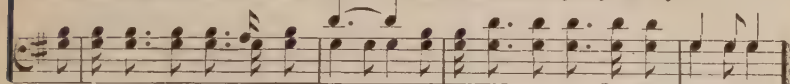


Have Courage, My Boy.

CHORUS.

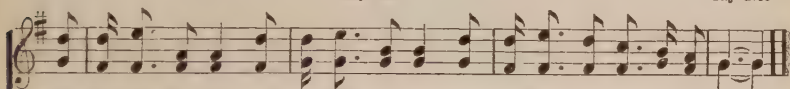


Have cour-age, my boy, to say No! . . Have cour-age, my boy, to say No! . .

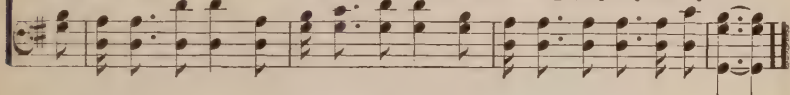


say No!

say No!



Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!



No. 152.

Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of China).

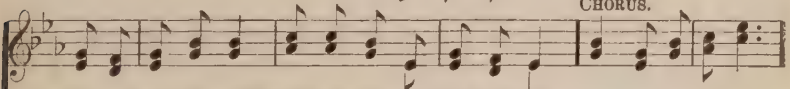
Wm. B. Bradbury,



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so, Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! he who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I



CHORUS.

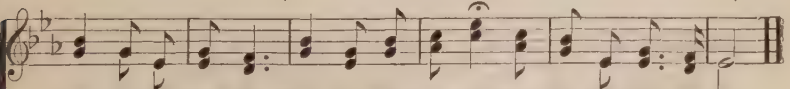


ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.

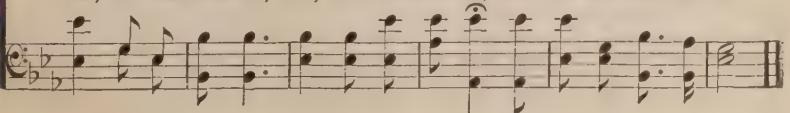
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,

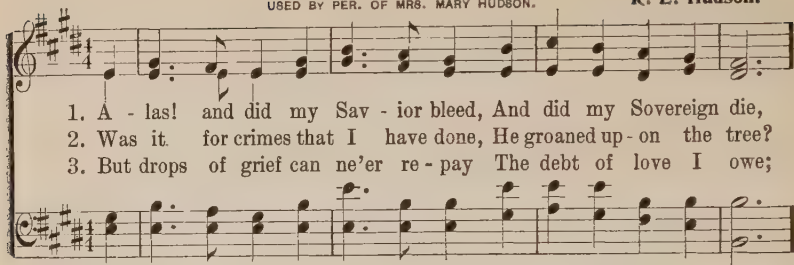
shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.

love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

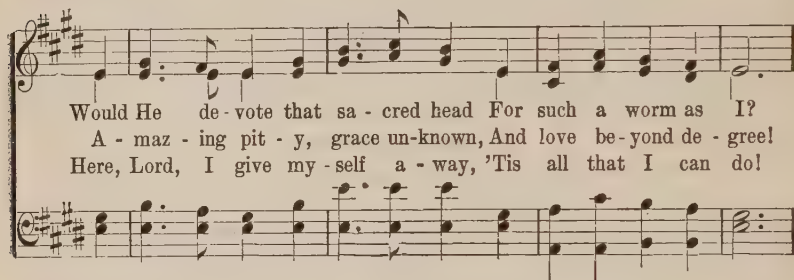


Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.



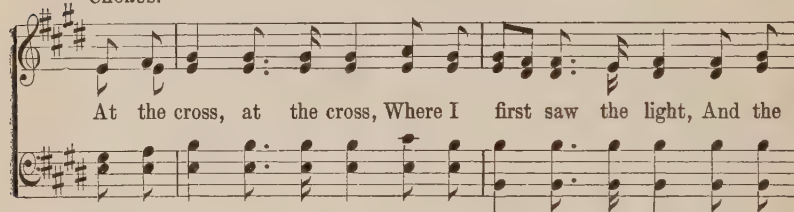


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

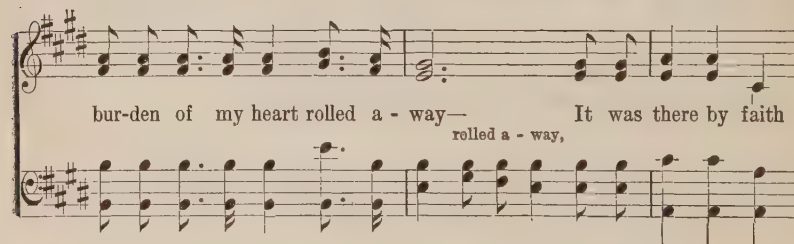


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

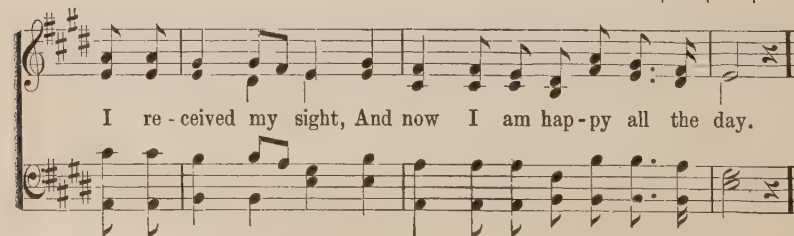
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart rolled a - way — It was there by faith
rolled a - way,

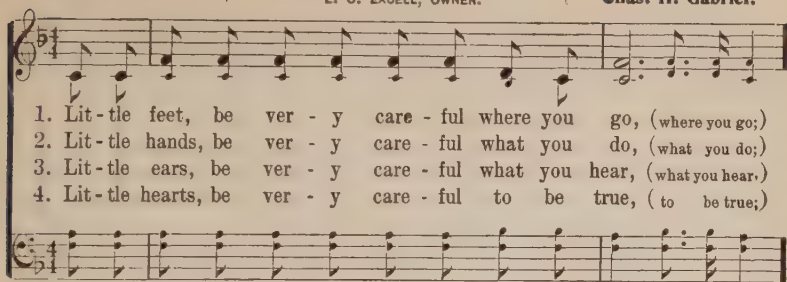


I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

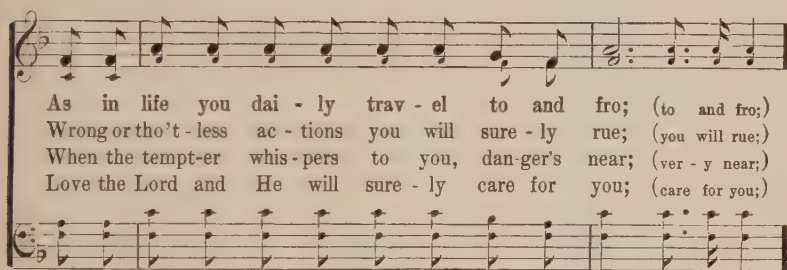
C. H. G.

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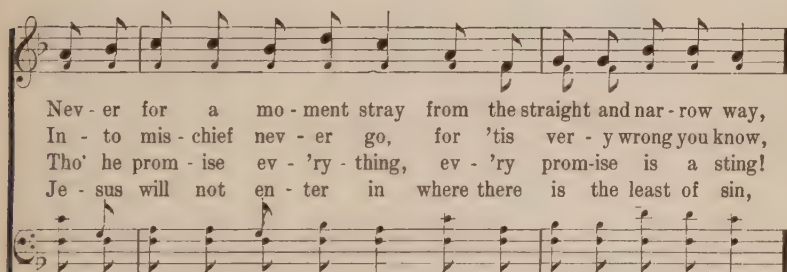
Chas. H. Gabriel.



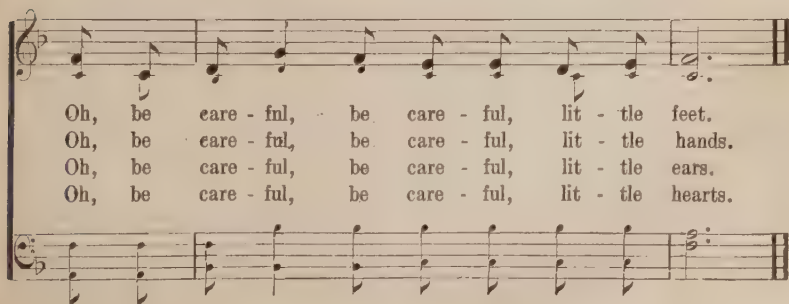
1. Lit - tle feet, be ver - y care - ful where you go, (where you go;)
 2. Lit - tle hands, be ver - y care - ful what you do, (what you do;)
 3. Lit - tle ears, be ver - y care - ful what you hear, (what you hear;)
 4. Lit - tle hearts, be ver - y care - ful to be true, (to be true;)



As in life you dai - ly trav - el to and fro; (to and fro;)
 Wrong or tho't - less ac - tions you will sure - ly rue; (you will rue;)
 When the tempt - er whis - pers to you, dan - ger's near; (ver - y near;)
 Love the Lord and He will sure - ly care for you; (care for you;)



Nev - er for a mo - ment stray from the straight and nar - row way,
 In - to mis - chief nev - er go, for 'tis ver - y wrong you know,
 Tho' he prom - ise ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry prom - ise is a sting!
 Je - sus will not en - ter in where there is the least of sin,



Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle feet.
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hands.
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle ears.
 Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hearts.

P. P. B.
DUET.COPYRIGHT, 1898 BY P. P. BILHORN.
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P. P. Bilhorn.



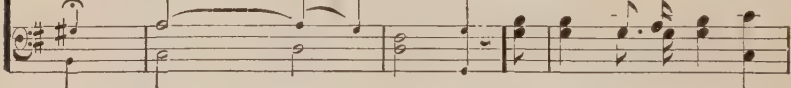
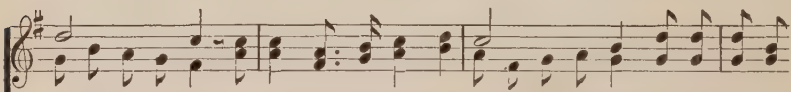
1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com-fort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil - ly waves of Jor - dan
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-



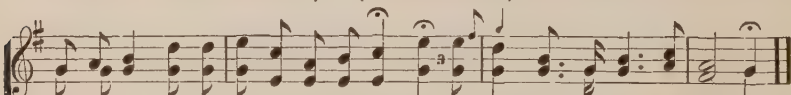

roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
brings; Leaning on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er more;


CHORUS. *Spirited.*


Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is

Je - - - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - - - sus, He will help you
Je-sus ev'-ry day, Je - sus all the way,

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je-sus.

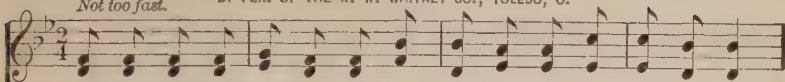


Mary Irene McLean. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE W. W. WHITNEY CO.

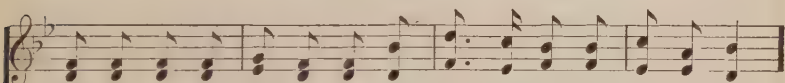
A. F. Myers.

Not too fast.

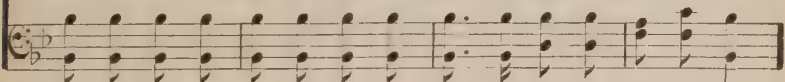
BY PER. OF THE W. W. WHITNEY CO., TOLEDO, O.



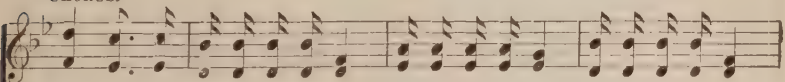
1. We are but a band of chil-dren, We are few and weak and small;
2. There are ma - ny lit - tle chil-dren, Far a - way, a - cross the sea,
3. So we want to send them teachers, Who will teach them how to pray
4. It was Je - sus died to save them, 'Twas for this to earth He came;
5. 'Tis the Bi - ble that will lead them From the dark-ness in - to light,
6. Cheer-ful - ly we give our pen-nies, And we like to give and plan,



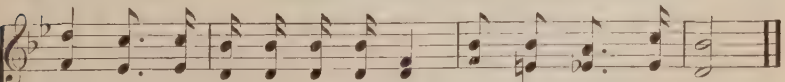
But we want to work for Je - sus, And there's work e-nough for all.
 Who have nev - er heard of Je - sus, But to i - dols bend the knee.
 To the dear and lov - ing Sav - ior, Who will wash their sins a - way.
 He will make them pure and hap - py, When they learn to love His name.
 And we all are glad to help them Break a - way from heath-en night.
 For we are young mis sion - a - ries, Do - ing all the good we can.



CHORUS.



We are a mis-sion-a - ry band, Mis sion-a ry band, mis-sion-a - ry band;



We are a mis-sion - a - ry band, Do - ing all we can.



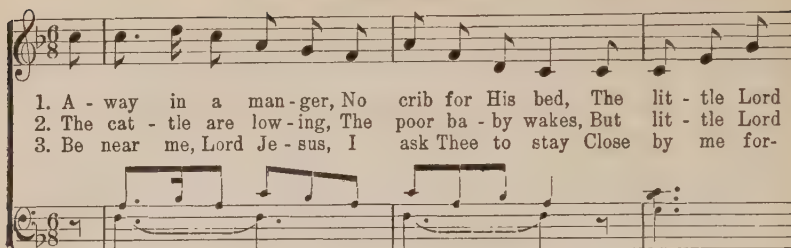
No. 157.

Luther's Cradle Hymn.

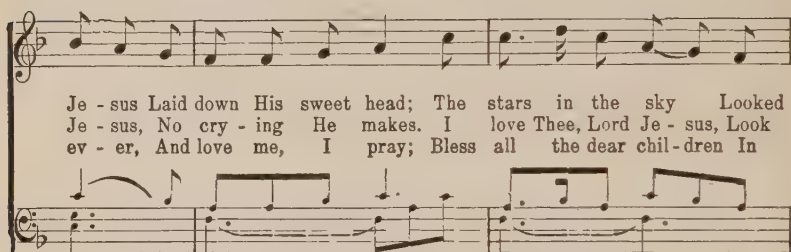
Martin Luther.

MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HENRY DATE.
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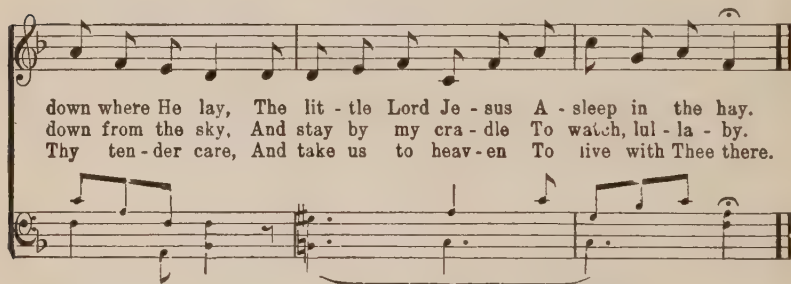
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low-ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-



Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In



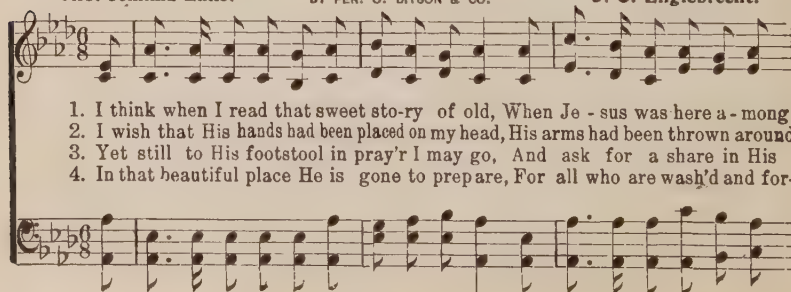
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch, lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav-en To live with Thee there.

No. 158. The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

BY PER. O. DITSON & CO.

J. C. Englebrecht.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown around
3. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His
4. In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare, For all who are wash'd and for-

The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should
me; And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
love; And if I now ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low, I shall
giv'n, And ma - ny dear chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then,
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me,"
see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove,
such is the Kingdom of heav'n." "For of such is the King - dom of heav'n,"

No. 159.

A Cradle Song.

I asked the editor of the "Advocate" to name the tune, and he answered: "The only tune we know for the "Cradle Song" is "Nettleton". This is the melody, that the mothers of two or three generations of children have crooned to their little ones and it is hard to see how more fitting notes could be wedded to the beautiful words."

(NETTLETON.)

FINE. D. C.

[Many mothers lull their little ones with the first verse of the following poem, without knowing that the whole is one of the most beautiful Christmas hymns, and contains a lesson which will last through life, if it be sung repeatedly into the infant ear.—Editor "N. Y. Christian Advocate," Dec. 21, 1905.]

- 1 Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
- 2 Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.
- 3 How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!
- 4 Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
- 5 See the kindly shepherds 'round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!

- Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin mother by.
- 6 See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.
- 7 Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!
- 8 May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise.
- 9 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

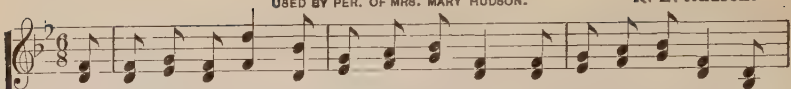
Isaac Watts.

No. 160.

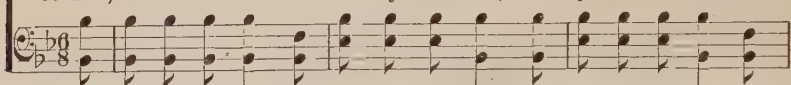
His Yoke is Easy.

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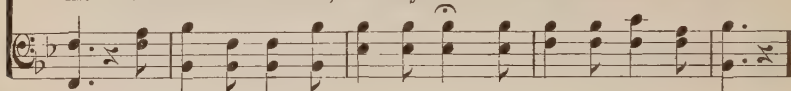
R. E. Hudson.



1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from



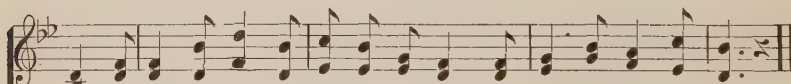
lie In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
take The narrow path of right-eous-ness, Ev'n for His own name's sake.
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.



CHORUS.



His yoke is eas-y, His burd-en is light, I've found it so, I find it



so He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.



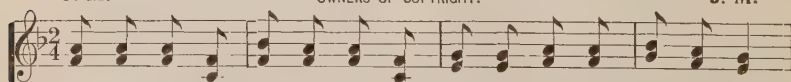
No. 161.

Little Children, Love the Savior.

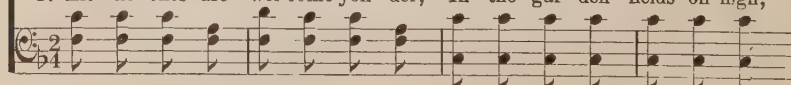
USED BY PER. OF THE ECHO MUSIC CO. CHICAGO, ILL.,
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J. M.

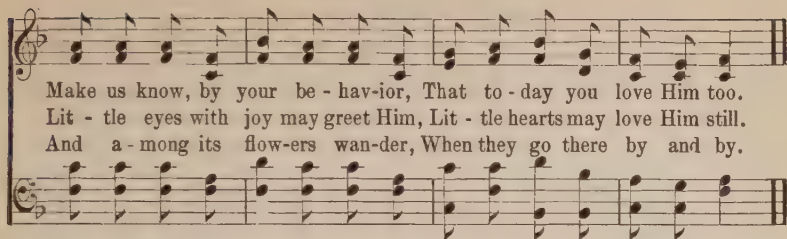
J. M.



1. Lit-tle chil-dren, love the Sav-ior, For, you know, He lov-eth you:
2. Lit-tle feet may run to meet Him, Lit-tle hands may do His will;
3. Lit-tle ones are wel-come yon-der, In the gar-den-fields on high;



Little Children, Love the Savior.



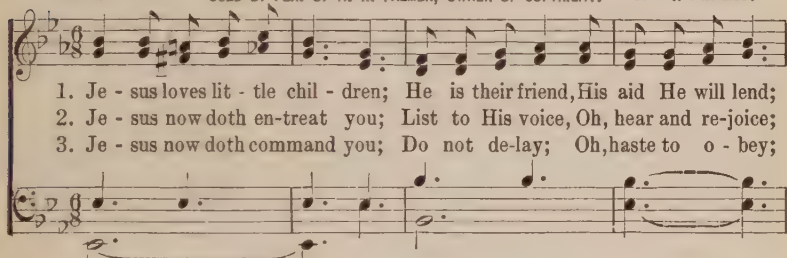
Make us know, by your be-hav-ior, That to-day you love Him too.
 Lit-tle eyes with joy may greet Him, Lit-tle hearts may love Him still.
 And a-mong its flow-ers wan-der, When they go there by and by.

No. 162. Children May Come to the Savior.

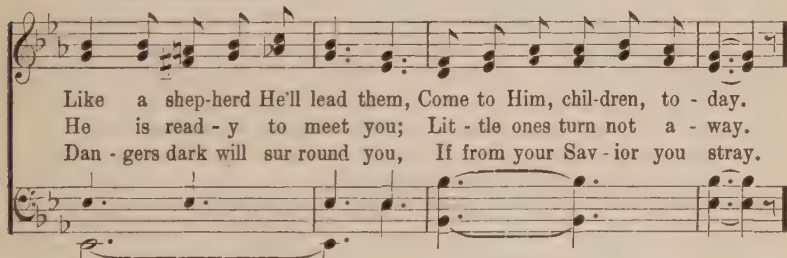
H. R. P.

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H. R. Palmer.

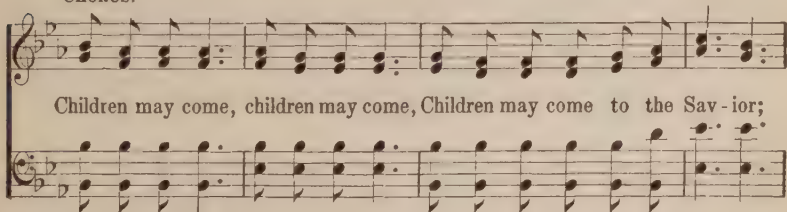


1. Je-sus loves lit-tle chil-dren; He is their friend, His aid He will lend;
 2. Je-sus now doth en-treat you; List to His voice, Oh, hear and re-joice;
 3. Je-sus now doth command you; Do not de-lay; Oh, haste to o-bey;

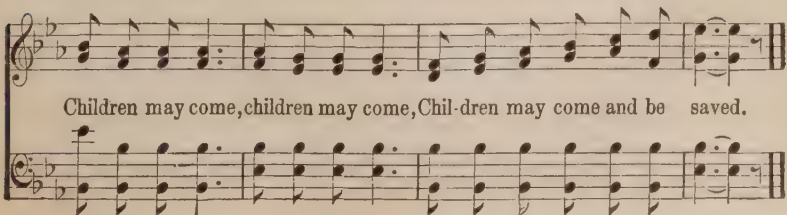


Like a shep-herd He'll lead them, Come to Him, chil-dren, to-day.
 He is read-y to meet you; Lit-tle ones turn not a-way.
 Dan-gers dark will sur-round you, If from your Sav-ior you stray.

CHORUS.



Children may come, children may come, Children may come to the Sav-ior;



Children may come, children may come, Chil-dren may come and be saved.

No. 163.

The Children's Friend.

Wm. Appel.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY GEO. F. ROSCHE.
USED BY PER.

Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Jesus is the children's friend, Children's friend, children's friend, Blessed be His name!
2. Jesus is the children's king, Children's king, children's king; Blessed be His name!
3. Jesus is the children's God, Children's God, children's God; Blessed be His name!

CHORUS.

{ We will sing, yes we will sing, Hear the glad ho-san-nas ring; }
Yes, to Je-sus we will sing, [Omit.] } Blessed be His name.

No. 164.

Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Standing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's command, Hon-or them, the
2. Ma-ny might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand, Who for God had
3. Ma-ny gi-ants, great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land, Head-long to the
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand! Sa-tan and his

CHORUS.

faith-ful few! All hail to Dan-iel's band!
been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's band. Dare to be a Dan-iel,
earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's band.
hosts de-fy, And shout for Dan-iel's band.

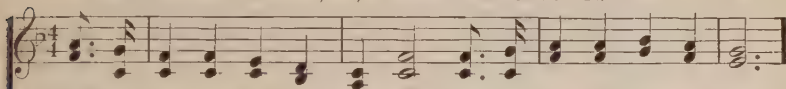
Dare to stand a-lone! Dare to have a pur-pose firm! Dare to make it known!

Prayer.

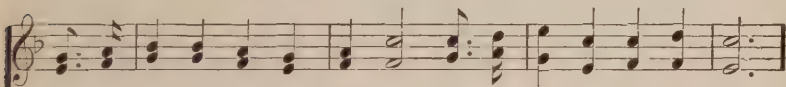
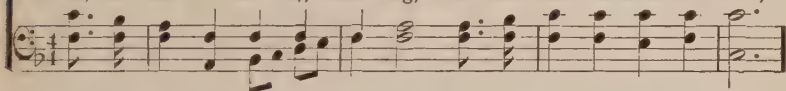
No. 165.

Answered Prayer.

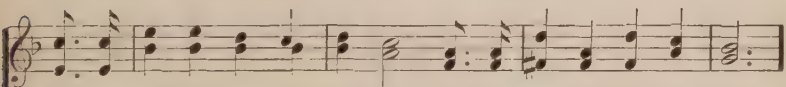
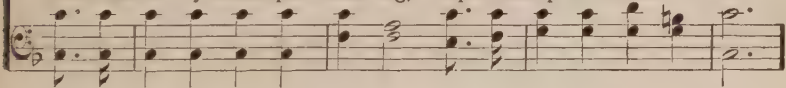
Rev. Henry Ostrom. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY OSTROM & HILLIS. USED BY PER. John P. Hillis.



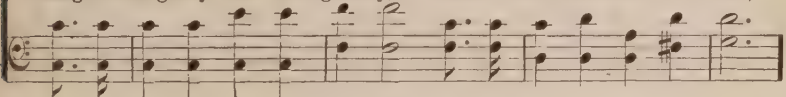
1. Bless the Lord, my soul, for - ev - er, And ex - ult His name to praise;
2. I have heard the Sav - ior say - ing: Take the cross, and fol - low me,
3. Lo! the whis - per deep and ten - der, From the Spir - it, thro' the Word,
4. Oh, 'tis not a fail - ing bless - ing, He hath filled me with His love;



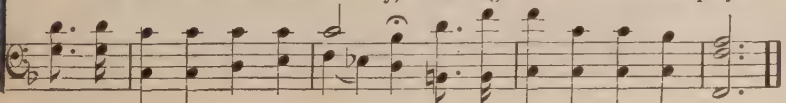
Let us give Him thanks to - geth - er, Let us fill with song our days.
I have heard my loved ones pray - ing That I might be pure and free.
Call - ing me to full sur - ren - der, — Sweeter call was nev - er heard.
While this ho - ly wealth pos - sess - ing, Hope looks up to realms a - bove.



I have asked for grace and glo - ry, I have sought His love to share;
From the cross, from heights of glo - ry, Voic - es sweet His love de - clare;
And my soul is full of glo - ry, For the Com - fort - er is there;
"Changed from glo - ry un - to glo - ry," When I know Him bet - ter there,



Let me tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Prais - ing Him for answered prayer.
Let me tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Prais - ing Him for answered prayer.
Let me tell the wondrous sto - ry, Prais - ing Him for answered prayer.
I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, Prais - ing Him for answered prayer.

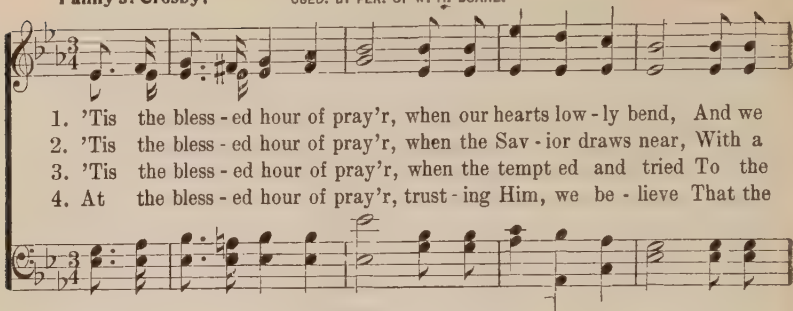


No. 166. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

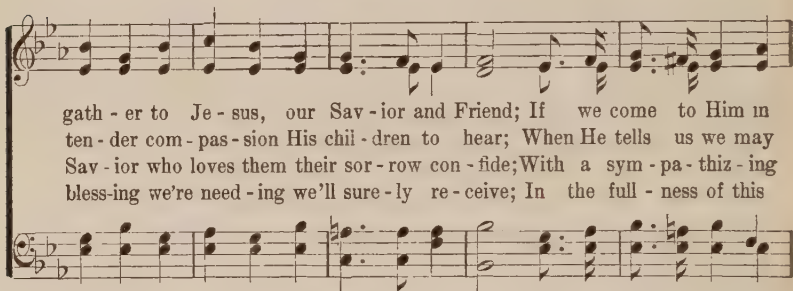
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY BIGLOW-MAIN CO.
USED. BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.

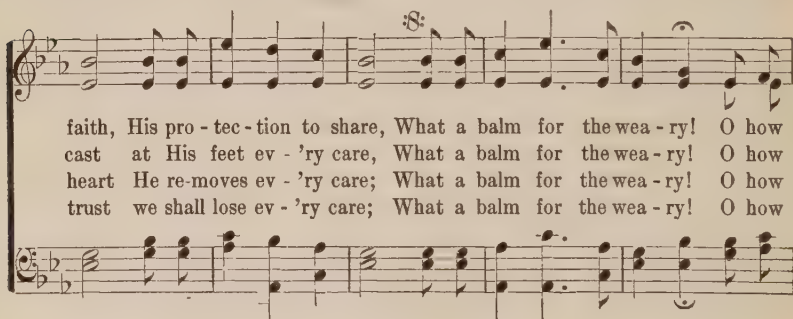
W. H. Doane.



1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the tempt ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of pray'r, trust - ing Him, we be - lieve That the

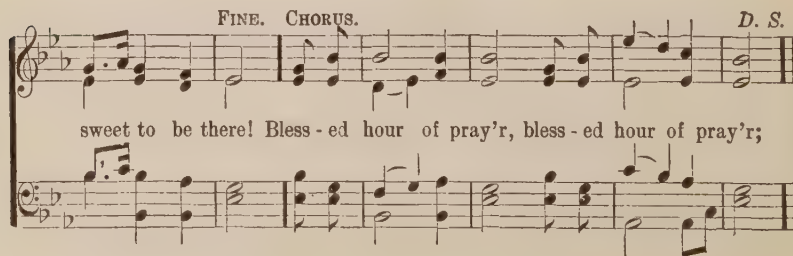


gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full - ness of this



faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of pray'r, bless - ed hour of pray'r;

No. 167.

Hear and Answer Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

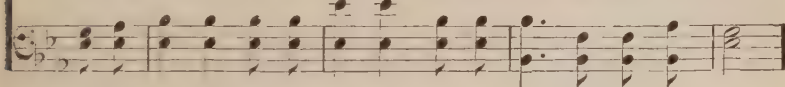
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



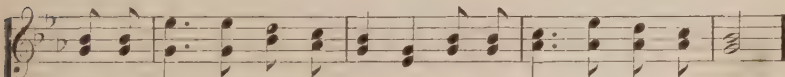
1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray-ing to be humbled By the pow'r of grace di - vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, And my con-stant pray'r shall be,



I am pray - ing that Thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.
To be clothed up on with meekness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like Thee.



CHORUS.



Thou who know - est all my weak - ness, Thou who know - est all my care,



While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and an - swer pray'r.



No. 168.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. J. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His Word, Hold ing com - munion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com ing, Prince of peace.

D. S.—More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

No. 169.

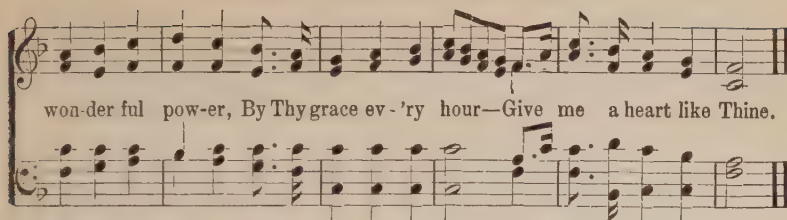
Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

Anon.

Arranged,

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.



won-der ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour—Give me a heart like Thine.

2. Give me a love like Thine.

4. Give me a peace like Thine.

3. Give me a faith like Thine.

5. Give me a joy like Thine.

No. 170.

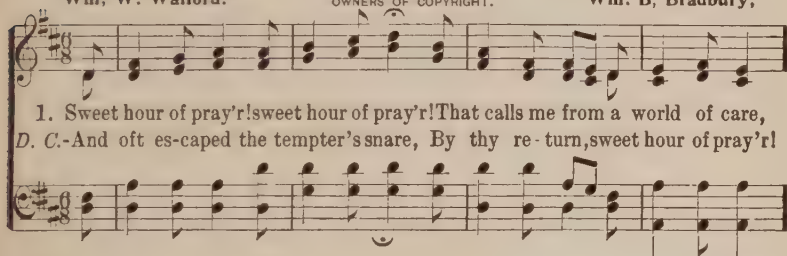
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.

Wm, W: Walford:

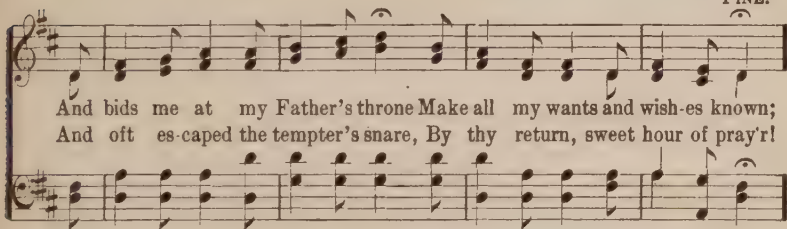
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Wm. B. Bradbury,



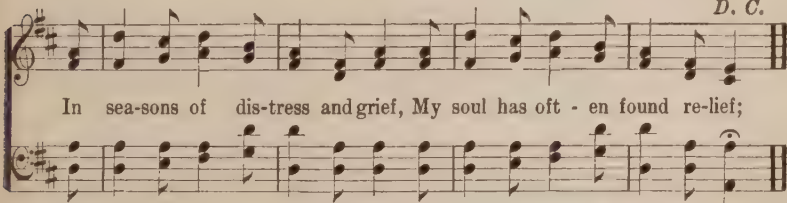
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
D. C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r!

FINE.



And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r!

D. C.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief;

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! 3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear May I thy consolation share,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
Engage the waiting soul to bless. I view my home and take my flight;
And since He bids me seek His face, This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
Believe His word and trust His grace, To seize the everlasting prize;
: I'll cast on Him my every care : And shout, while passing through the air,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r! : Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r! :

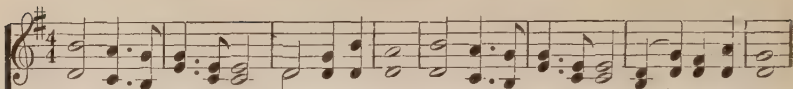
No. 171.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

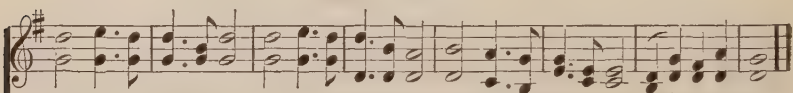
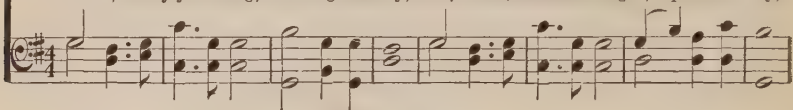
Sarah F. Adams.

(BETHANY.)

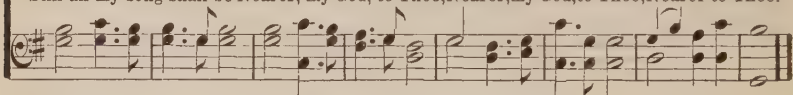
Lowell Mason.



1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



No. 172.

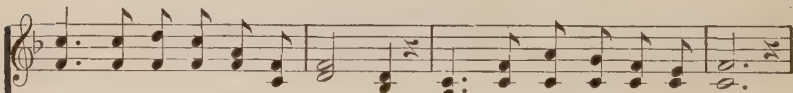
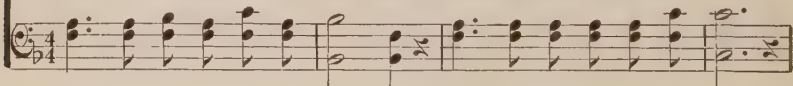
What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care,



What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
 Pre-cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

No. 173. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

(RUSSELL.)

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rst care. } Blessed Je-sus,
{ In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: }
2. { We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; } Blessed Je-sus,
{ Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; }

Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Jesus, Hear oh, hear us when we pray.

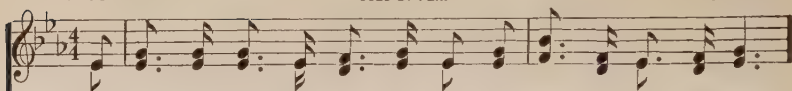
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

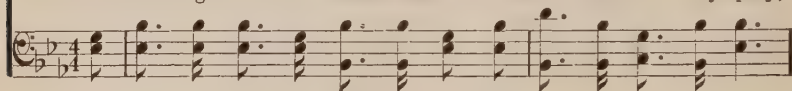
Ada Blenkhorn.

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USED BY PER.

Rev. D. W. Myland



1. No long - er doubt God's prom - ise true, But trust His word to - day,
2. And if our hearts con - demn us not, With con - fi - dence we pray,
3. And as we pray, if we be - lieve, We shall, tho' He de - lay,
4. Then let us with our Fath - er plead For souls that are as - tray,
5. Ac - cord - ing to His bless - ed will If we will al - ways pray,



What He hath prom - ised He will do, The an - swer's on the way.
 How bless - ed our ap - point - ed lot! The an - swer's on the way.
 "Ac - cord - ing to our faith" re - ceive; The an - swer's on the way.
 And He a - gain these sheep will lead; The an - swer's on the way.
 Each true pe - ti - tion to ful - fil The an - swer's on the way.



CHORUS.



The an - swer's on the way, When in God's will we pray;



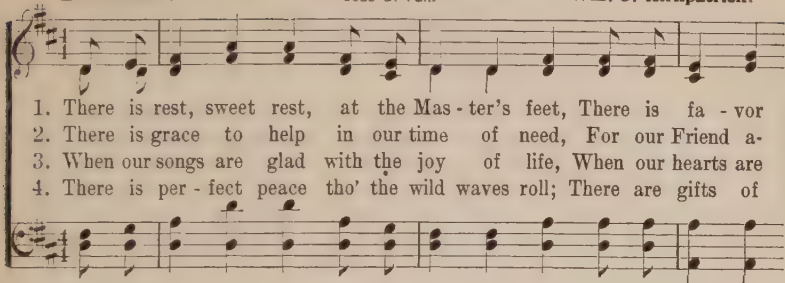
All glo - ry to our faith - ful Lord; The an - swer's on the way.



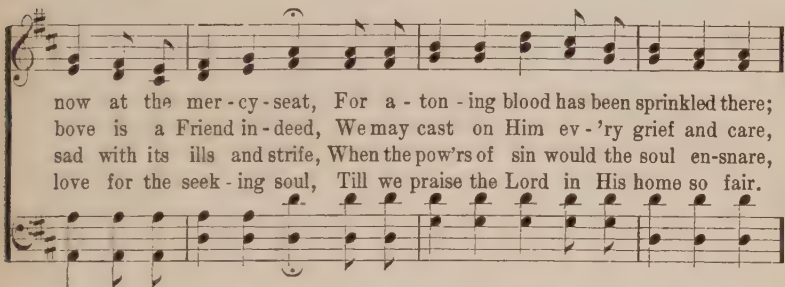
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

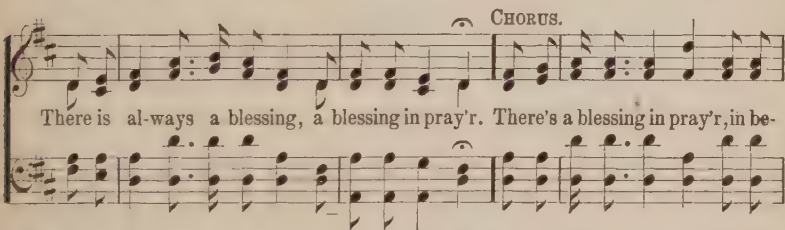
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



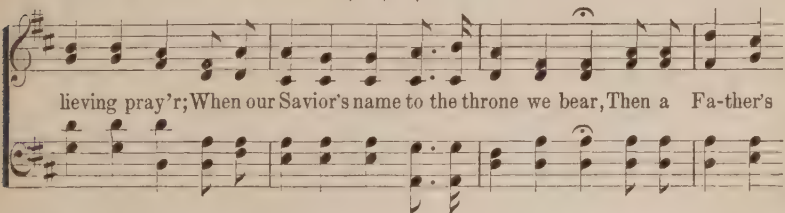
1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas-ter's feet, There is fa-vor
 2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a-
 3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are
 4. There is per-fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of



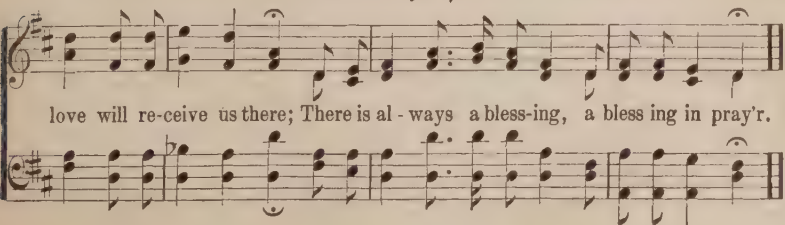
now at the mer-cy-seat, For a-ton-ing blood has been sprinkled there;
 bove is a Friend in-deed, We may cast on Him ev-'ry grief and care,
 sad with its ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en-snare,
 love for the seek-ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair.



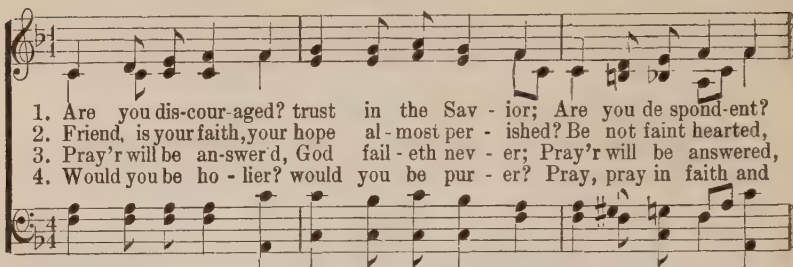
CHORUS.
 There is al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be-



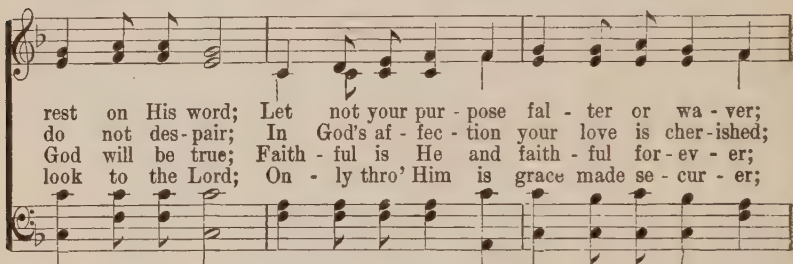
lieving pray'r; When our Savior's name to the throne we bear, Then a Fa-ther's



love will re-ceive us there; There is al-ways a bless-ing, a bless-ing in pray'r.

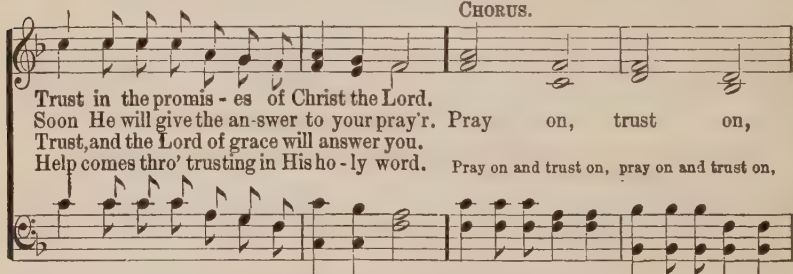


1. Are you dis-cour-aged? trust in the Sav - ior; Are you de spond-ent?
 2. Friend, is your faith, your hope al - most per - ished? Be not faint hearted,
 3. Pray'r will be an-swer'd, God fail - eth nev - er; Pray'r will be answered,
 4. Would you be ho - lier? would you be pur - er? Pray, pray in faith and

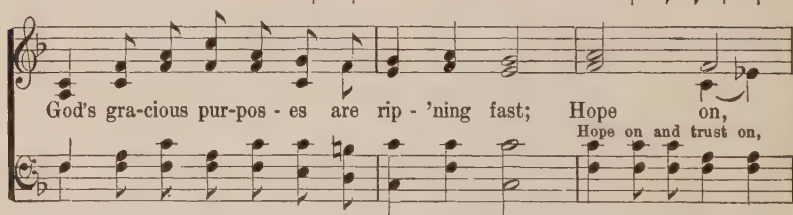


rest on His word; Let not your pur - pose fal - ter or wa - ver;
 do not des - pair; In God's af - fec - tion your love is cher - ished;
 God will be true; Faith - ful is He and faith - ful for - ev - er;
 look to the Lord; On - ly thro' Him is grace made se - cur - er;

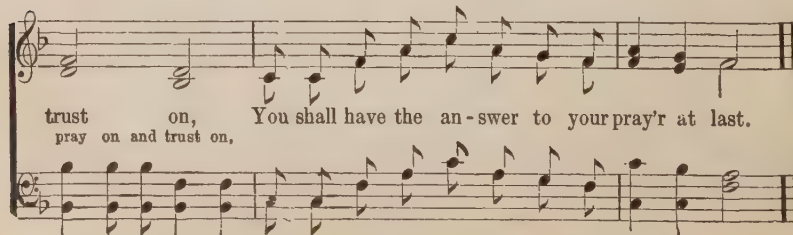
CHORUS.



Trust in the promis - es of Christ the Lord.
 Soon He will give the an - swer to your pray'r. Pray on, trust on,
 Trust, and the Lord of grace will answer you.
 Help comes thro' trusting in His ho - ly word. Pray on and trust on, pray on and trust on,



God's gra - cious pur - pos - es are rip - 'ning fast; Hope on,
 Hope on and trust on,



trust on, You shall have the an - swer to your pray'r at last.
 pray on and trust on,

Holy Spirit.

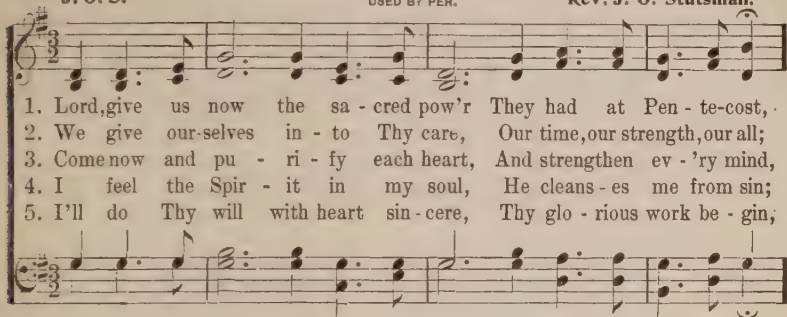
No. 177.

The Pentecostal Power.

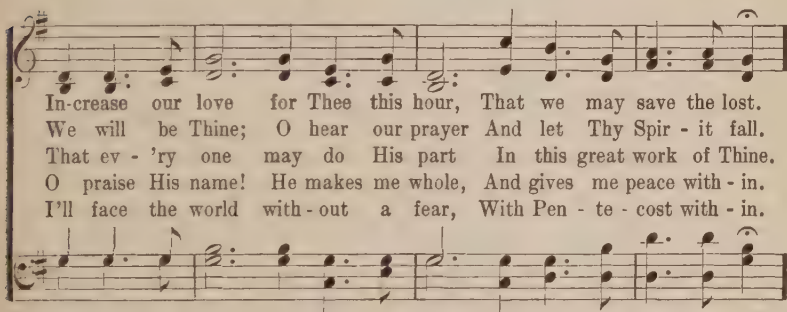
J. O. S.

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Rev. J. O. Stutsman.

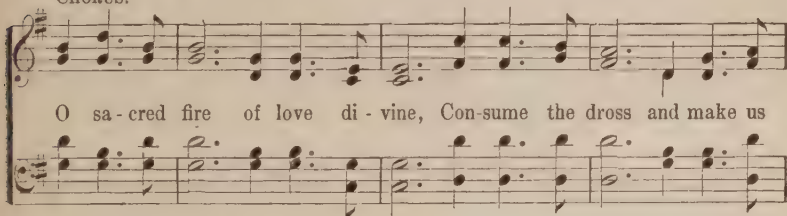


1. Lord, give us now the sa - cred pow'r They had at Pen - te - cost, .
 2. We give our - selves in - to Thy care, Our time, our strength, our all;
 3. Come now and pu - ri - fy each heart, And strengthen ev - 'ry mind,
 4. I feel the Spir - it in my soul, He cleans - es me from sin;
 5. I'll do Thy will with heart sin - cere, Thy glo - rious work be - gin;

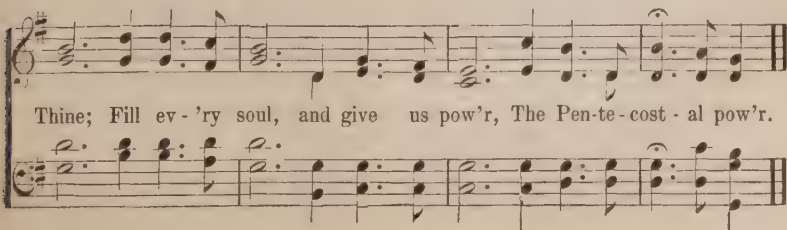


In - crease our love for Thee this hour, That we may save the lost.
 We will be Thine; O hear our prayer And let Thy Spir - it fall.
 That ev - 'ry one may do His part In this great work of Thine.
 O praise His name! He makes me whole, And gives me peace with - in.
 I'll face the world with - out a fear, With Pen - te - cost with - in.

CHORUS.



O sa - cred fire of love di - vine, Con - sume the dross and make us



Thine; Fill ev - 'ry soul, and give us pow'r, The Pen - te - cost - al pow'r.

No. 178.

Old Time Power.

As sung by Chas. M. Alexander.

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PER.

Charlie D. Tillman, Arr.

C. D. T.

1. They were in an up - per cham - ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de - scend - ed As the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, As was prom - ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom - ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one!

No. 179.

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

Samuel Longfellow.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with - in this heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with - in my conscience reign;

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

Word of God, and in - ward Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
 Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire!
 By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.
 Be my law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - er free.

No. 180. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. Wells,

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear. Grop - ing on in dark - ness here;
 Noth ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trust - ing that our names are there;

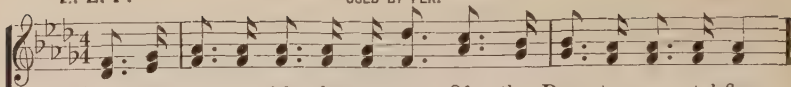
D.S. - Whis - per soft - ly "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

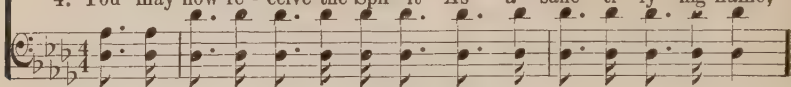
L. L. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY L. L. PICKETT.
USED BY PER.

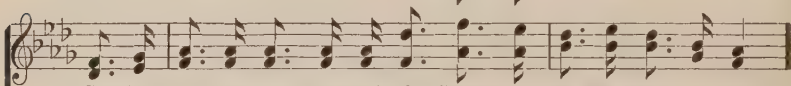
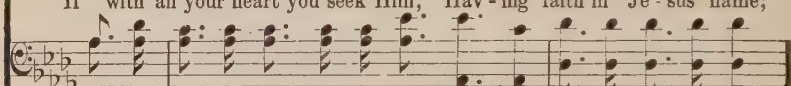
L. L. Pickett.



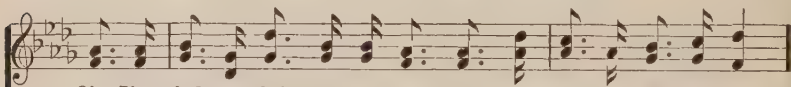
1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleans - ing Un - to all His chil - dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re - ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,



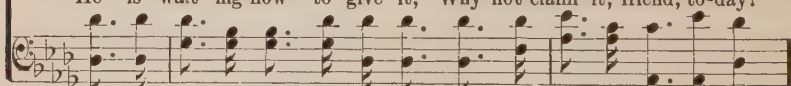
Burn - ing up all car - nal na - ture, Cleans - ing out all base de - sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear;
But in this they were mis - tak - en, For the Bi - ble tells us so;
If with all your heart you seek Him, Hay - ing faith in Je - sus' name;



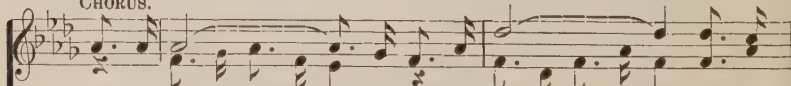
Go - ing thro' and thro' your spir - it Cleans - ing all its stain a - way?
It will help you, O my broth - er, When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this bless - ing, He will nev - er say us Nay;



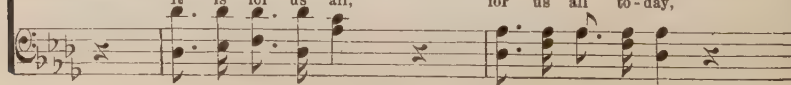
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to-day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to-day.
Then by faith why not re - ceive it, It is for us all to-day,
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to-day?



CHORUS.



It is for. . . us all to - day, . . . If we
It is for us all, for us all to - day,



It Is for Us All Today.

trust and tru - ly pray; Con-se-crate to Christ your all,
 If we trust and pray, if we tru - ly trust and pray;
 And up - on the Sav-ior call; Praise God, it is for us all to - day.
 to - day.

No. 182.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes.

COPYRIGHT, 1879 BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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Jno. R. Sweeney.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-b-ling heart and brow;
 2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S. Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now;

No. 183.

Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
USED BY PER.

R. Kelso Carter.

Slow,

1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from heaven, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
 2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
 3. From all sin grant us re - demp - tion, Wash us in the cleans - ing flood;
 4. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;

Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
 To Thine im - age, Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
 Let us know the full re - demp - tion Purchased for us by the blood.
 Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

Rit.

Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire;

Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, Lord, bap - tize us now with fire.

No. 184.

The Old-Time Power.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY H. L. GILMOUR
USED BY PER.

L. E. Jones.

1. { We come, dear Lord, in faith to Thee, Our hearts of one ac - cord; }
 { We seek an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Be - liev - ing (Omit.) } in Thy word.
 2. { We would be fit - ted, Lord, to do Thy serv - ice day by day; }
 { To be a mes - sen - ger of Thine To souls in (Omit.) } sin a - stray.

The Old Time Power.

CHORUS.

The old time pow'r is here this hour, Promised at the Pen-te-cost; }
 The old time pow'r is here this hour, "Receive ye the Omit. } Holy Ghost."

3 O send the Holy Ghost divine
 To cleanse our hearts from sin;
 And give us pow'r, that we may go
 The lost of earth to win.

4 Our Savior in the upper room
 Breathed on His chosen few,
 Saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost,
 And pow'r will come to you."

No. 185.

Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

E. S. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.
 USED BY PER.

Effie S. Black,

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err - ing feet the way; As I
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my heart with Thy rich grace; Let me
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till life's night has passed a - way, When with

jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day; Show me what I ought to do,
 all the beau - ty see In my Sav - ior's face, Till at last His life shall be,
 rapt - ure I shall wake In e - ter - nal day; I shall dwell with Christ my Lord,

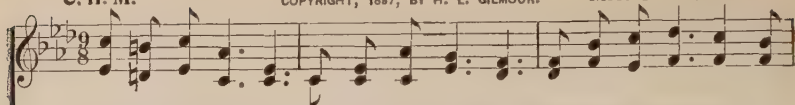
Help me shun the wrong; In this va - ried chain of life Make the weak link strong.
 Mir - rored in mine own, And the likeness God can see To His own dear Son.
 In our heav'n - ly home, And He will present me then Fault - less at the throne.

No. 186. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

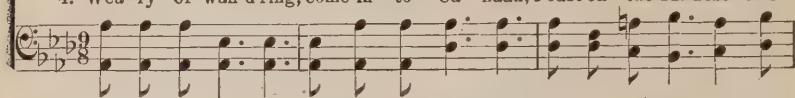
C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. L. GILMOUR.

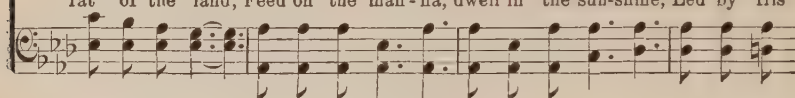
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



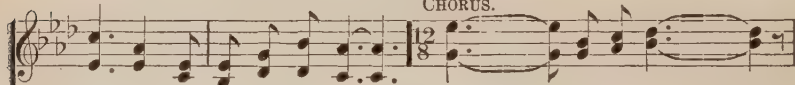
1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je - sus hath spok - en, Tem-ples of God's ho - ly
2. He who has par-don'd sure - ly will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Show-ers of mer - cy, ful - ness of bless - ing, Ev - er the Spir-it's in -
4. Wea-ry of wan-d'ring, come in - to Ca - naan, Feast on the ful-ness and



Spir - it di - vine; Have ye re - ceived Him, bid - den Him en - ter, Make His a -
na - ture re - fine; Cleans'd from all sin, His Spir - it will en - ter, Fill you and
dwell - ing at - tend; 'Tis the en - due - ment, pow - er for serv - ice, Fruits for your
fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sun - shine, Led by His



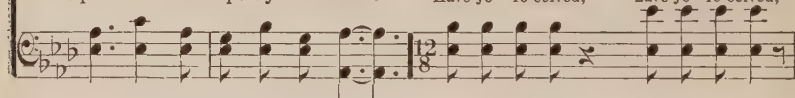
CHORUS.



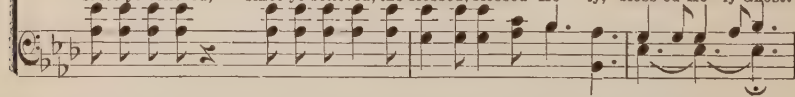
bode in that poor heart of thine?
thrill you with pow - er di - vine.
la - bor He sure - ly will send.
Spir - it and kept by His hand.

Have ye re - ceived,

Have ye re - ceived, have ye re - ceived,



since . . . ye be - lieved, . . the bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?
since ye believed, since ye believed, the blessed, blessed Ho - ly, bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?



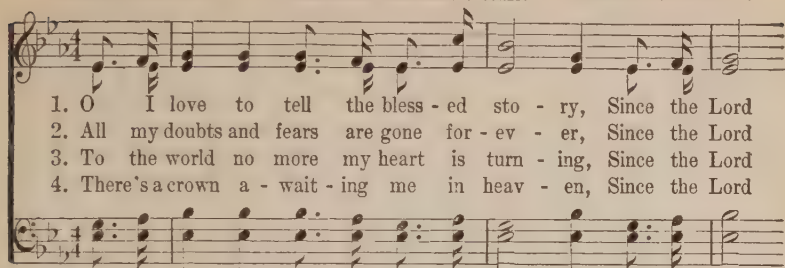
He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Ho - ly Ghost?
received



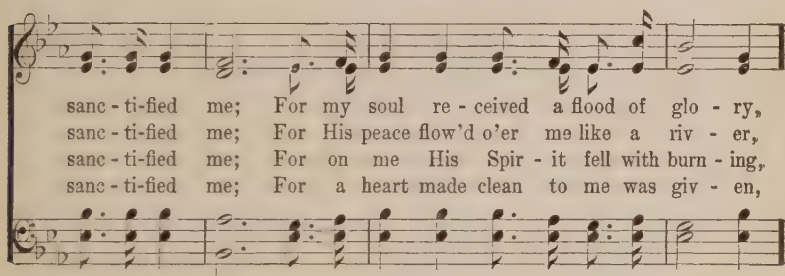
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
 Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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Miriam E. Oatman.

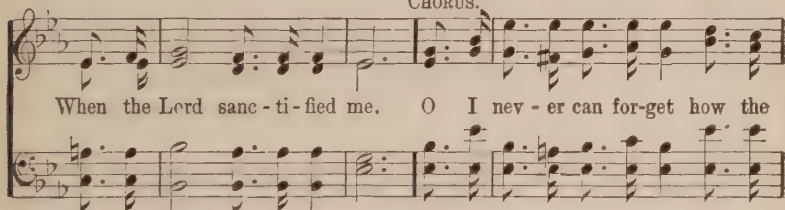


1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
 2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord
 3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
 4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

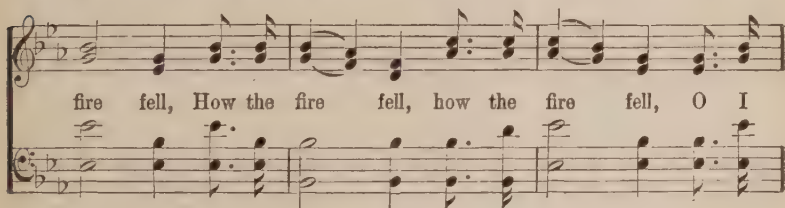


sanc - ti - fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
 sanc - ti - fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,
 sanc - ti - fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
 sanc - ti - fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

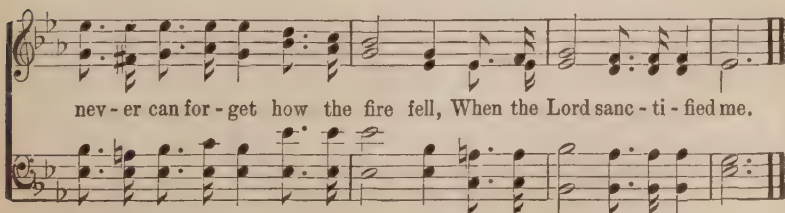
CHORUS.



When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me. O I nev - er can for - get how the



fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I

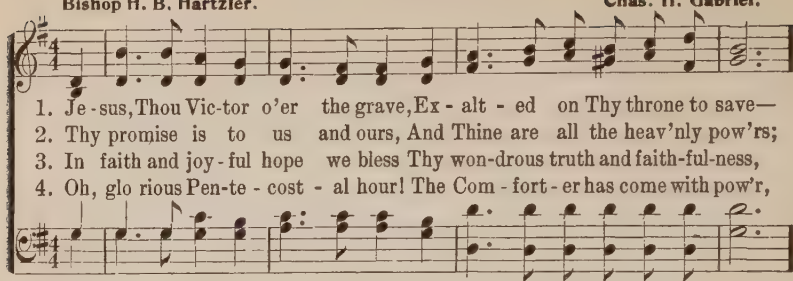


nev - er can for - get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me.

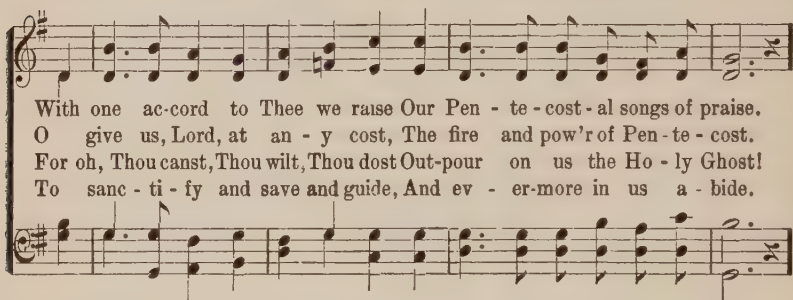
Bishop H. B. Hartzler.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

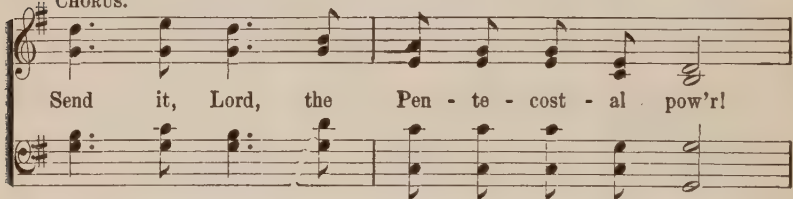


1. Je-sus, Thou Vic-tor o'er the grave, Ex - alt - ed on Thy throne to save—
 2. Thy promise is to us and ours, And Thine are all the heav'nly pow'rs;
 3. In faith and joy-ful hope we bless Thy won-drous truth and faith-ful-ness,
 4. Oh, glo-ri-ous Pen-te - cost - al hour! The Com - fort - er has come with pow'r,

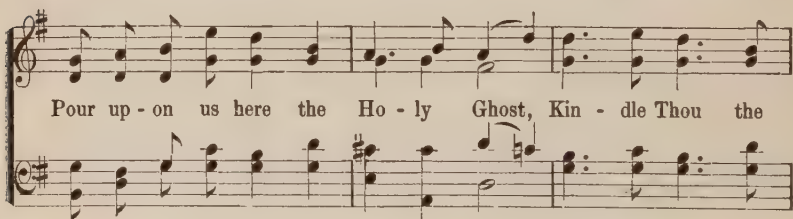


With one ac-cord to Thee we raise Our Pen - te - cost - al songs of praise.
 O give us, Lord, at an - y cost, The fire and pow'r of Pen - te - cost.
 For oh, Thou canst, Thou wilt, Thou dost Out-pour on us the Ho - ly Ghost!
 To sanc - ti - fy and save and guide, And ev - er - more in us a - bide.

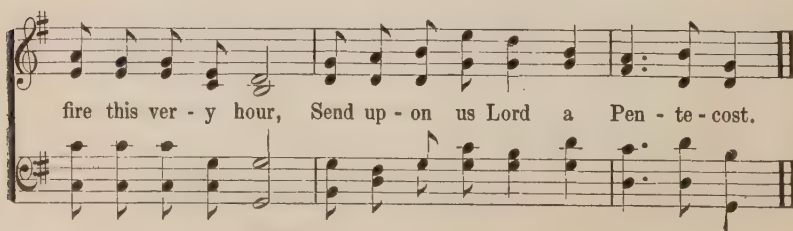
CHORUS.



Send it, Lord, the Pen - te - cost - al pow'r!



Pour up - on us here the Ho - ly Ghost, Kin - dle Thou the

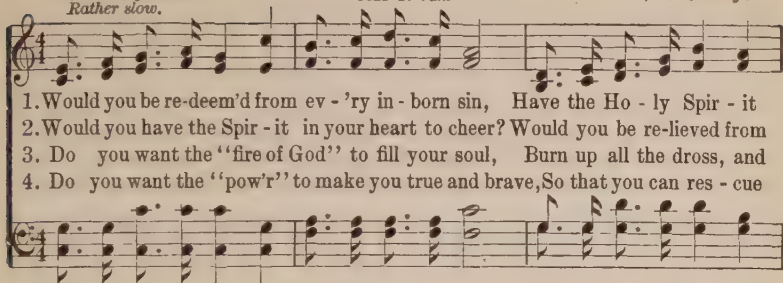


fire this ver - y hour, Send up - on us Lord a Pen - te - cost.

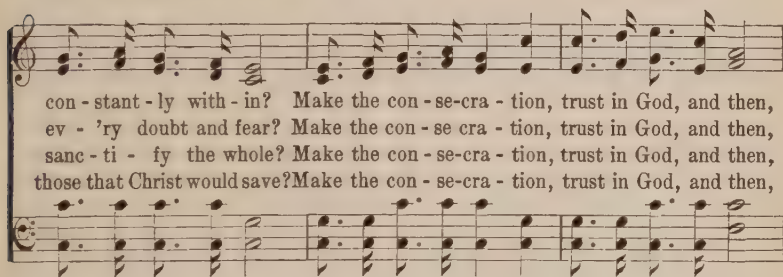
(Companion to "Let a Little Sunshine In.")

R. F. Reynolds,
*Rather slow.*COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY C. E. ROWLEY.
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C. E. Rowley.

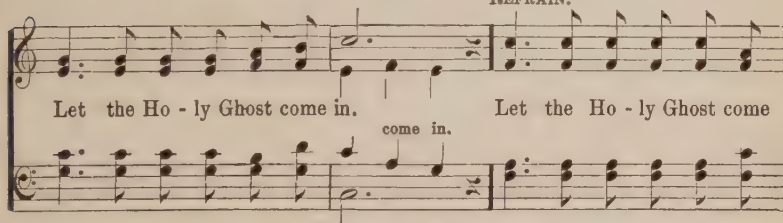


1. Would you be re-deem'd from ev-'ry in-born sin, Have the Ho-ly Spir-it
 2. Would you have the Spir-it in your heart to cheer? Would you be re-lieved from
 3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross, and
 4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res-cue

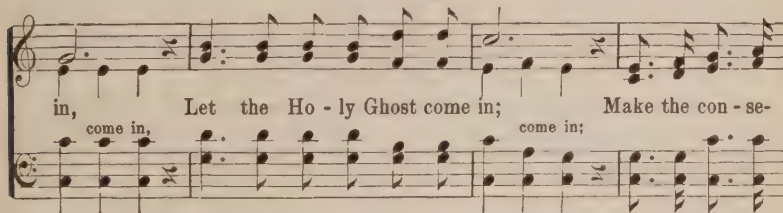


con-stant-ly with-in? Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,
 ev-'ry doubt and fear? Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,
 sanc-ti-fy the whole? Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,
 those that Christ would save? Make the con-se-cra-tion, trust in God, and then,

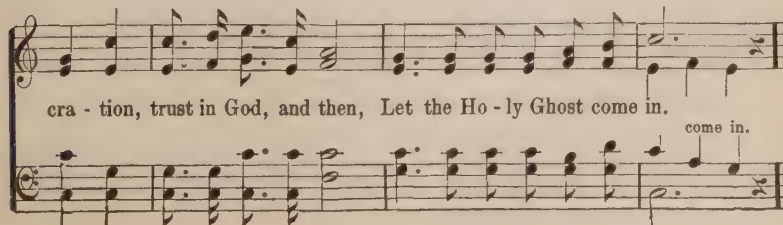
REFRAIN.



Let the Ho-ly Ghost come in. Let the Ho-ly Ghost come
 come in.



in, Let the Ho-ly Ghost come in; Make the con-se-
 come in, come in;

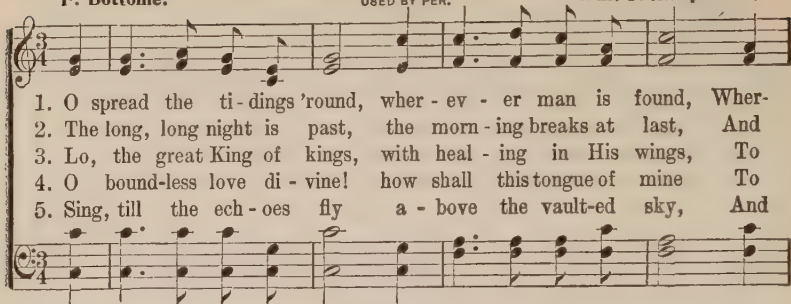


cra-tion, trust in God, and then, Let the Ho-ly Ghost come in.
 come in.

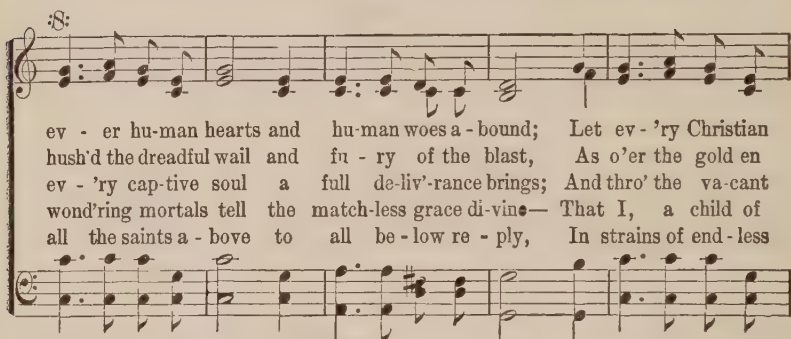
F. Bottome.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

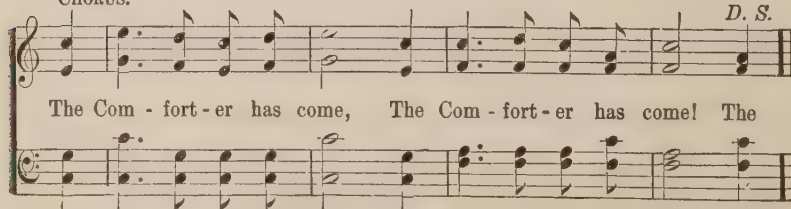
D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings



tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love the song that ne'er will die; The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

Cleansing.

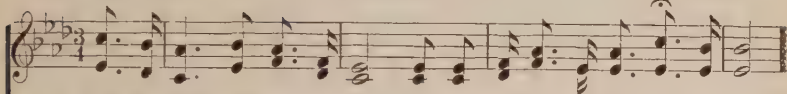
No. 191.

Savior, More than Life.

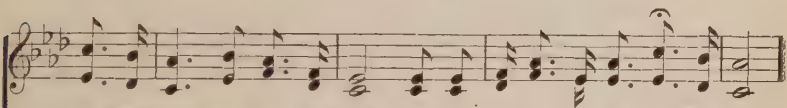
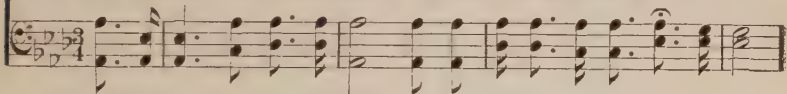
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
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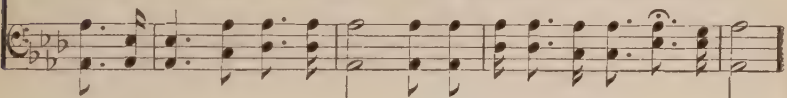
W. H. Doane.



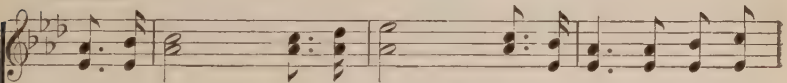
1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am cling ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;



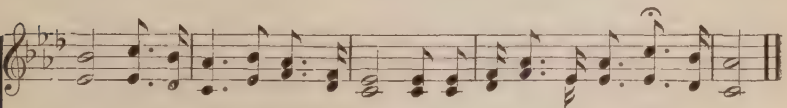
Let Thy pre cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright er, bright-er world a-bove.



REFRAIN.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,



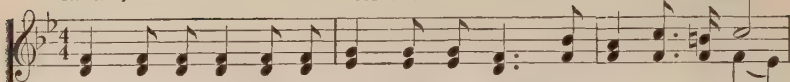
pow'r; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.



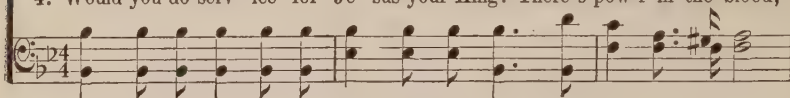
L. E. J.

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L. E. Jones.



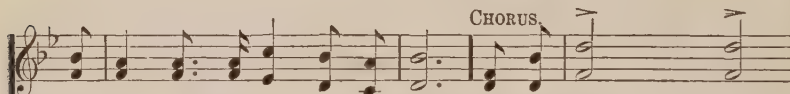
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv- ice for Je- sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



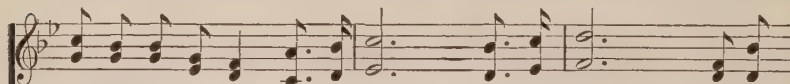
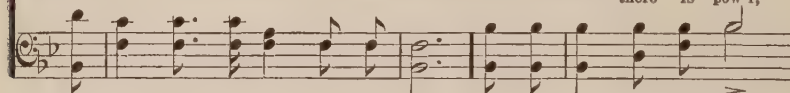
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans ing to cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sins stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?



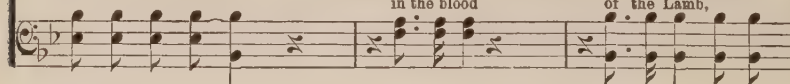
CHORUS.



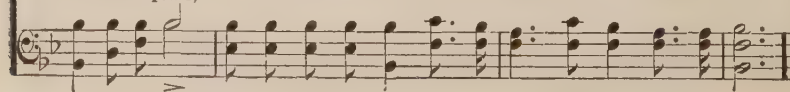
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is pow'r,

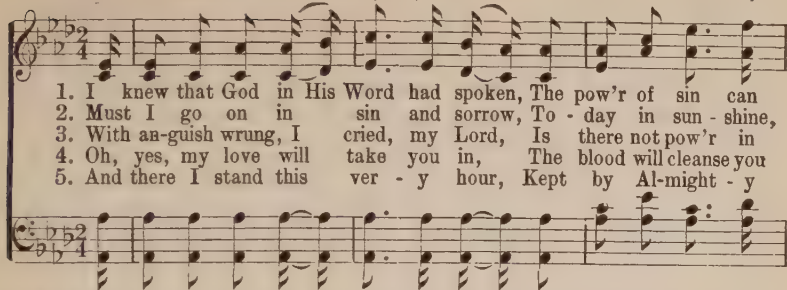


Wonder - working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,

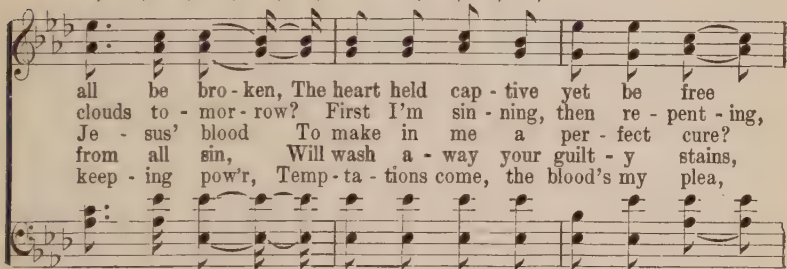


pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the pre cious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,



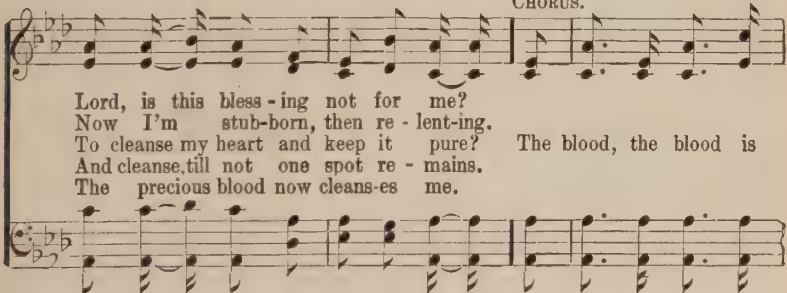


1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can
 2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sun-shine,
 3. With anguish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in
 4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you
 5. And there I stand this ver-y hour, Kept by Al-might-y

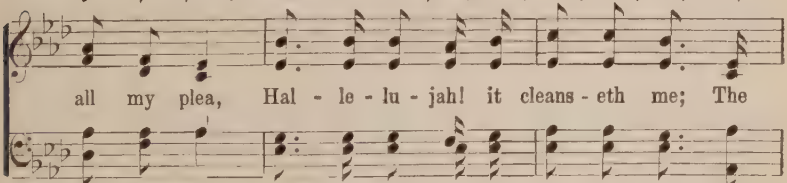


all be bro-ken, The heart held cap-tive yet be free
 clouds to-mor-row? First I'm sin-n-ing, then re-pent-ing,
 Je-sus' blood To make in me a per-fect cure?
 from all sin, Will wash a-way your guilt-y stains,
 keep-ing pow'r, Temp-ta-tions come, the blood's my plea,

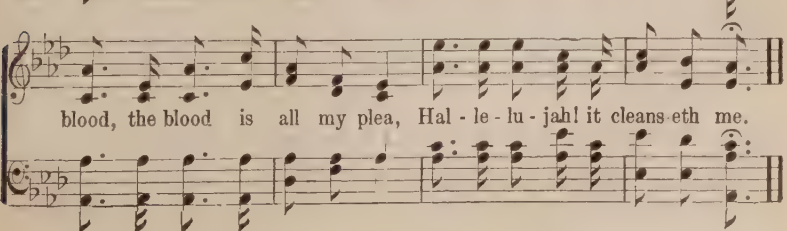
CHORUS.



Lord, is this bless-ing not for me?
 Now I'm stub-born, then re-lent-ing.
 To cleanse my heart and keep it pure? The blood, the blood is
 And cleanse, till not one spot re-mains.
 The precious blood now cleans-es me.



all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleans-eth me; The



blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleans-eth me.

James Nicholson.

BY PERMISSION.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this, I must hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans - ing, I

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

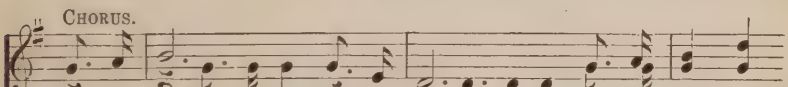


1. In ways of sin I wan - dered long, My soul by guilt op - pressed.
 2. Since Je - sus touch'd my blind - ed eyes His beau - ty I be - hold,
 3. Be - neath the Sav - ior's blood I dwell, I know its cleansing pow'r;



Till Je - sus came and in His love Gave wondrous peace and rest.
 The glo - ries by His love re - vealed Can nev - er half be told.
 My dear - est Friend is Christ the Lord, I'll trust Him ev - 'ry hour.

CHORUS.



Je - sus' blood cov - ers me, I was blind, but
 Je - sus' blood cov - ers me,



hal - le - lu - jah, now I see; Je - sus' blood cov - ers
 Je - sus' blood



me, cov - ers me, I was blind, but now I see.
 now I see.



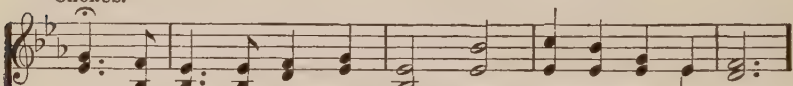
1. The cross! the cross! the blood stain'd cross! The hal-low'd cross I see!
 2. That cross! the cross! the heav - y cross, My Sav - ior bore for me;
 3. How light! how light! this pre - cious cross, Pre - sent - ed to my view;
 4. The crown! the crown! the glo - rious crown! The crown of vic - to - ry!
 5. My tears, un - bid - den, seem to flow For love, un-bound-ed love,



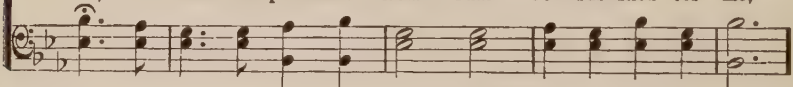
Re - mind - ing me of pre - cious blood, That once was shed for me.
 Which bowed Him to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
 And while, with care, I take it up, Be - hold the crown my due.
 The crown of life! it shall be mine, When I shall Je - sus see.
 Which guides me thro' this world of woe, And points to joys a - bove.



CHORUS.



Oh, the blood! the pre - cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,

*ritard.*

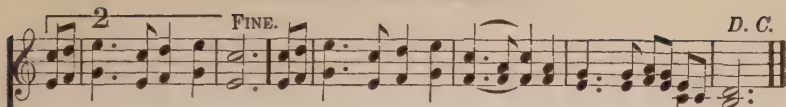
Up - on the cross in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see,



1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins, }
 And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, }
 D. C. - And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, }



There is a Fountain.



Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
Lose all their guilty stains.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

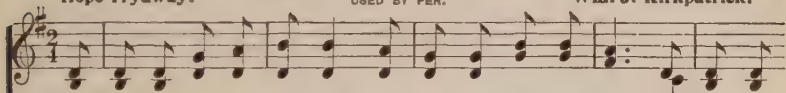
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 198. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

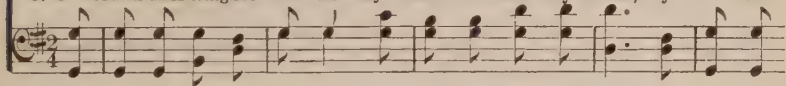
Hope Tryaway.

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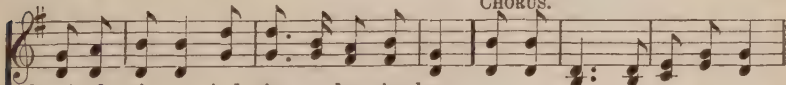
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
4. I plunge be - neath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O Crown Him King for - ev - er! My Sav - ior and my Friend; By Zi - on's

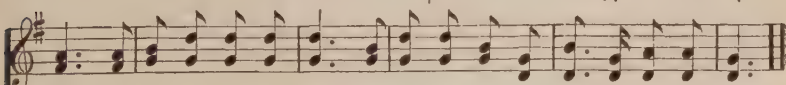
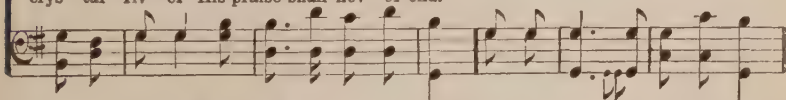


CHORUS.

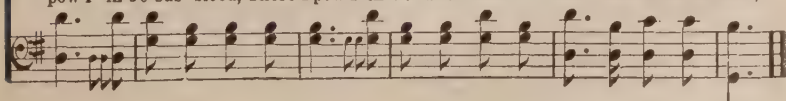


heav'n - ly voic - es, And sing re - deem - ing love.
Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.
way my bur - den, And bade my fears de - part.
Calv'ry's mountain, With bless - ing in its flow.
crys - tal riv - er His praise shall nev - er end.

For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood,



pow'r in Je - sus' blood; There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow,



No. 199.

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

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USED BY PER.

R. Lowry.

FINE.

8:

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Noth ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 2. { What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 1. { For my par-don this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 2. { For my cleans ing, this my plea—Noth ing but the blood of Je - sus; }

D. S.—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know,

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 200.

Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

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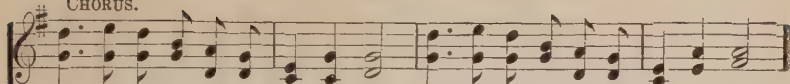
J. W. VanDeVenter,

1. Sometime we'll stand before the judg-ment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
 2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
 3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

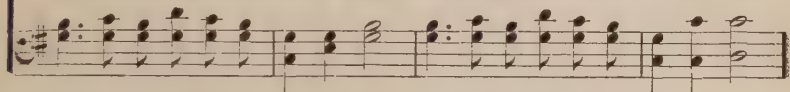
The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our bur-dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.

Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

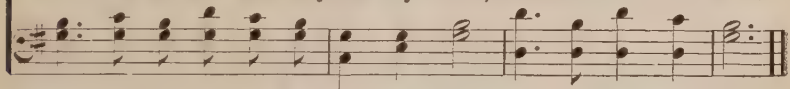
CHORUS.



I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson blood;



I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

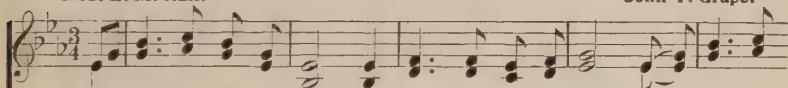


No. 201.

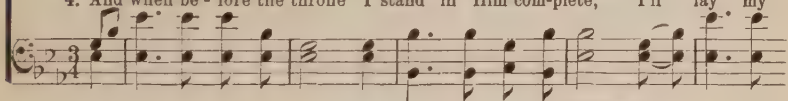
Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.



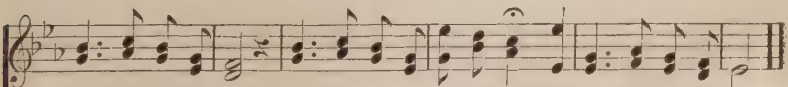
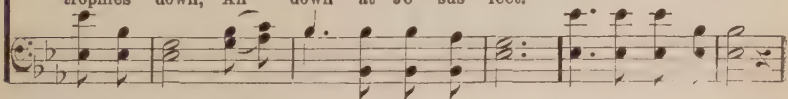
1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my



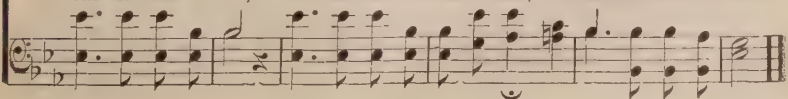
CHORUS.



watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 garments white In the blood of Cal - vary's Lamb.
 trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.



All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

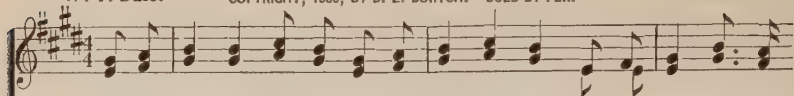


No. 202. I've Been Washed in the Blood.

W. T. Dale.

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D. E. Dortch.



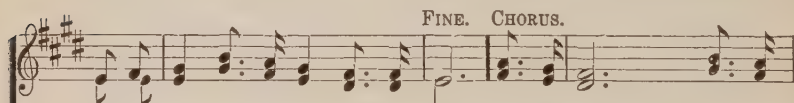
1. I have been to Je-sus who has cleans'd my soul, I've been wash'd in the
 2. I am dai-ly trust-ing Je-sus at my side, I've been wash'd in the
 3. I am work-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord, I've been wash'd in the
 4. I am list-'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been wash'd in the
 5. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of my Lord, I've been wash'd in the



blood of the Lamb; By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole,
 blood of the Lamb; I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied,
 blood of the Lamb; I am trust-ing in the prom-ise of His word,
 blood of the Lamb; How His com-ing will each faithful heart re-joice,
 blood or the Lamb; He will come ac-cord-ing to His faith-ful word,

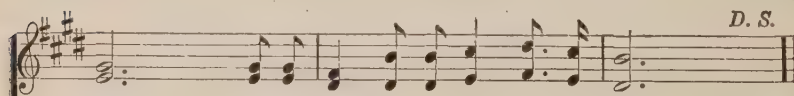
D. S.—And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow,

FINE. CHORUS.



I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
 in the blood,
 I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

D. S.



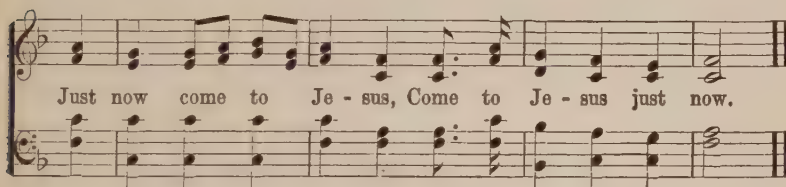
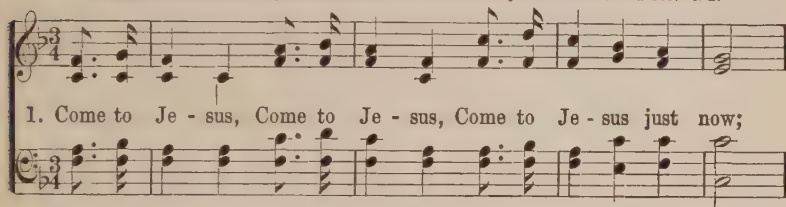
washed, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,
 in the blood, of the Lamb,

Invitation.

No. 203.

Come to Jesus.

"Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.



1. Come to Jesus, just now, etc.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11:28.

2. He will save you, just now, etc.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts* 16:31.

3. O believe Him, just now, etc.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* 3:16.

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—*Heb.* 7:25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—*2 Pet.* 3:9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John* 6:37.

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt.* 3:7.

8. Call unto Him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts* 2:21.

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark* 10:47.

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark* 10:52.

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—*1 John* 1:9.

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—*1 John* 1:7.

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—*2 Cor.* 5:17.

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev.* 3:5.

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*John* 15:13.

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—*Isa.* 53:3.

17. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—*1 John* 5:12.

E. P. H.

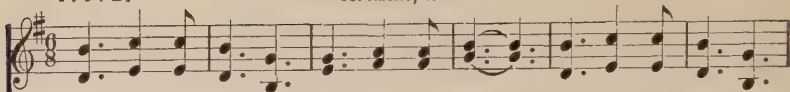
No. 204.

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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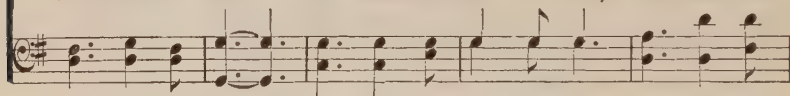
P. P. Bliss.



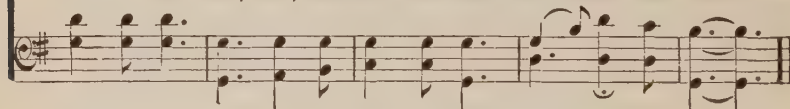
1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost!"



No. 205.

I Will Arise.

J. Hart,

American Spiritual,
Arranged for this book.



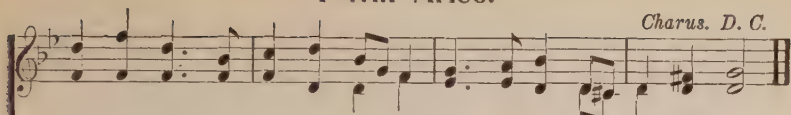
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;



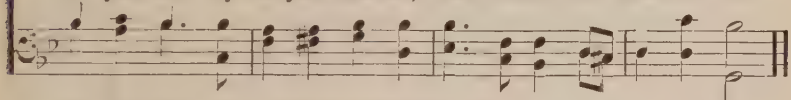
CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

I Will Arise.

Charus. D. C.



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.



In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thou - sand charms.

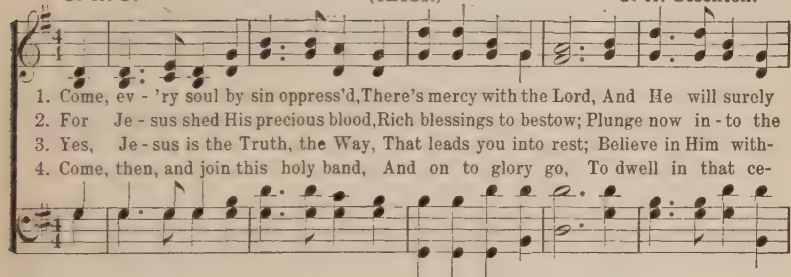
No. 206.

Only Trust Him.

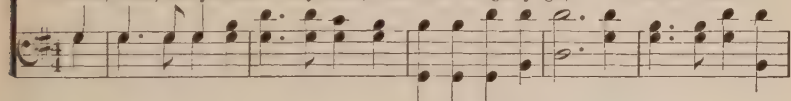
J. H. S.

(TRUST.)

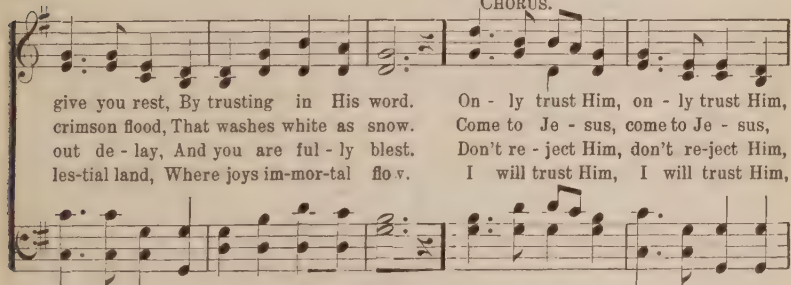
J. H. Stockton.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in - to the
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in Him with -
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that ce -

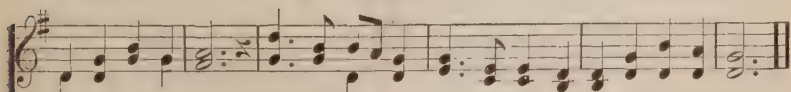
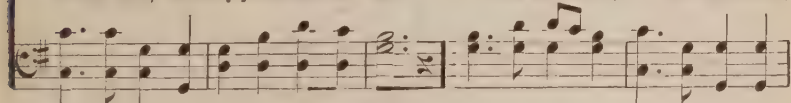


CHORUS.



give you rest, By trusting in His word.
crimson flood, That washes white as snow.
out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,
Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him,
I will trust Him, I will trust Him,



On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Come to Je - sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Don't reject Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
I will trust Him now; He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.



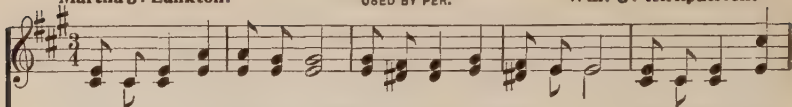
No. 207.

I Will Go.

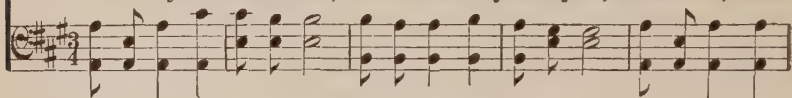
Martha J. Lankton.

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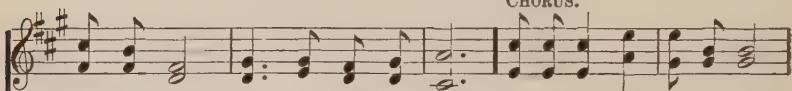
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-day I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
5. I o - bey the Savior's call, Now to Him I yield my all, At His feet, where



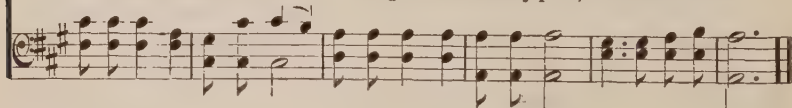
CHORUS.



- faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
try a - gain, Je - sus, help Thou me.
once and go, Je - sus died for me. Can it be, O can it be
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.



There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.



No. 208.

Come to the Fountain.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
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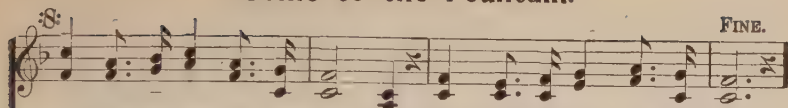
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Come with thy sins to the fount - ain, Come with thy bur - den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fount - ain, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav - ior; They who re - pent and be - lieve,
4. Come and be heal'd at the fount - ain, List to the peace-speaking voice;



Come to the Fountain.



FINE.

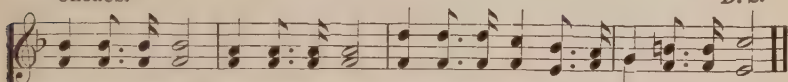
Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.
 What tho' thy sins are like crim - son, White as the snow they shall be.
 They who are will - ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re - ceive.
 O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing Now let the an - gels re - joice.



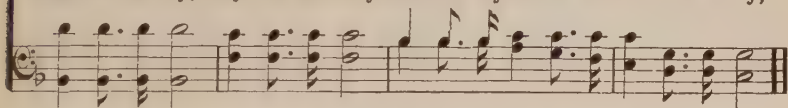
D. S. Je - sus is wait - ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead - ing to - day.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Haste thee a-way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a mo - ment's de - lay;

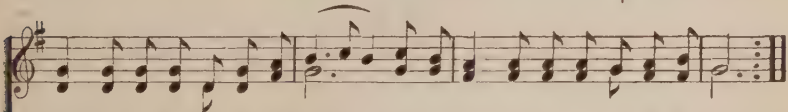
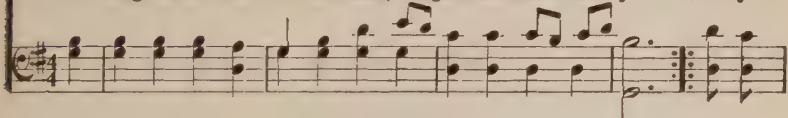


No. 209. You Must Be a Lover of the Lord.

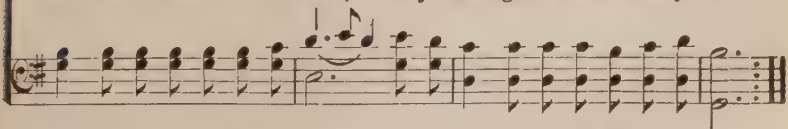


CHORUS.

1. { Re - turn, O wan - d'r'er, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee; } { For you
 { No long - er now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - y. } { For you



must be a lov - er of the Lord, For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, }
 must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die. }



2 Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
 The Spirit and the Bride say come;
 Oh! now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wand'r'er, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day.

No. 210.

Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. Witter.

BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y - lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin-ner, come! Jesus will not de - cieve you,
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 211,

Will You Go.

FINE.

1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go? will you go? }
 { To sing the Sav - ior's dy - ing love, Will you go? will you go? }
 D. C.-And millions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?
 2. { We're go-ing to see the bleed-ing Lamb, Will you go? will you go? }
 { In rapturous strains to praise His name, Will you go? will you go? }
 D. C.-And all the joys of heav'n we'll share, Will you go? will you go?
 3. { We're go-ing to join the heav'n-ly choir, Will you go? will you go? }
 { To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you go? will you go? }
 D. C.-And make the heav'nly arch-es ring, Will you go? will you go?

Will You Go.

D. C.

Mill-ions have reach'd that blest a-bode, A - noint ed kings and priests to God,
The crown of life we there shall wear, The con-queror's palm our hands shall bear,
There saints and an - gels glad - ly sing Ho - san - na to their God and King,

No. 212.

Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER OF MESSRS. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., CHICAGO, ILL. & EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

pp Very slow. *pp*.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

cres.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten der ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

L. H. Edmunds.

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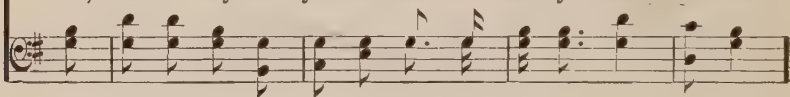
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Come, sin - ners to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv - ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus
5. Calm 'midst the waves of troub - le be, He's just the same Je - sus
6. Some day our rapt - ured eyes shall see He's just the same Je - sus;



As when He raised the wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He hush'd the rag - ing sea, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 Oh, bless - ed day for you and me! The ver - y same Je - sus.



CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

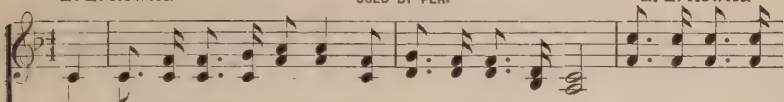


No. 214. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

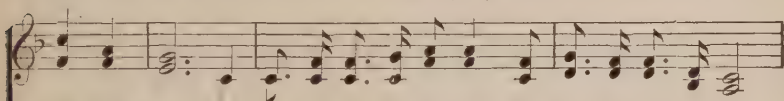
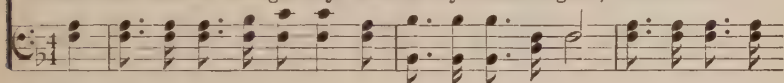
E. E. Hewitt.

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USED BY PER.

E. E. Hewitt.



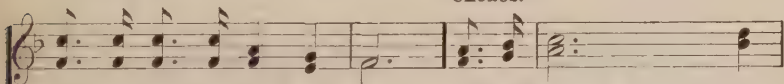
1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ev-er this sweet mes-sage in God's own Word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov-ing mes-sage, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-ev-er



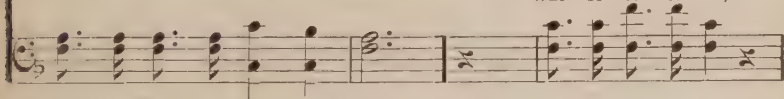
will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Sav-ior, and He'll be yours to-day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,



CHORUS.



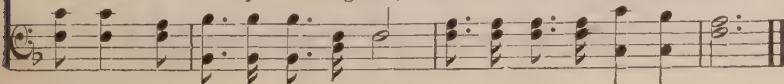
Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "who - - - - so-
Who-so-ev-er will,



ev - - - - er"! Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Sav-ior's in-vi-
who-so-ev-er will,



ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.



No. 215.

Where Will You Spend Eternity?

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Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

USED BY PER

J. H. Tenney.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This ques - tion comes to you and me!
 2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to - day, Turn - ing from all their sins a - way;
 3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the down - ward road to - day,
 4. Re - pent, be - lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav - ior's grace and pow'r,

Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Heav'n shall their hap - py por - tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Sad will their fi - nal end ing be, — Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty?
 Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.

E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 3dv. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
 4thv. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 216.

Jesus Now is Galling.

R. E. H.

R. E. Hudson.

1. Come, ye wear - y and oppressed, Je - sus now is call - ing you; Come to Him, He'll
 2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Je - sus now is call - ing you; He has made the
 3. Tho' your sins like scar - let be, Je - sus now is call - ing you; From your sins He'll
 4. Come, ye wand'ers from the fold, Je - sus now is call - ing you; Oh! His love can

Jesus Now is Calling.

REFRAIN.



give you rest—Still He bids you come.

sac - ri - fice—Still He bids you come. Jesus now is calling,

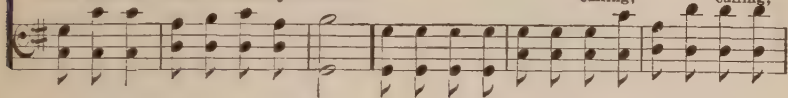
Calling,

set you free—Still He bids you come.

ne'er be told—Still He bids you come.

calling,

calling,



calling;

Je - sus now is call-ing you— Call - ing you to come.

calling;

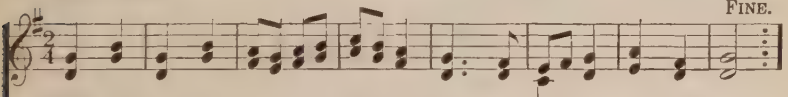


No. 217. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

Joseph Hart,

Anon.

FINE.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }
2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bount - y glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
3. { Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Or of fit - ness fond - ly dream; }
 { All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of Him. }
4. { Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man - gled by the fall, }
 { If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all. }



D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D.C.



Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;



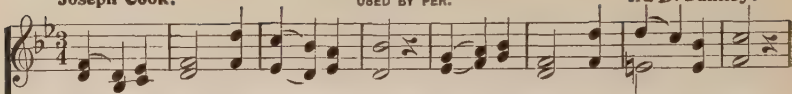
No. 218.

God's Time Now.

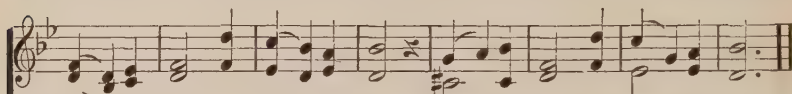
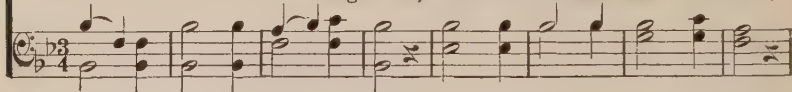
Joseph Cook.

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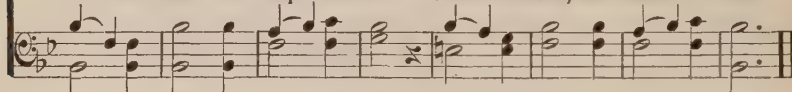
Ira D. Sankey.



1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Hol - i - ness, or heav - en lose;
2. End - less sin means end - less woe; In - to end - less sin I go,
3. As the stream its chan - nels grooves, And with - in that chan - nel moves,



While what heav - en loves I hate, Shut from me is heav - en's gate.
If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.
So doth hab - its deep - est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.



- 4 Light obeyed increaseth light,
Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?
- 5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
Let the Light its sceptre wield;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

No. 219.

Why do You Wait?

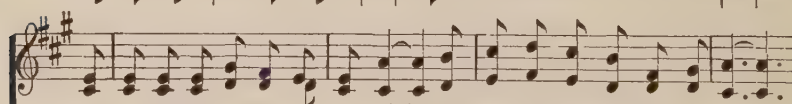
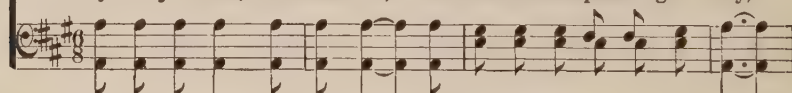
G. F. R.

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Geo. F. Root.



1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His spir - it now striv - ing with in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way,



Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal va - tion, And throw off thy burd - en of sin?
Your Sav - ior is long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay?



Why Do You Wait?

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 220.

Oh, Why Not Tonight?

BY PER. OF J. H. HALL, OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a gainst the
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long - de-lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite? Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

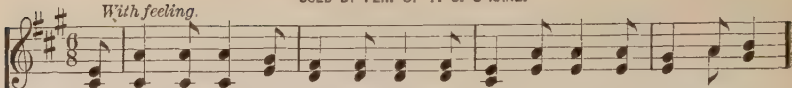
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not tonight? Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

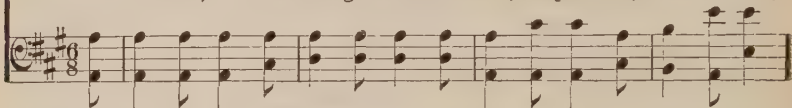
USED BY PER. OF T. C. O'KANE.

T. C. O'Kane.

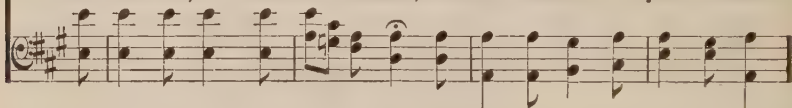
With feeling.



1. Be - hold a Strang-er at the door; He gen-tly knocks—has knock'd before;
2. O love - ly at - ti-tude—He stands With melting heart and laden hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude di-vine: Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re-turn;



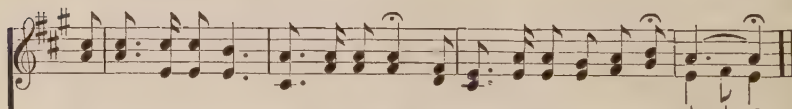
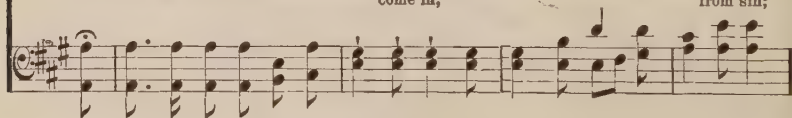
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match - less kind - ness—and He shows This matchless kind - ness to His foes.
The Friend of sin - ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy - ing monster, sin, And let the heav'n ly strang - er in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.



REFRAIN.



O let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
come in, from sin:



O, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in.

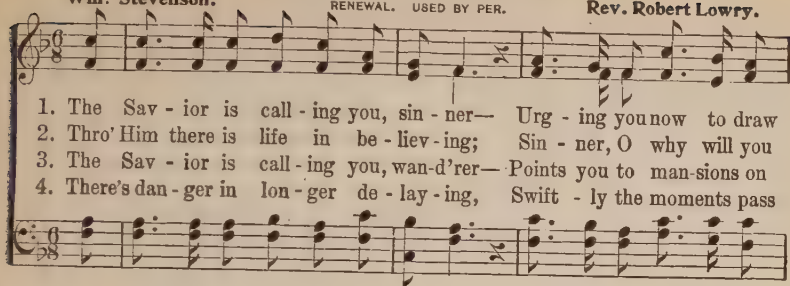
come in.



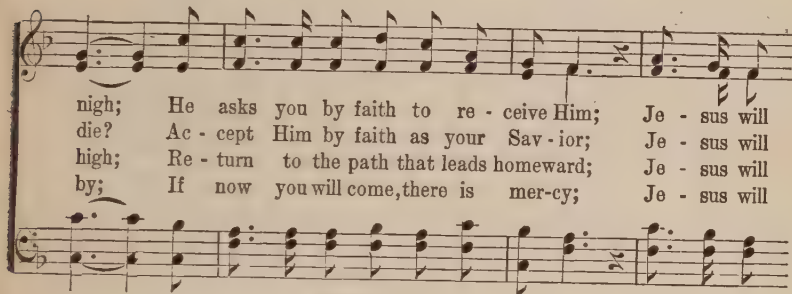
Wm. Stevenson.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

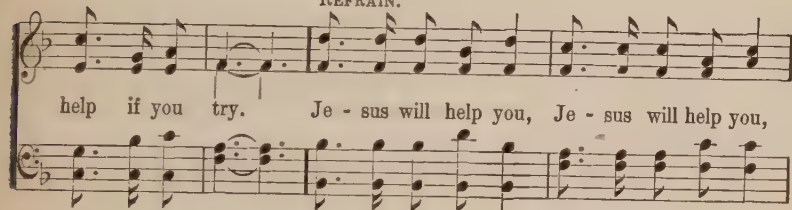


1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you now to draw
 2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you
 3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wan - d'r'er— Points you to man - sions on
 4. There's dan - ger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the moments pass

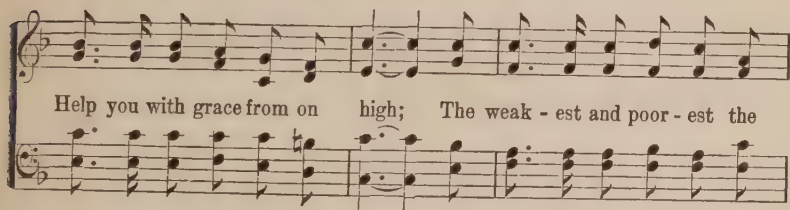


nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
 die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
 high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward; Je - sus will
 by; If now you will come, there is mer - cy; Je - sus will

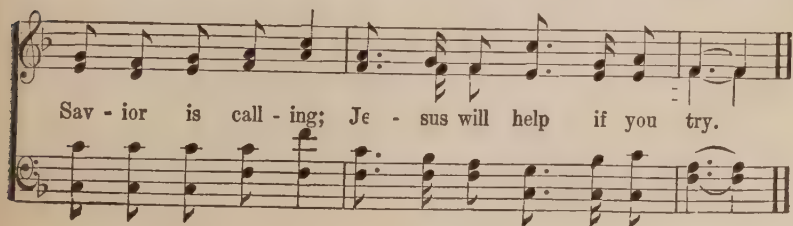
REFRAIN.



help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,



Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the



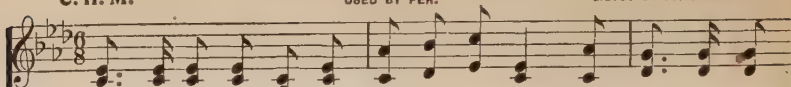
Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 223. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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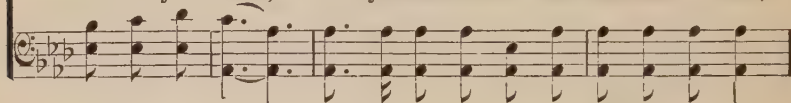
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tempest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come



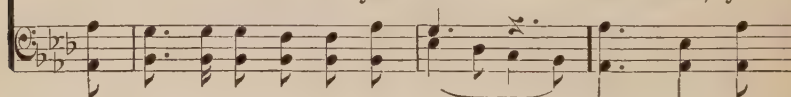
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,



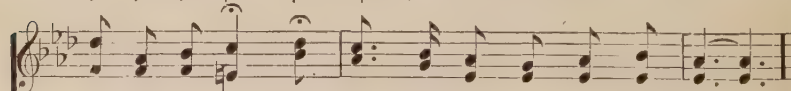
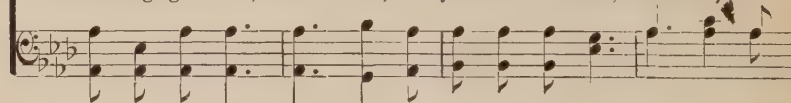
CHORUS.



Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your



doubt ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw



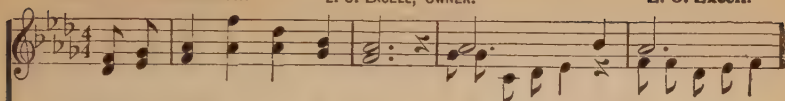
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.



Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

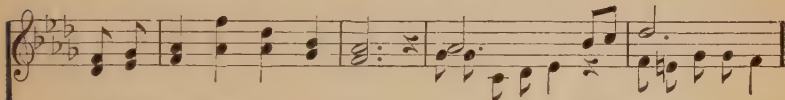
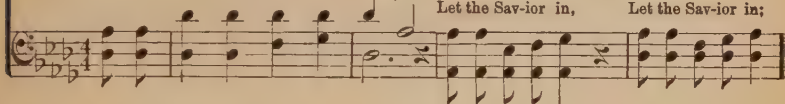
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. Excell.



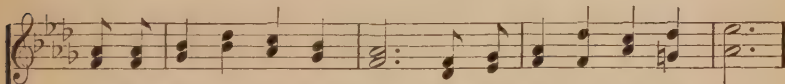
1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly Guest Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

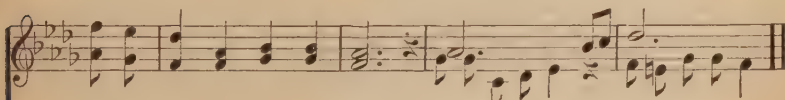
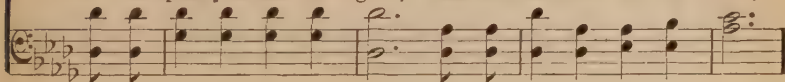


He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,



Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

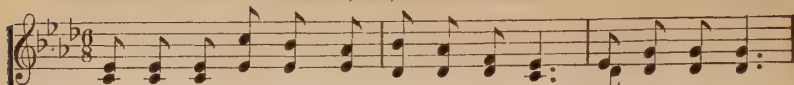
Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;



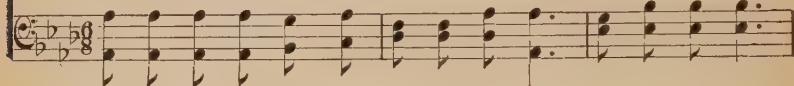
Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Dr. L. O. Emerson.



1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear Him to - day, Call - ing for you,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call - ing for you,
 3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,




Call - ing for you; Will you not quick - ly the sum - mons o - bey?
 Call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,
 Call - ing for you; O - pen your heart and His mer - cy im - plore,



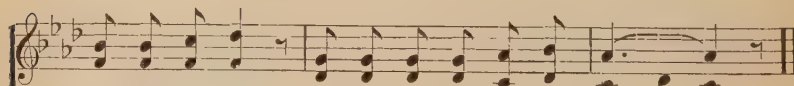
CHORUS.



Je - sus is call - ing for you! . . . Call - - ing for you,
 for you! Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you,




Call - - - ing for you, Hear Him to - day - do not
 Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you,

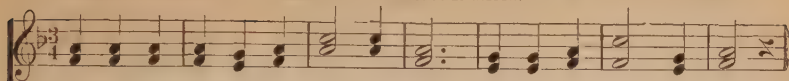
turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you.
 for you,



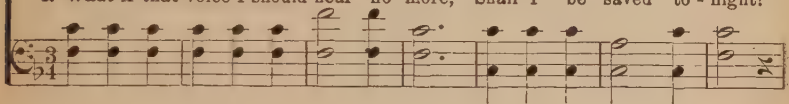
Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PER. OF MRS. F. E. WILSON.

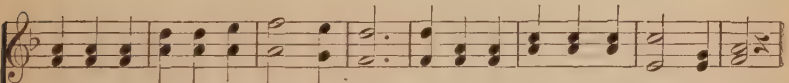
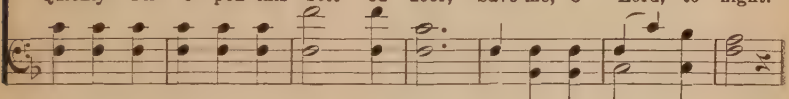
Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.



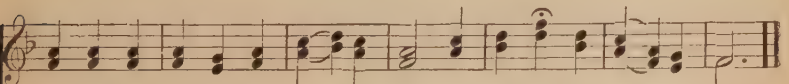
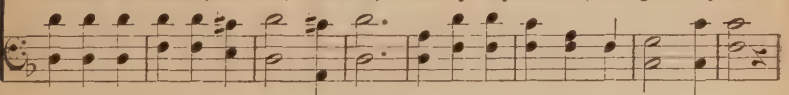
1. Je-sus is plead-ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?



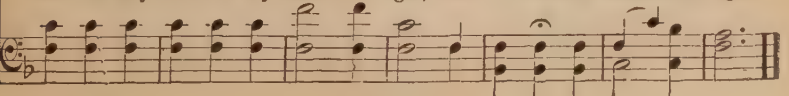
If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?
 How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to - night?
 What if His spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to - night?
 Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to - night.



Ten-der-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, "How can you grieve me from day to day?"
 Now He will save me by grace di - vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list-'ning ear;
 Blessed Re-deemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor-row, for - give my sin;



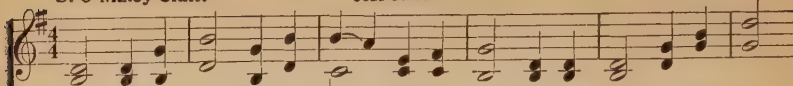
Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
 Shall I re - ject Him - a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night.



S. O'Maley Cluff.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY IRA D. SANKEY. RENEWAL,
USED BY PER.

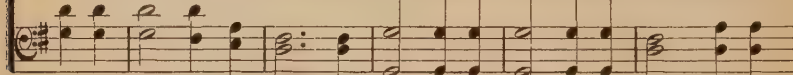
Ira D. Sankey.



1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov-ing Sav-
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend-ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the friends
 5. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing Sav-



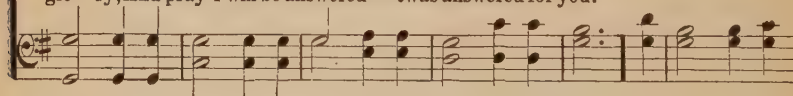

ior tho'earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - ior a - lone is its Au - thor and
 ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to



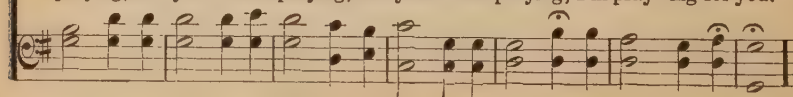
CHORUS.



o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
 heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too! For you I am
 Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!




praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.



Consecration.

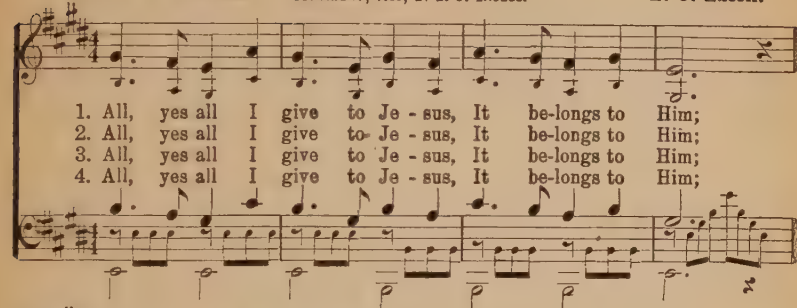
No. 228.

All for Jesus.

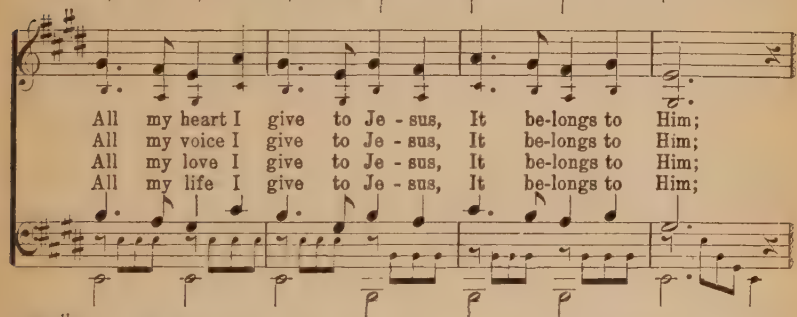
Rev. J. B. Atchison.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

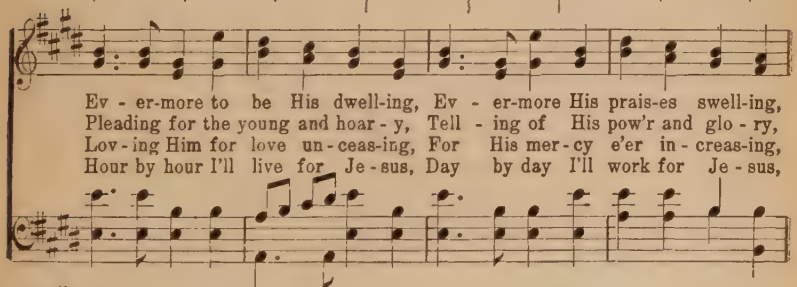
E. O. Excell.



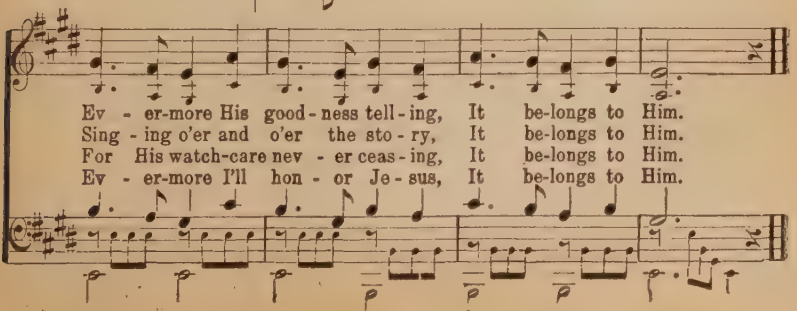
1. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
2. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
3. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
4. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;



All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him;



Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais-es swell-ing,
Pleading for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov-ing Him for love un-ceas-ing, For His mer-cy e'er in-creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

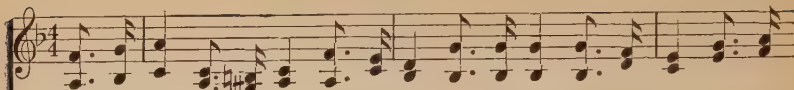


Ev - er-more His good-ness tell-ing, It be-ongs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-ongs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas-ing, It be-ongs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-ongs to Him.

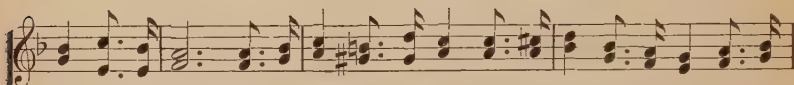
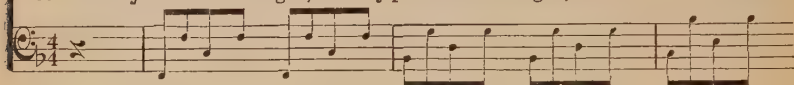
C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
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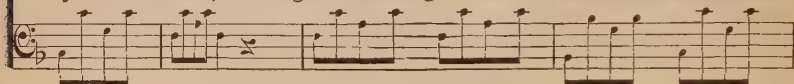
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



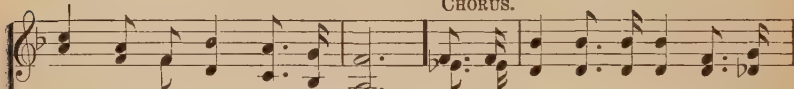
1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for



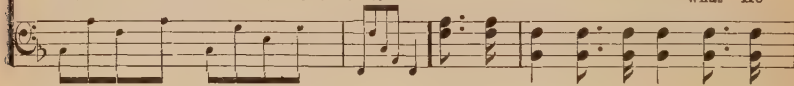
His ev - 'ry day; Just to walk by His side with His Spir - it to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dear - est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob - tain, True and



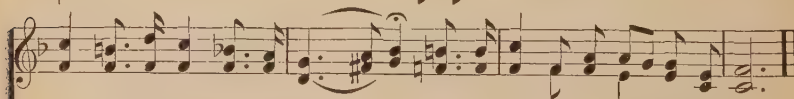
CHORUS.



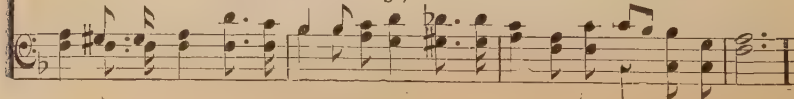
fol - low where He leads the way.
lean on His bo - som and rest. Just to say what He wants me to
faith - ful He'll be to the end. what He



say, And be still when He whispers to me; . . . Just to
wants me to say, when He whis - pers to me:



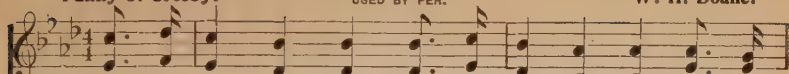
go where He wants me to go, . . . Just to be what He wants me to be.
where He wants me to go,



Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I



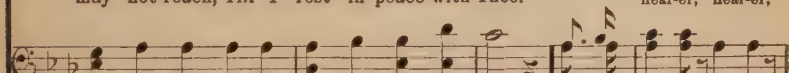
told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
 pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
 cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

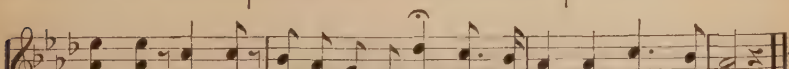


arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
 Thee, my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
 may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

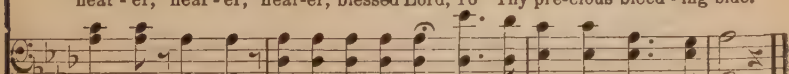
near-er, near-er,




near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died: Draw me

near - er, near - er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy pre-cious bleed - ing side.



No. 231.

I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.
USED BY PER.

W. S. Weeden.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live. }

2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }
 { World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }

3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

4. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame; }
 { O the joy of full sal - va - tion, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren-der all.

No. 232.

I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

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USED BY PER. OF MRS. MARY HUDSON.

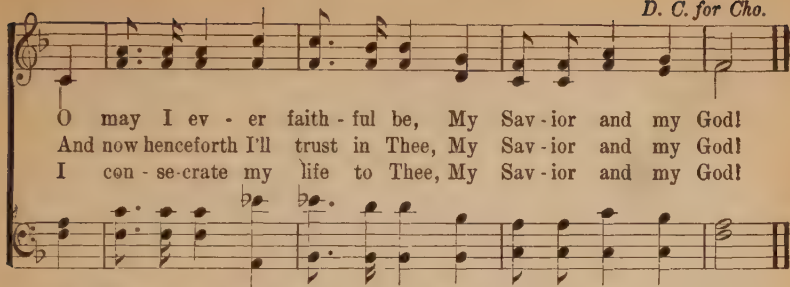
C. R. Dunbar,

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.-I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be,

I'll Live for Him.

D. C. for Cho.



O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

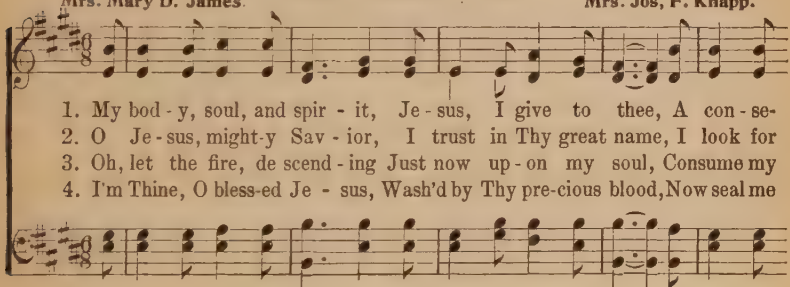
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 233. My Body, Soul, and Spirit.

Mrs. Mary D. James.

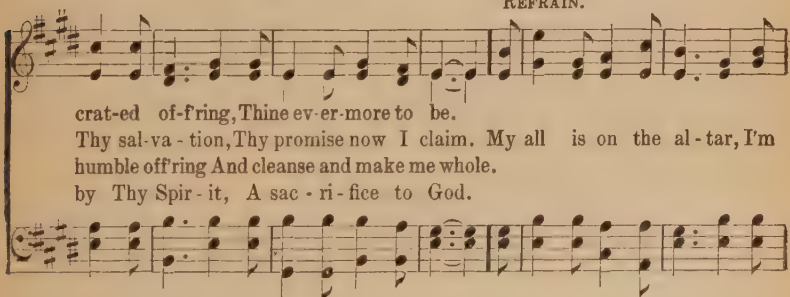
BY PER. OF MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

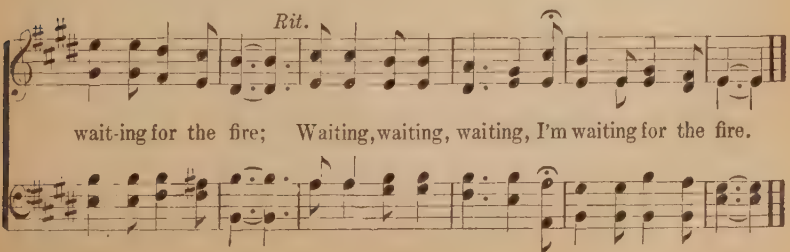


1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se -
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for
3. Oh, let the fire, de scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Consume my
4. I'm Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy pre - cious blood, Now seal me

REFRAIN.



crat - ed of - fring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 Thy sal - va - tion, Thy promise now I claim. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
 humble off ring And cleanse and make me whole.
 by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.



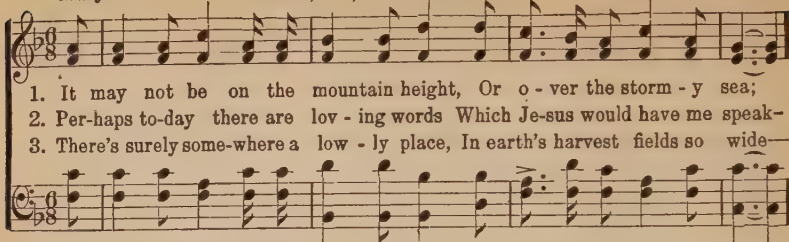
Rit.
 wait - ing for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

No. 234. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

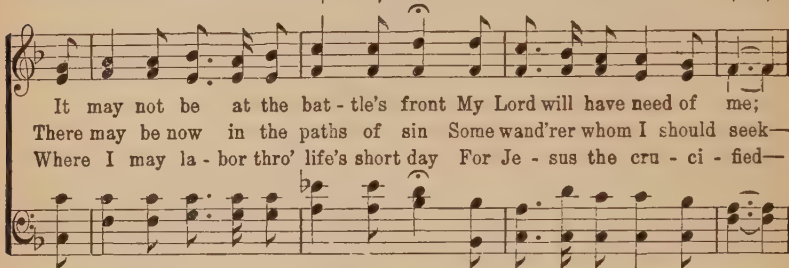
Mary Brown.

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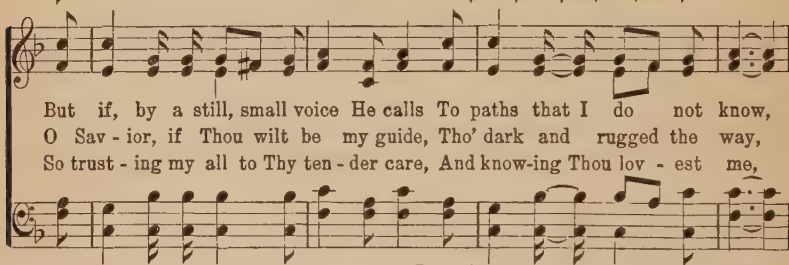
Carrie E. Rounsefell.



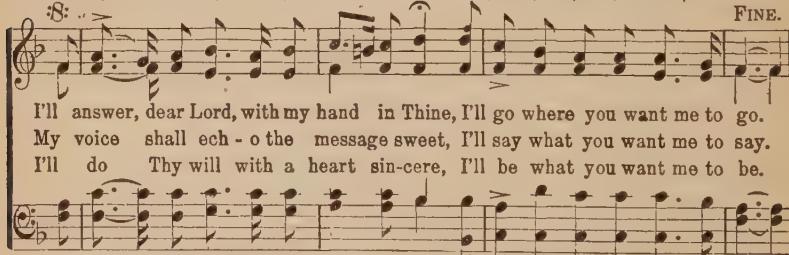
1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
 3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Somewand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—



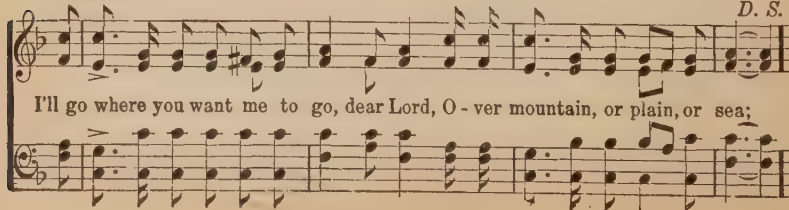
But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

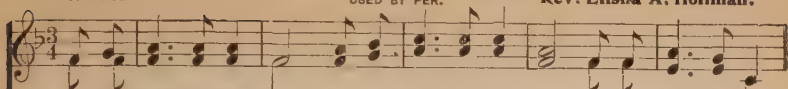


I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

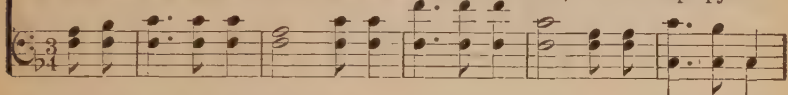
E. A. H.

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USED BY PER.

Rev. Ellisha A. Hoffman.



1. You have long'd for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earn-est-ly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will be - stow Of the blessings for
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a - bove, And how hap - py our



fer - vent-ly pray'd; But you can-not have rest, or be per-fect-ly blest
 tent-ment al - way, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,
 which we have pray'd, Till our bod - y and soul He doth ful - ly con-trol,
 hearts will be made, Of the fel - low-ship sweet we shall share at His feet,



CHORUS.



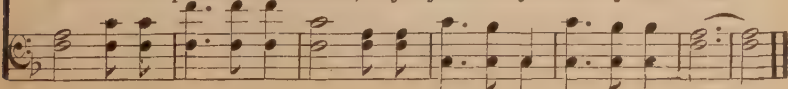
Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
 On the al - tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the al - tar of
 And our all on the al - tar is laid.
 When our all on the al - tar is laid.



sac - ri - fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit con - trol? . . . You can on - ly be



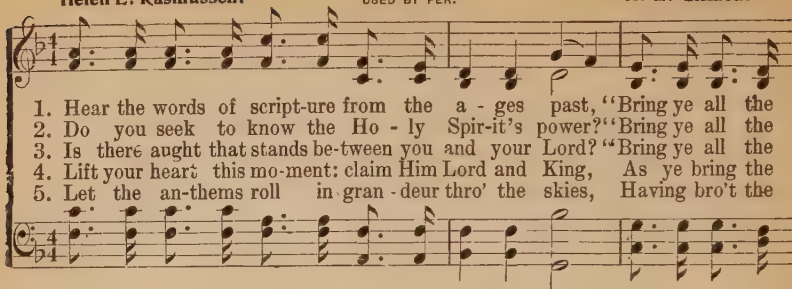
blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod - y and soul.



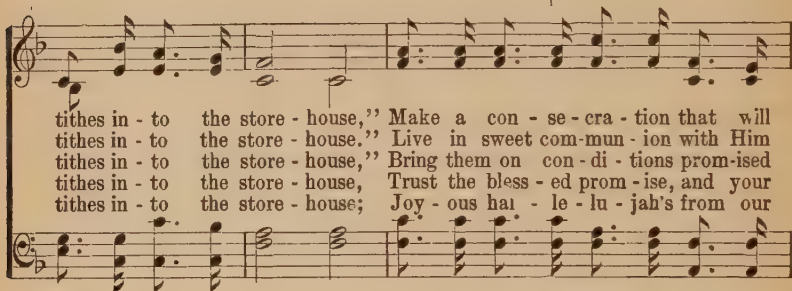
Helen E. Rasmussen.

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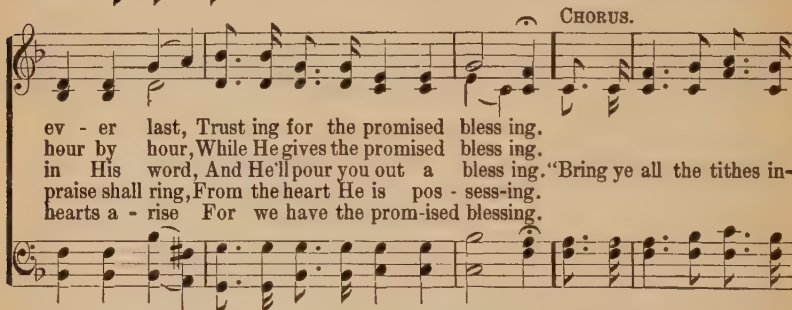
H. L. Gilmour.



1. Hear the words of scrip-ture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
 2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir-it's power?" "Bring ye all the
 3. Is there aught that stands be-tween you and your Lord?" "Bring ye all the
 4. Lift your heart this mo-ment: claim Him Lord and King, As ye bring the
 5. Let the an-thems roll in gran-deur thro' the skies, Having bro't the

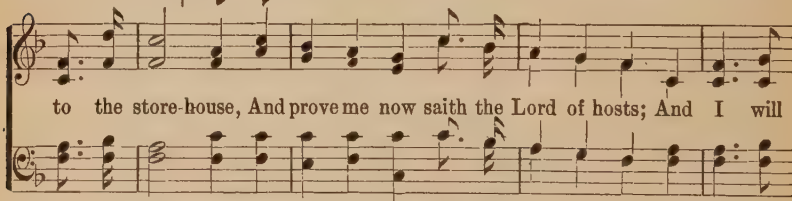


tithes in - to the store - house," Make a con - se - cra - tion that will
 tithes in - to the store - house," Live in sweet com-mun - ion with Him
 tithes in - to the store - house," Bring them on con - di - tions prom-ised
 tithes in - to the store - house, Trust the bless - ed prom - ise, and your
 tithes in - to the store - house; Joy - ous hal - le - lu - jah's from our

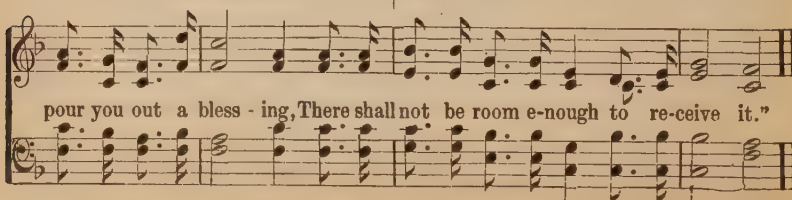


CHORUS.

ev - er last, Trust ing for the promised bless ing.
 hour by hour, While He gives the promised bless ing.
 in His word, And He'll pour you out a bless ing. "Bring ye all the tithes in-
 praise shall ring, From the heart He is pos - sess-ing.
 hearts a - rise For we have the prom-ised blessing.



to the store-house, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will



pour you out a bless - ing, There shall not be room e-nough to re-ceive it."

No. 237.

The Way of the Cross.

E. W. Blandly.

Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
 1. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib. D. C.
 I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 238.

Take My Life and Let It Be.

Handel.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee; Take my sil-ver
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in - tel-

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing, Always, on - ly for my King, Al-ways on - ly for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 lect and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasured store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

A. B. Simpson

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER.
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R. Kelso. Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
 2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And
 3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
 4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the

bound - less and fath - om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a -
 gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
 lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat
 floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

way the shore - line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
 depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
 o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
 mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore - line
 Oh, launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.

Altar Service and Inquiry Meetings.

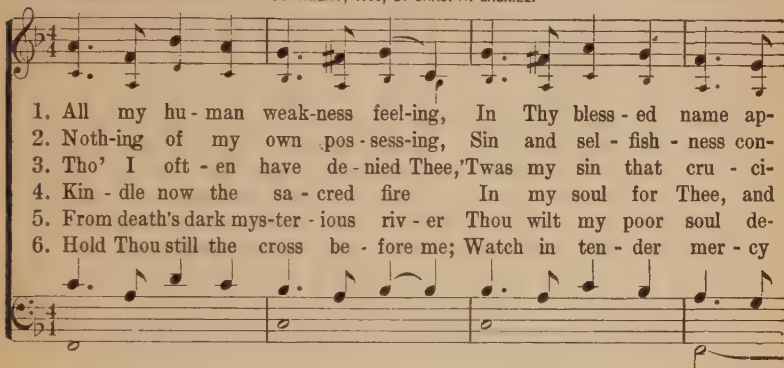
No. 240.

Lord, I Come.

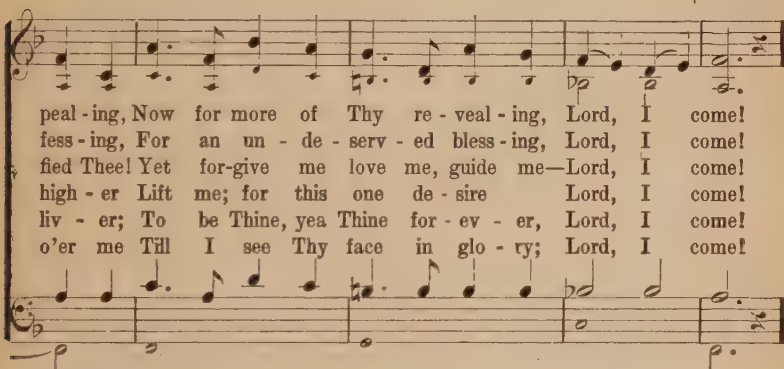
Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

W. S. Martin.

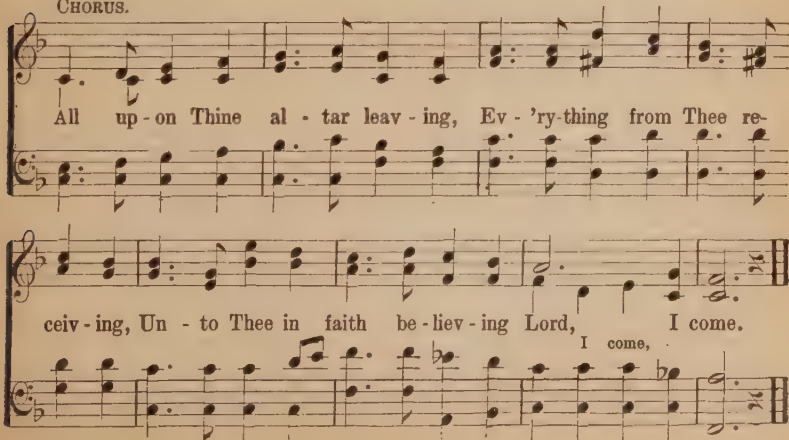


1. All my hu - man weak - ness feel - ing, In Thy bless - ed name ap -
2. Noth - ing of my own pos - sess - ing, Sin and sel - fish - ness con -
3. Tho' I oft - en have de - nied Thee, 'Twas my sin that cru - ci -
4. Kin - dle now the sa - cred fire In my soul for Thee, and
5. From death's dark mys - ter - ious riv - er Thou wilt my poor soul de -
6. Hold Thou still the cross be - fore me; Watch in ten - der mer - cy



peal - ing, Now for more of Thy re - veal - ing, Lord, I come!
fess - ing, For an un - de - serv - ed bless - ing, Lord, I come!
fied Thee! Yet for - give me love me, guide me—Lord, I come!
high - er Lift me; for this one de - sire Lord, I come!
liv - er; To be Thine, yea Thine for - ev - er, Lord, I come!
o'er me Till I see Thy face in glo - ry; Lord, I come!

CHORUS.



All up - on Thine al - tar leav - ing, Ev - 'ry - thing from Thee re -
ceiv - ing, Un - to Thee in faith be - liev - ing Lord, I come, I come.

No. 241.

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

USED BY PER. OF J. J. HOOD.

Arr. by J. H. Stockton.

FINE.



1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
He speaks the droop ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n And wear a crown with Je - sus. }



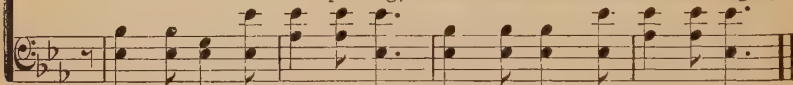
D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue;



- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

- † His name dispels my guilt and fear
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

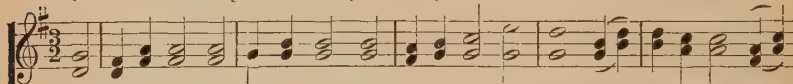
No. 242.

I Do Believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

(BELIEVE.)

Unknown.



1. Father, I stretch my hand to Thee, No oth - er help I know; If Thou withdraw Thy
2. What did Thine only Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath; What pain, what la - bor
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve I now should feel Thy pow'r; And all my wants Thou



CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now believe, That Je - sus died for me! And thro' His blood, His



Cho. D. C.

self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
wouldst relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.

- 4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

- 5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.



- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face;
Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice,
And taste Thy pard'ning grace.

precious blood, I am from sin set free.

No. 243.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;

8: FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.— O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

3 I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 244.

I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune: Sweet Bye and Bye. No. 296.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty know;
I long to be saved evermore.
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus, I give up my all,
Every treasure and Idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and make whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. WM. McDONALD, Sec.

No. 245.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby,

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
REFRAIN.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

No. 246. There are Angels Hovering Round.

1. There are an - gels hov-'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring

round, There are an - gels, an - gels, hov - 'ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.

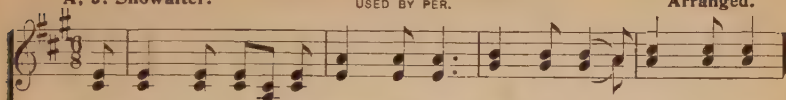
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

No. 247. Dear Savior, I Would Come to Thee.

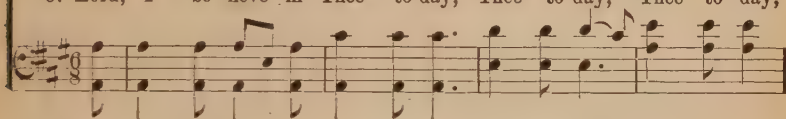
A. J. Showalter.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
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Arranged.



1. Dear Sav - ior, I would come to Thee, come to Thee, come to Thee;
2. Tho' long I've wan-dered far from Thee, far from Thee, far from Thee;
3. To Thee for mer - cy now I cry, now I cry, now I cry,
4. Al - though my sins as scar - let be, scar - let be, scar - let be;
5. O wash me in that stream di-vine, stream di-vine, stream di-vine;
6. Lord, I be-lieve in Thee to-day, Thee to-day, Thee to-day;



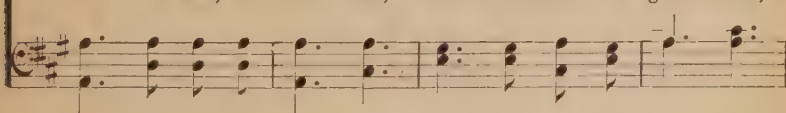
From sin's vile bond-age, set me free, O save me at the cross.
Show pit - y, Lord, and par - don me, O save me at the cross.
To Thy dear arms would trembling fly, O save me at the cross.
Thy pre - cious blood a-tones for me, O save me at the cross.
Ac - cept me, Lord, and call me Thine, O save me at the cross.
Help Thou my un - be-lief, I pray, O save me at the cross.



CHORUS.



O Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more will I grieve Thee,



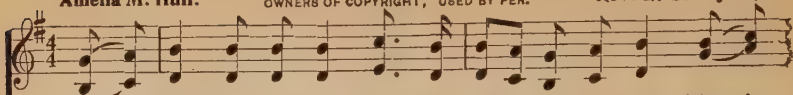
Thou pre - cious Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.



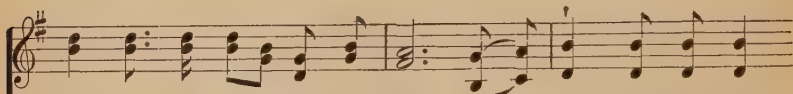
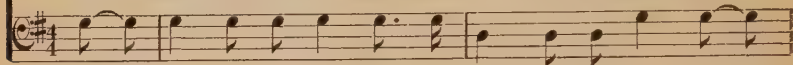
Amelia M. Hull.

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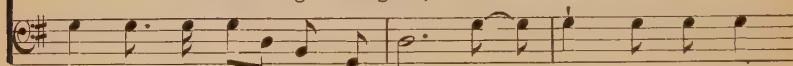
Rev. E. G. Taylor.



1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re - pent - ance, and pray'rs, But the
4. Then doubt not thy wel - come, since God has de - clared There re -
5. Then take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once The



life at this mo - ment for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look
 Je - sus Thy guilt was not laid? Oh why from His side
 blood, that a - tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed
 main - eth no more to be done; That once in the end
 life ev - er - last - ing He gives; And know with as - sur -



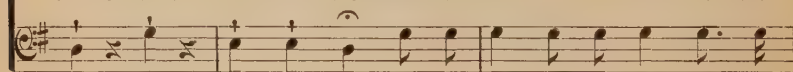
un - to Him and be saved, Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree.
 flow'd the sin cleans - ing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
 it, thou may - est at once Thy weight of in - iq - ui - ties roll.
 of the world He ap - pear'd, And com - plet - ed the work He be - gun.
 ance thou nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus thy right - eous - ness, lives.



REFRAIN.



Look! look! look and live! There is life for a look at the



Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.



1. { Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone,—Save, my dear Sav - ior;
 { His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, Save, my dear Sav - ior;
 2. { The way the ho - ly proph - ets went,—Save, my dear Sav - ior;
 { The King's high-way of ho - li - ness, Save, my dear Sav - ior;

He, whom I fix my hopes up - on; Save, my dear Lord;
 The nar - row way, till Him I view Save, my dear (*Omit*) } Lord.
 The road that leads from ban - ish - ment, Save, my dear Lord;
 I'll go for all His paths are peace. Save, my dear (*Omit.*) } Lord.

CHORUS.

Save, O Save, Save, my dear Sav - ior, And
 send con - vert - ing pow - er down; Save, my dear Lord.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 Save, my dear Savior;
 And mourned because I found it not;
 Save, my dear Lord;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Save, my dear Savior;
 Because I was not saved from sin;
 Save, my dear Lord.

4 The more I strove against its power.
 Save, my dear Savior;
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Save, my dear Lord;
 Till late I heard my Savior say,—
 Save, my dear Savior;
 Come hither, soul, I am the Way,
 Save, my dear Lord.

5 Lo, glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Save, my dear Savior;
 Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
 Save, my dear Lord;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,—
 Save, my dear Savior;
 Nothing but love shall I receive,
 Save, my dear Lord.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 Save, my dear Savior;
 What a dear Savior I have found;
 Save, my dear Lord;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 Save, my dear Savior;
 And say,—Behold the way to God
 Save, my dear Lord.

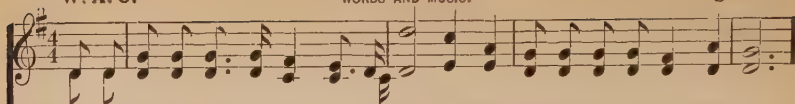
No. 250.

Look and Live.

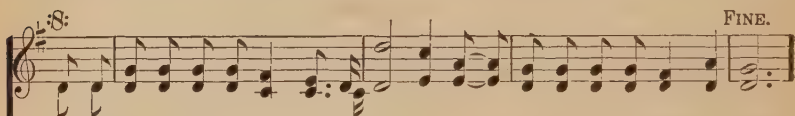
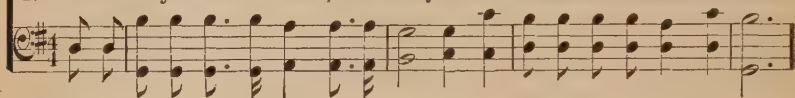
W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

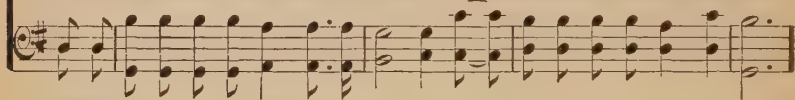
W. A. Ogden.



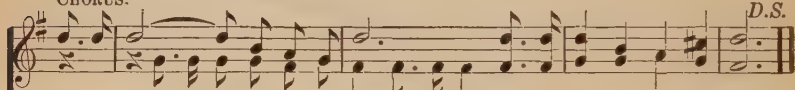
1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un to you I'll give,
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you,
3. Life is of-fer'd un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:



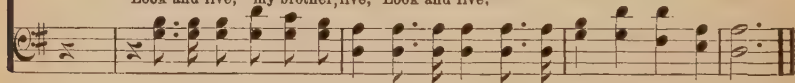
D.S.-'Tis recorded in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll only look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed and He sav'd my soul.



CHORUS.



"Look and live," . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
"Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"



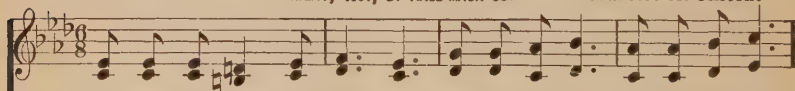
No. 251.

Let the Dear Savior Come In.

Jennie Morton.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY HALL-MACK CO.

Maurice A. Clifton.



1. Je-sus is soft-ly knock-ing, Let Him come in, let Him come in;
2. Are you too heav-y lad-en? Let Him come in, let Him come in;
3. Are you so wea-ry weep-ing? Let Him come in, let Him come in;
4. O-pen to Him the por-tal, Let Him come in, let Him come in;



Let the Dear Savior Come In.

List to His ten - der plead - ing, Let the dear Sav - ior in.
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Let the dear Sav - ior in.
 Je - sus will bear your sor - row, Let the dear Sav - ior in.
 You will re - ceive His bless - ing, Let the dear Sav - ior in.

CHORUS.

Just now throw o - pen the door, Let Him come in, let Him come in;
 4th v. Just now I o - pen the door, Sav - ior come in, Sav - ior come in;
 Just now He waits to for - give, Let the dear Sav - ior in. . . .
 Just now I know He for - gives, Je - sus has en - tered in. . . . just now.

No. 252.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliot,

(WOODWORTH.)

Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my - soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fightings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 253.

I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald,

BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com-ing to, the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has, e - vil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
 Perfected in Him I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 254.

The Cleansing Wave.

Phoebe Palmer.

USED BY PER. OF MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp,

1 2

CHORUS.

1 2

1 O now I see the cleansing wave!
 The fountain deep and wide;
 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
 Points to His wounded side.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
 Above the world of sin,
 With heart made pure and garments white,
 And Christ enthroned within.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
 I plunge, and O it cleanseth me!
 O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
 It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

3 Amazing grace! 'Tis heaven below
 To feel the blood applied;
 And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
 My Jesus crucified.

No. 255.

Send It Now.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Send sal - va - tion, Lord, send Thy full sal - va - tion, Lord, Send it now,
 2. Send Thy pardon, Lord, send Thy gracious pardon, Lord, Send it now,
 3. Send, O send the fire, send the all - re - fin - ing fire, Send it now,
 Send it now,

send it now; Lost with-out Thy grace, show Thy re - con - cil - ed face,
 send it now; Come in sav - ing grace, sweep these altars, fill this place,
 send it now; Oh, con - sume our sin, sanc - ti - fy and make us clean,
 send it now,

Send sal - va - tion, send it now, Send sal - va - tion, send it now.
 Send Thy par - don, send it now, Send Thy par - don, send it now.
 Send the fire, O send it now, Send the fire, O send it now.

4 Send, O send the power, send the Pen- 5 For He comes, He comes, lo, the
 tecostal power, blessed Spirit comes,
 Send it now, send it now; Fills me now, fills me now;
 Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the
 waiting host, Lamb,
 Send the power, O send it now, For He comes and fills me now,
 Send the power, O send it now. For He comes and fills me now.

No. 256.

I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

1. ||: I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, :|| Where Jesus answers prayer.
 CHO. - ||: I can, I will, I do believe, :|| That Jesus saves me now.

1 Jesus, thine all victorious love Shed in my heart abroad; Then shall my feet no longer rove, Rooted and fixed in God.	3 O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my sins consume; Come, Holy Ghost, to Thee I call; Spirit of burning, come.
2 O that in me the sacred fire Might now begin to glow; Burn up the dross of base desire, And make the mountains flow.	4 Refining fire, go through my heart; Illuminate my soul; Scatter thy life thro' every part, And sanctify the whole.

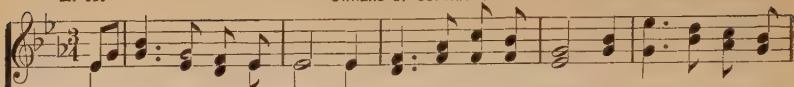
No. 257.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

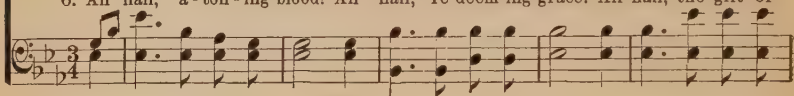
L. H.

USED BY PER THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add - ing grace to
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry prom-ise
6. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail, the gift of

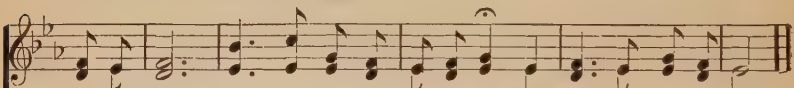
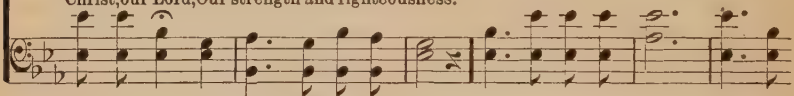


CHORUS.



precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.
is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing



now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!



No. 258.

Jesus, My All.

Fanny Crosby.

Scotch Air.



1. { Lord at Thy mercy-seat Humbly I fall, }
{ Pleading Thy promise sweet; Lord, hear me call, } Now let Thy work begin,
2. { Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; }
{ Help Thou my un-be-lief, Hear Thou my call; } Oh! how I pine for Thee?
3. { Still at the mer - cy-seat, Humbly I fall, }
{ Pleading Thy promise sweet, Heard is my Call; } Faith wings my soul to Thee,



Jesus, My All.

O make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev - 'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

No. 259.

A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, BY JOHN J. HOOD. BY PER.

C. J. Butler.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, And as
2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a
3. And then in that dark lone - ly hour, A
vile as a sin - ner could be, I won - dered if
ray of light could I see, And the tho't filled my
voice sweet - ly whis - pered to me, Say - ing Christ, the Re -
Christ, the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
heart with sad - ness, There's no help for a sin - ner like me.
deem - er has pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me:
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saved a poor sinner like me,

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see:
I'll praise Him forever and ever.
For saving a sinner like me.



1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt:
3. No prep-a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on-ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;



:S:

FINE.



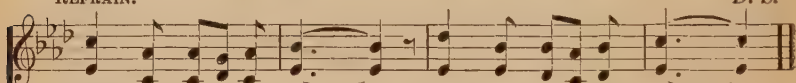
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
 But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.



D. S.—Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am, . . .
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,



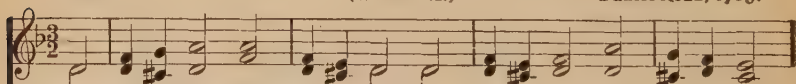
5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

6 And when at last the work is done,
 The battle o'er, the vic'try won,
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,
 Lord, take me as I am!

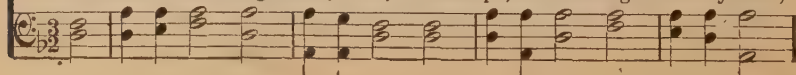
Isaac Watts.

(WINDHAM.)

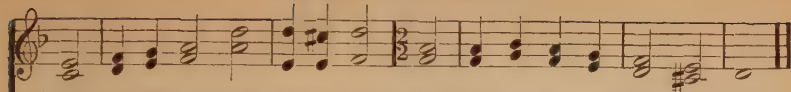
Daniel Read, 1785.



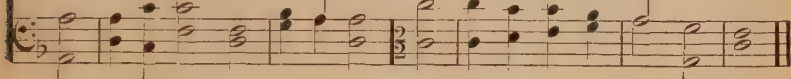
1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. O wash my soul from ev-'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean;
4. My lips with shame my sins con-fess, A - gainst Thy law, a - gainst Thy grace;
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just, in death,
6. Yet save a trem-bling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word;



Show Pity Lord.



Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of-fen-ses pain my eyes.
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup-port a-against de-spair.



No. 262.

Step Out On the Promise.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. F. MILLER. USED BY PER.

Maggie Potter. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. Miller.



1. Oh, mourner in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou! For Je - sus is
2. Oh, ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y re-joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? Oh, poor, troubled
4. Step out on this prom-ise, and Christ thou shalt win, The blood of His



wait-ing to com-fort thee now Fear not to re-ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom-ise for thee, There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
Son cleans-eth us from all sin, It cleans-eth me now, hal-le-



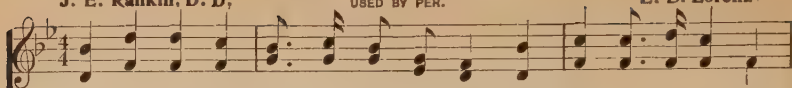
word of thy God; Step out on the prom-ise—get un-der the blood.
ban-quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise—get un-der the blood.
bo-som of God; Step out on the prom-ise—get un-der the blood.
lu-jah to God; I rest on His prom-ise—I'm un-der the blood.



J. E. Rankin, D. D.,

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E. S. Lorenz



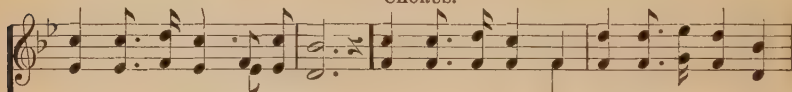
1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-er-ing clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,



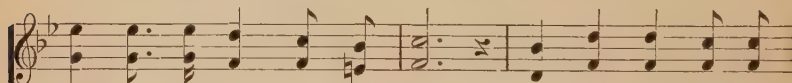
Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?



CHORUS.



Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er



such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.



Praise.

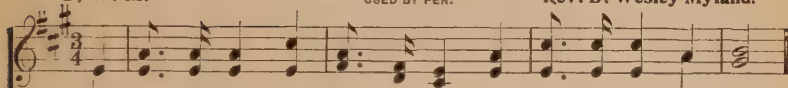
No. 264.

On the Glory Side.

D. W. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY D. W. MYLAND.
USED BY PER.

Rev. D. Wesley Myland.



1. If, while you live 'mid sin be-low, You would in Christ a - bide;
2. Oft-times life's sky is hung with shrouds, Which Jesus' face would hide;
3. The ris - ing fogs of doubt and fear, The mists of hu - man pride
4. This Age is dark, storm-clouds o'er-cast The sky, my sun to hide;



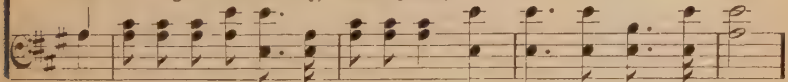
Thro' faith, this se - cret you should know: Live on the Glo - ry Side.
Then push your head a - bove the clouds, Get on the Glo - ry Side.
Would oft ob - scure, when Christ is near; I need the Glo - ry Side.
I climb the heights of hope at last, And reach the Glo - ry Side.



CHORUS.



I'm on . . . the Glo - ry Side, . . With Christ once cru - ci - fied,
I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side,



By faith I rise 'bove cloud-y skies, I'm on . . . the Glo - ry Side. . .
o - ver on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side.



No. 265.

Happy On the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY R. E. HUDSON, USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson.

1. { Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, } Bless the Lord, I'm
 2. { May none of us from Thee de-part; } Bless the Lord, I'm
 3. { But may our ac-tions al-ways say, } Bless the Lord, I'm
 4. { We're marching in the good old way, } Bless the Lord, I'm
 5. { This note a-bove the rest shall swell, } Bless the Lord, I'm
 6. { That Je-sus do-eth all things well, } Bless the Lord, I'm

1 2 FINE. CHORUS. P. S.
 hap-py on the way; way. Hap-py on the way, Hap-py on the way, Hap-py on the way, Hap-py on the way.

No. 266.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir-it of light,
 3. All glo-ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,
 4. Re-vive us a-gain; Fill each heart with Thy love,

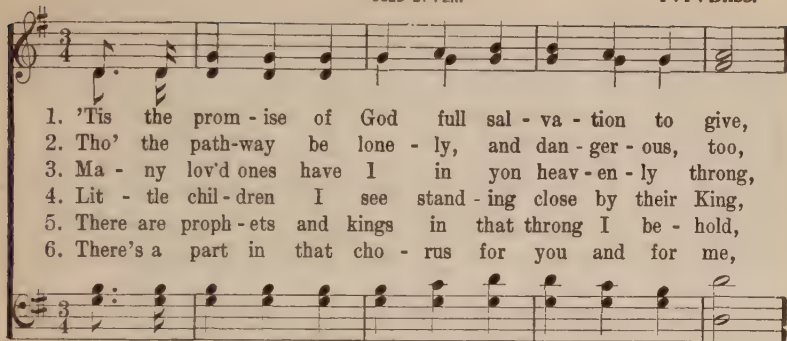
For Je-sus who died And is now gone a-bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav-ior And scat-tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins And has cleans'd ev-'ry stain.
 May each soul be re-kin-dled With fire from a-bove.

CHORUS.
 1 2
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! a-men! Re-vive us a-gain.

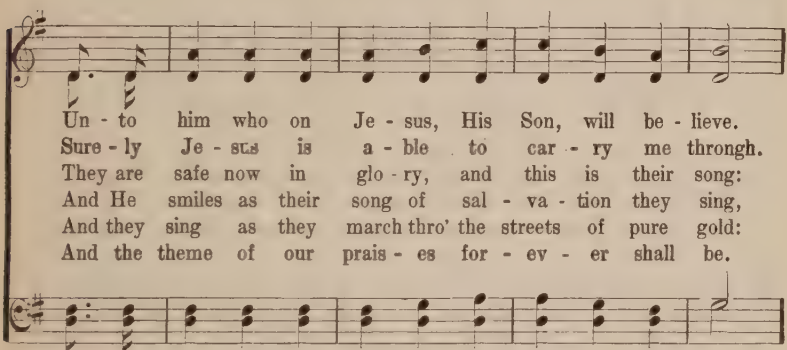
P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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P. P. Bliss.

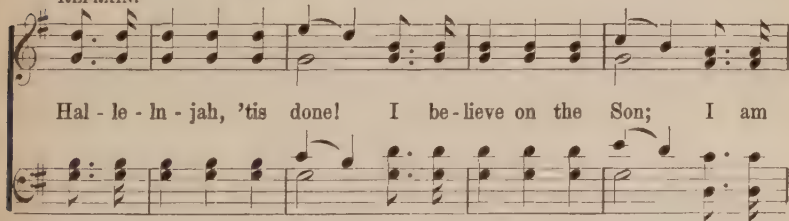


1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God full sal - va - tion to give,
 2. Tho' the path-way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous, too,
 3. Ma - ny lov'd ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
 4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see stand - ing close by their King,
 5. There are proph - ets and kings in that throng I be - hold,
 6. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me,

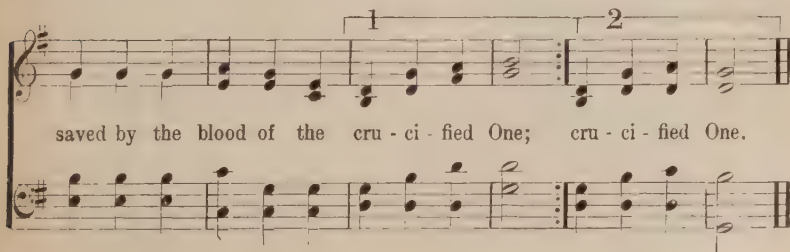


Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
 Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
 They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song:
 And He smiles as their song of sal - va - tion they sing,
 And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure gold:
 And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er shall be.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am



1
 2
 saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

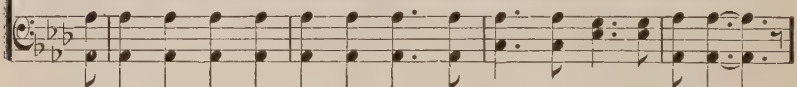
E. O. Excell,



1. For grace that saved this soul of mine, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
2. For peace His pres-ence doth af - ford, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
3. For love that burns with in my soul My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
4. For joy that He a-lone can give, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!



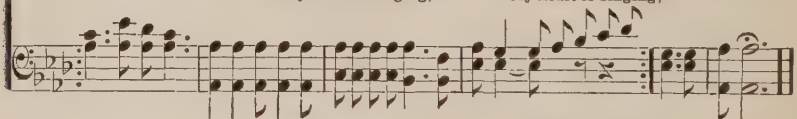
For heal-ing streams of love di-vine, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
 For rest I find with-in His word, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
 For Him who all my steps con-trol. My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
 For faith that I with Him shall live, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!



CHORUS.



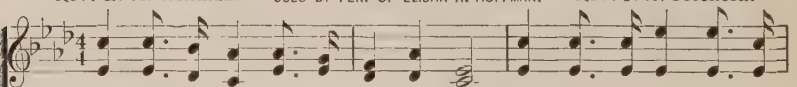
Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah! My heart sings hallelujah! hal-le-lu-jah!
 My heart is singing, My heart is singing,



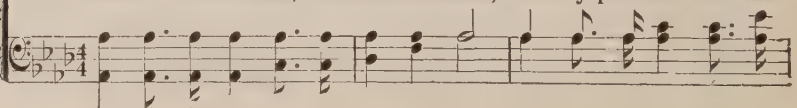
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

USED BY PER. OF ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



Glory to His Name.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo ry to His
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*
name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;
name.

No. 270. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

USED BY PER.

Arr. by R. K. Carter.

FINE.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kin - dling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }
High - er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }
D. D.—I was dead but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.
Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive; O the won - drous sto - ry!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty:
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll thro' every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,

Now I know it's full and free;
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us,
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

Grace Weiser Davis.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior, There is Glo - ry
 2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind - ness, There is glo - ry
 3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav - ing sweet com - mun - ion, There is glo - ry
 4. Since I en - ter'd Ca - naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo - ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob - tain'd God's fav - or, There is
 in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind - ness, There is
 in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
 in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my

soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I con - quer all my foes; There is glo - ry,

glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry in my soul!
 glo - ry in my soul!

No. 272.

I'm Glad Salvation's Free.

(DUNBAR.)

American Spiritual.

1. How vast, how full, how free The mer - cy of our God!
 CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free! I'm glad sal - va - tion's free!

D. C. Chorus.
 Pro - claim the bless-ed news a-round, And spread it all a-broad.
 Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free!

- 2 How vast! "whoever will"
 May drink at mercy's stream,
 And know that faith in Jesus brings
 Salvation now to him.
- 3 How full! it doth remove
 The stain of every sin;

And makes the soul as white and pure,
 As though no sin had been.

- 4 Poor trembling sinner, come!
 God waits to comfort thee;
 Come, cast thyself upon His love,
 So vast, so full, so free.

No. 273.

Oh, How I Love Jesus!

John Newton.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

CHO.—||: Oh, how I love Jesus! :||
 Because He first loved me;
 ||: How can I forget thee? :||
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

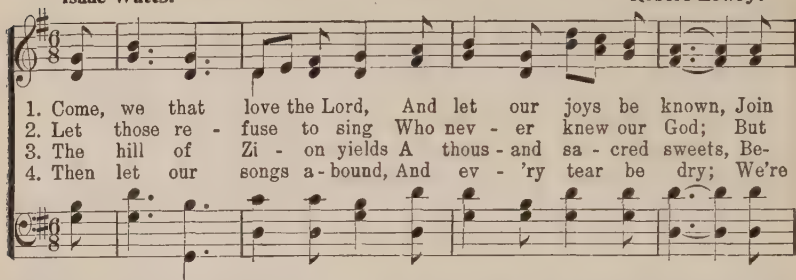
- 3 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.

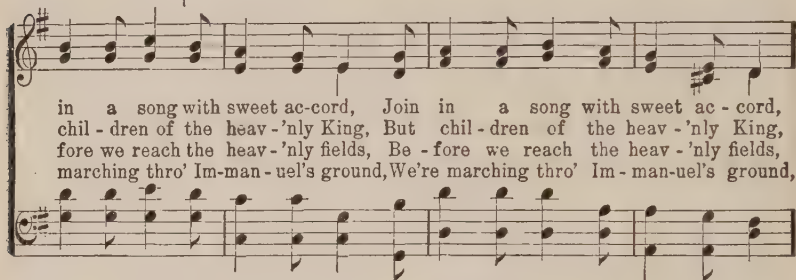
- 5 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never-failing-treasure, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

Isaac Watts.

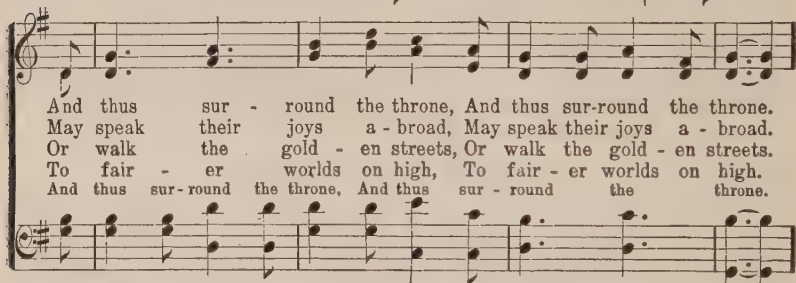
Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

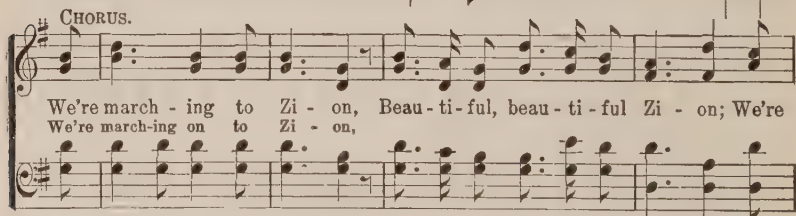


in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King,
 fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields,
 marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

Missionary.

No. 275. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

1. { The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more be - fore we part, }
 Ring out the joy - ful watch - word (Omit.). }

2
 From ev - 'ry grateful heart; The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our

bat - tle cry; The Cru - ci - fied shall con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.

2 The whole wide world for Jesus!

From out the Golden Gate,
 Through all the South Sea Islands,
 To China's princely state;
 From India's vales and mountains,
 Through Persia's land of bloom,
 To storied Palestina,
 And Afric's desert gloom.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus!

Its hearts and homes and thrones;
 Ring out again the watchword
 In loud and joyous tones:
 The whole wide world for Jesus!
 With prayer the song we'll wing,
 And spend the prayer with labor,
 Till earth shall crown Him King.

2 What though the spicy breezes

Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile!
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown:
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

No. 276. [Tune above.]

Heber.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

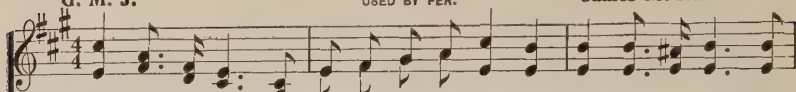
4 Waft—waft, ye winds, His story,

And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

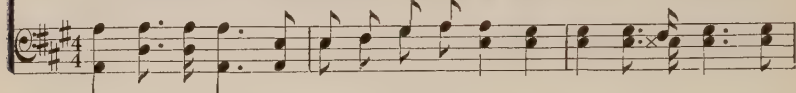
G. M. J.

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USED BY PER.

James McGranahan.



1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwell-ing, Mill-ions of souls for
2. See o'er the world the o - pen doors in - vit - ing, Sol - diers of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call - ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. Godspeed the day when those of ev - 'ry na - tion, "Glo - ry to God" tri-



ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go sal - va - tion's sto - ry tell - ing,
rise and en - ter in! Breth'ren, a-wake! our forc - es all u - nit - ing,
ech - o in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap - pall - ing,
umphant-ly shall sing; Ransom'd, redeem'd, re - joic - ing in sal - va - tion,



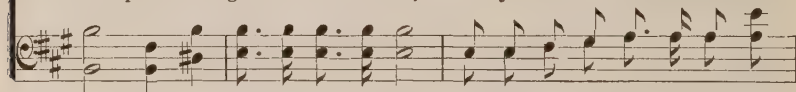
CHORUS.



Look - ing to Je - sus, heed - ing not the cost?
Send forth the gos - pel, break the chains of sin. "All pow'r is giv - en un - to me,
Life and sal - va - tion therefore go pro - claim.
Shout "hal - le - lu - jah for the Lord is King."



All pow'r is giv - en un - to me, Go ye in - to all the world and



preach the gos - pel, And lo, I am with you al - way."



Fannie J. Crosby.

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USED BY PER.

I. B. Woodbury, Arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
 To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
 To the souls by the temp - ter in bond - age op - pressed; For the

Mas - ter's com - mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
 wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
 Sav - ior has purchased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
 Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
 read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day,
 mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 time for de - lay,

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

The first staff of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry where abound; Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love; Send the light,

Send the light!

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score includes a repeat sign and a final double bar line.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 2/2. The melody consists of several measures, including a half note, a quarter note, and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Send the light!"

There are souls to res - cue, there are souls to save,

Send the light!"

And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,

Send the light!

And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry where be found,

Send the light!

Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

The musical notation for the Refrain is written on a single staff in G-flat major (one flat) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The refrain is marked with a repeat sign and a double bar line, followed by a final cadence.

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the

Send the light!

Send the light!

Send the light!

The first system of musical notation for 'The Song of the Lark'. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). There are rests for the next two measures. The system ends with a double bar line.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. A first ending bracket labeled '1' spans the final two measures of the system, which end with a repeat sign.

bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine from shore to

the bless - ed gos - pel light:

Let it shine

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, A4, G4, F4, E-flat4, D4. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note D4, and another quarter rest. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is shown. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a double bar line and a fermata. The system concludes with a final measure containing a whole note and a repeat sign.

shore! Shine for ev - er more.

from shore to shore!

Let it shine

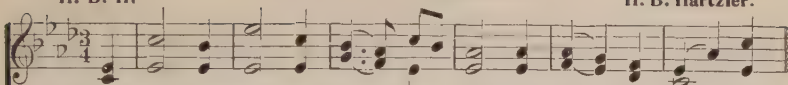
for ev - er - more.

[illegible]

H. B. H.

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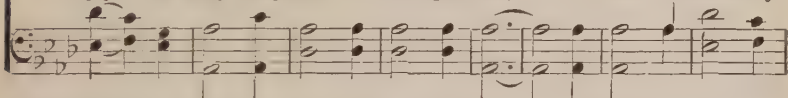
H. B. Hartzler.



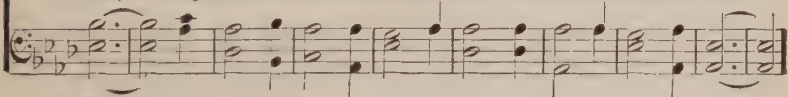
1. The Mas - ter call - eth from the sky: Go, save the hea - then
2. They watch and wait with wist - ful eyes, Be - neath the dome of
3. Their night of woe is dark and long, No light of hope, no



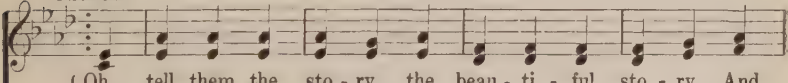
ere they die! The woe of sin they bear, In cru - el chains they
O - rient skies; They wait be - yond the sea, On fair and sun - ny
joy - ful song; They hear no Gos - pel call, No lift - ed cross they



lie, And vain - ly in their sad de - spair, To i - dol gods they cry.
isles, Where life is like a ju - bi - lee And end - less sum - mer smiles.
see; They know not Him who died for all, From sin to make them free.



CHORUS.



{ Oh, tell them the sto - ry, the beau - ti - ful sto - ry, And
Pro - claim the sal - va - tion, the sweet con - so - la - tion, The



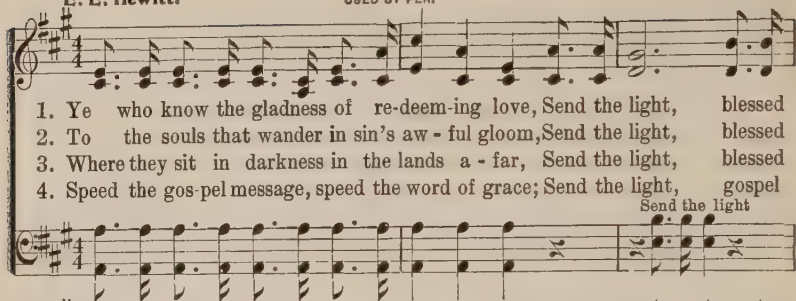
show them the glo - ry: A Sav - ior for all! }
great rev - e - la - tion; A (Omit . . .) Sav - ior for all!



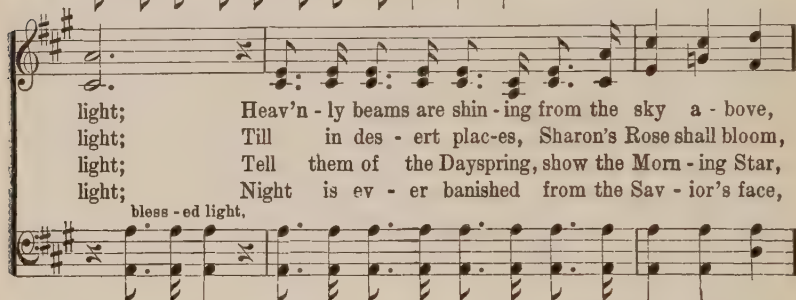
E. E. Hewitt.

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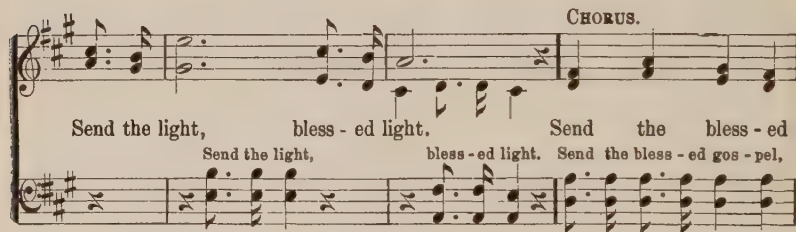
W. A. Post.



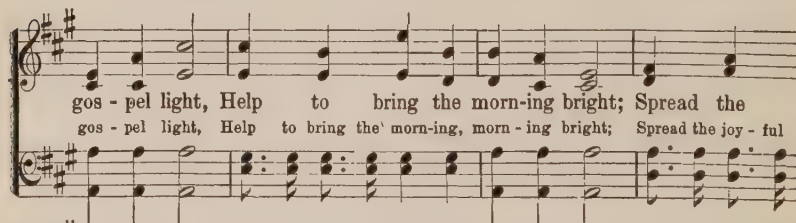
1. Ye who know the gladness of re-deem-ing love, Send the light, blessed
 2. To the souls that wander in sin's aw-ful gloom, Send the light, blessed
 3. Where they sit in darkness in the lands a-far, Send the light, blessed
 4. Speed the gos-pel message, speed the word of grace; Send the light, gospel
 Send the light



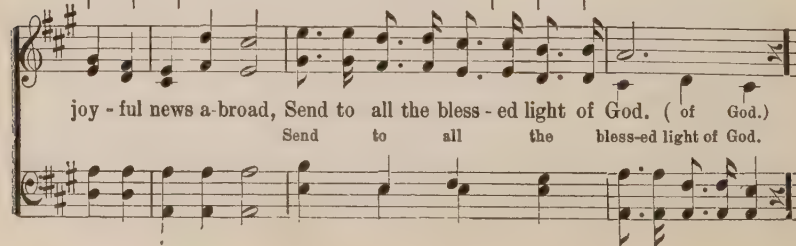
light; Heav'n-ly beams are shin-ing from the sky a-bove,
 light; Till in des-ert plac-es, Sharon's Rose shall bloom,
 light; Tell them of the Dayspring, show the Morn-ing Star,
 light; Night is ev-er banished from the Sav-ior's face,
 bless-ed light,



CHORUS.
 Send the light, bless-ed light. Send the bless-ed
 Send the light, bless-ed light. Send the bless-ed gos-pel,



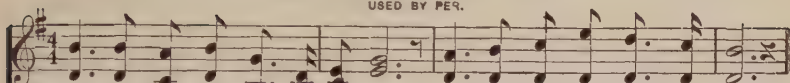
gos-pel light, Help to bring the morn-ing bright; Spread the
 gos-pel light, Help to bring the morn-ing, morn-ing bright; Spread the joy-ful



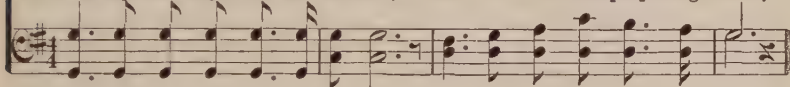
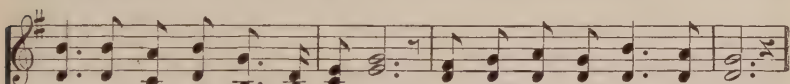
joy-ful news a-broad, Send to all the bless-ed light of God. (of God.)
 Send to all the bless-ed light of God.

No. 282. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

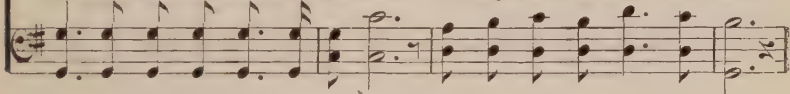
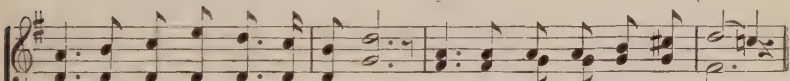
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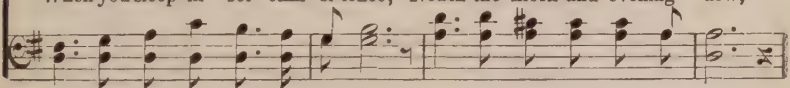
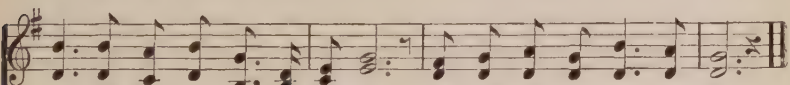
1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Poor and wea - ry, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treas-ures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray - ing breath,

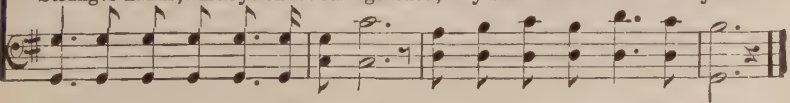
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil - low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat - ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis - tant, doubt - ful mo - ment It may save a soul from death;

He who in His right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh;
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vis - ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o - ver you.



No. 283. Christ for the World We Sing.

S. Wolcott.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

Felice Giardini.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With loving zeal:—The poor and
them that mourn, The faint and overborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:—
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

No. 284. Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

Harriet Auber.

(ELTHAM.)

Lowell Mason.

1. { Hast-en, Lord, the glo-rious time, When, be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway, }
{ Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. }
D. C.—Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Might - iest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name a - dore;

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

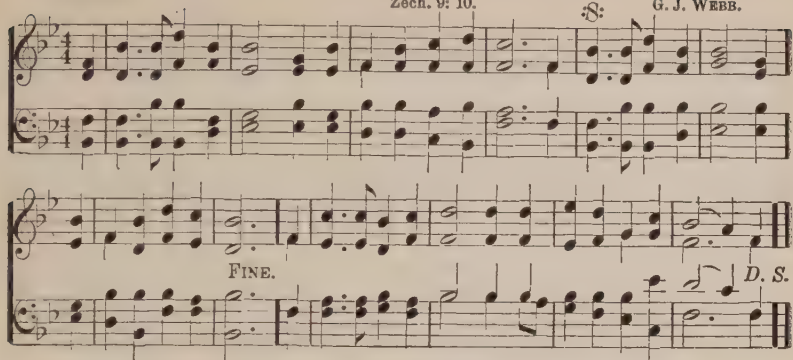
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

No. 285. The Morning Light is Breaking.

Zech. 9: 10.

8:

G. J. WEBB.



1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:

While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

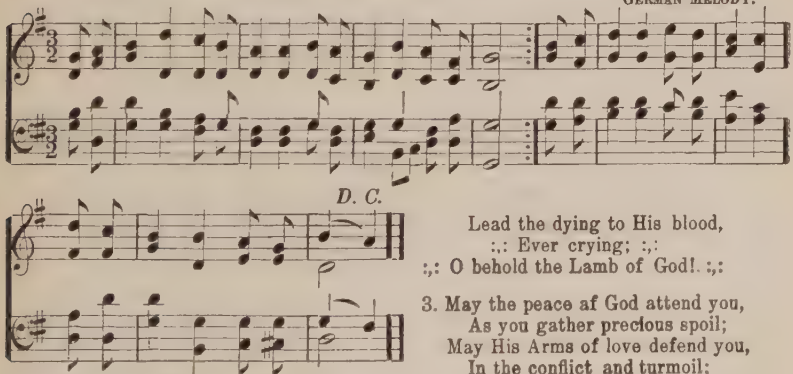
3. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

S. F. SMITH.

No. 286.

Toil for Jesus.

GERMAN MELODY.



1. Go and seek the lost and dying;
Preach the world's glad jubilee;
Like the herald angels, flying,
Bear God's message o'er the sea;
:: Toil for Jesus, ::
:: Till the blind His glory see. ::

2. Go and tell the blessed story
Of the holy Lamb of God;
Show the poor His grace and glory;

Lead the dying to His blood,
:: Ever crying; ::
:: O behold the Lamb of God! ::

3. May the peace of God attend you,
As you gather precious spoil;
May His Arms of love defend you,
In the conflict and turmoil;
:: May his presence, ::
:: Cheer you on the field of toil. ::

4. Fare you well! whate'er betide you,
Look to Jesus for His grace;
He will comfort, cheer and guide you,
Till at last, in His embrace,
:: Safe forever, ::
:: You shall see Him face to face. ::

Bishop H. B. HARTZLE

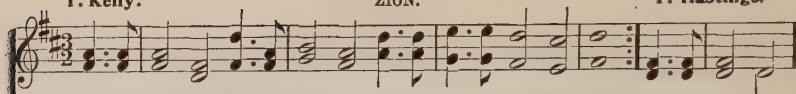
No. 287.

On The Mountain Top.

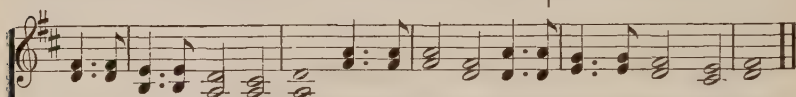
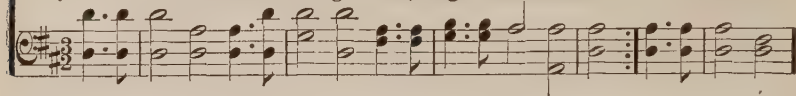
T. Kelly.

ZION.

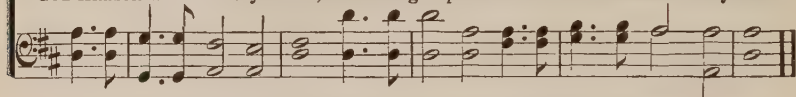
T. Hastings.



1. { On the mountain-top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hostile lands; } Mourning captive!



God Himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive? God Himself will loose thy bands.



2. Hasthy night been long and mournful,
 All thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.

2. God, thy God, will now restore thee,
 He Himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will quickly send.

No. 288.

My Native Land.

1. Yes my native land! I love thee;
 All thy scenes, I love them well;
 Home and friends that smile around me,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
2. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I—can I say, "Farewell?"
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
3. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well,
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;

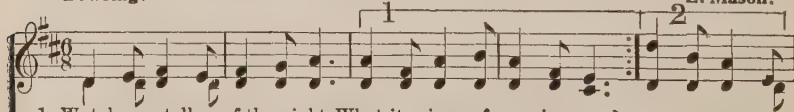
- Lovely native land, farewell!
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
4. In the desert let me labor,
 On the mountain let me tell
 How He died, the blessed Savior,
 To redeem a world from hell.
 Let me hasten
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
5. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
 Let the winds my canvas swell;
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.
 Glad I leave thee,
 Native land, farewell! farewell!

Rev. SAMUEL F. SMITH.

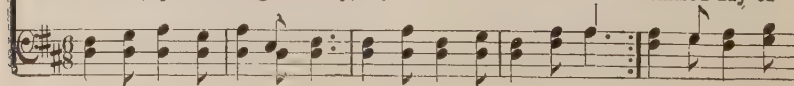
No. 289. Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

Bowring.

L. Mason.

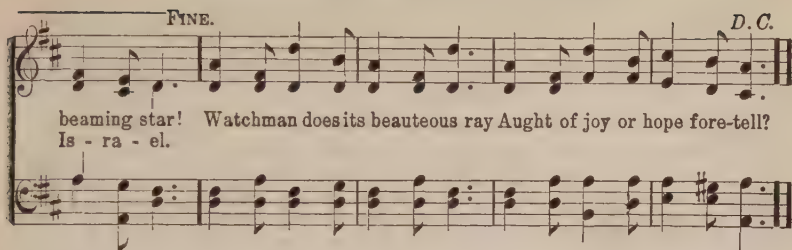


1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; }
 Traveler, o'er yon mountains height, (Omit) } See that glo-ry-
 D.C.—Traveler, yes; it brings the day, (Omit) } Promised day of



Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

FINE. **D. C.**



beaming star! Watchman does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Is - ra - el.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!</p> | <p>3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quit home:
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!</p> |
|--|---|

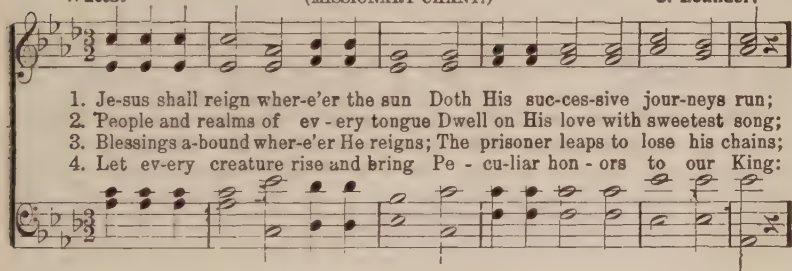
No. 290.

Jesus Shall Reign.

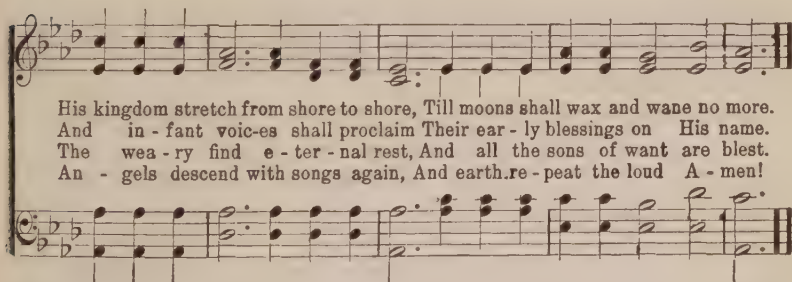
Watts.

(MISSIONARY CHANT.)

C. Zeunder.



1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
2. People and realms of ev-ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
3. Blessings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
4. Let ev-ery creature rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon - ors to our King:



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
And in - fant voic-es shall proclaim Their ear - ly blessings on His name.
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels descend with songs again, And earth re - peat the loud A - men!

No. 291.

Ye Christian Herald!

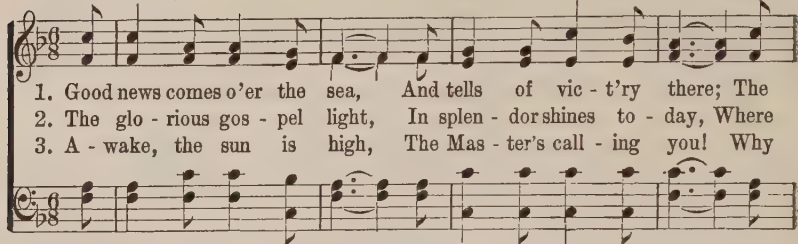
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Ye Christian heralds! go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.</p> <p>2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,</p> | <p>Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.</p> <p>3. And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!</p> |
|--|---|

No. 292. Good News Comes O'er the Sea.

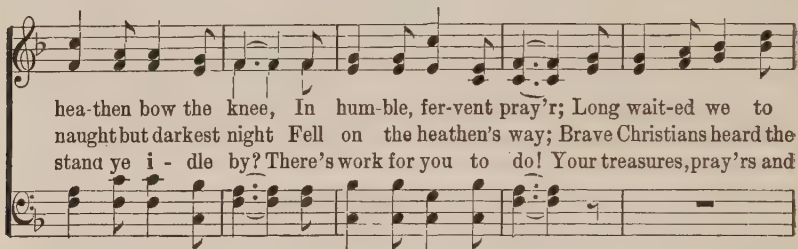
USED BY PER. OF E. S. LORENZ, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Moderato.

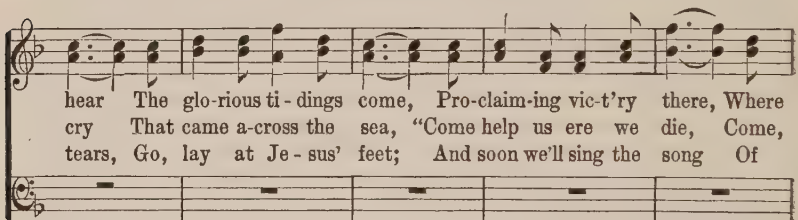
Words and Music by Rev. I. Baltzell.



1. Good news comes o'er the sea, And tells of vic-t'ry there; The
 2. The glo-rious gos-pel light, In splen-dor shines to-day, Where
 3. A-wake, the sun is high, The Mas-ter's call-ing you! Why

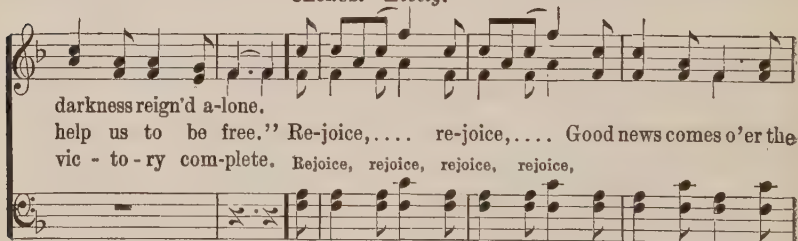


hea-then bow the knee, In hum-ble, fer-vent pray'r; Long wait-ed we to
 naught but darkest night Fell on the heathen's way; Brave Christians heard the
 stand ye i-dle by? There's work for you to do! Your treasures, pray'rs and

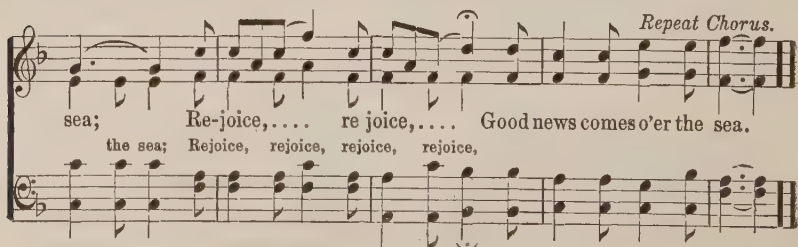


hear The glo-rious ti-dings come, Pro-claim-ing vic-t'ry there, Where
 cry That came a-cross the sea, "Come help us ere we die, Come,
 tears, Go, lay at Je-sus' feet; And soon we'll sing the song Of

CHORUS. *Lively.*



darkness reign'd a-lone.
 help us to be free." Re-joyce,.... re-joyce,.... Good news comes o'er the
 vic-to-ry com-plete. Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,



Repeat Chorus.
 sea; Re-joyce,.... re joyce,.... Good news comes o'er the sea.
 the sea; Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,

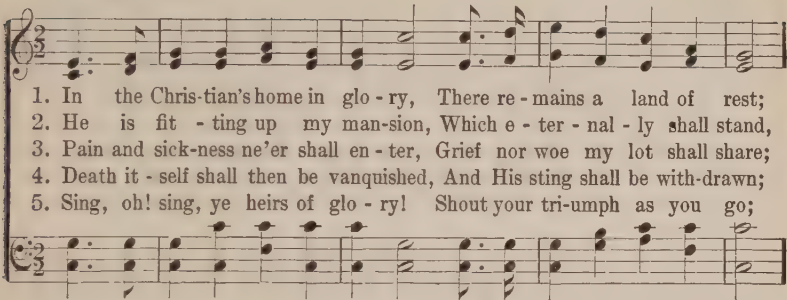
Heaven.

No. 293.

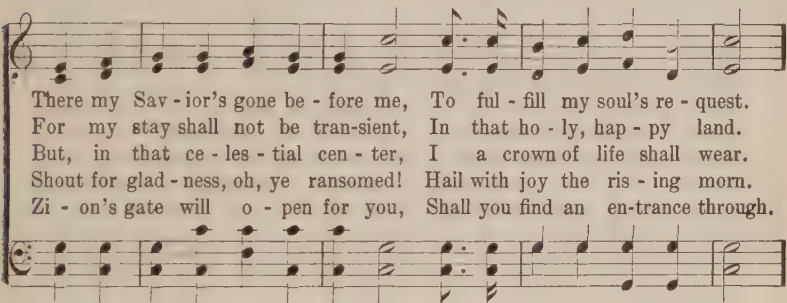
Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter.

J. W. Dadmun.

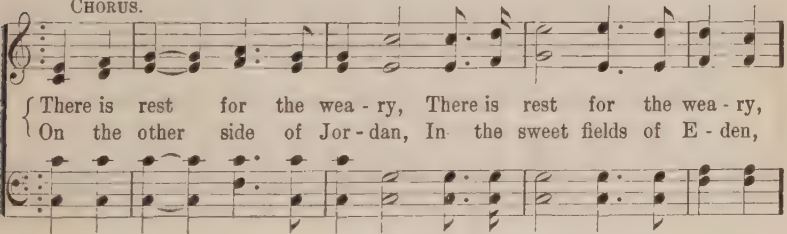


1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
2. He is fit-ting up my man-sion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And His sting shall be with-drawn;
5. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo-ry! Shout your tri-umph as you go;

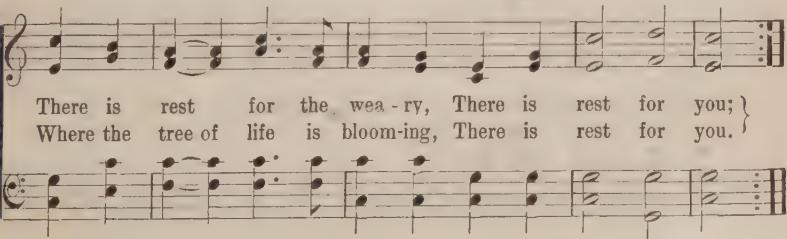


There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient, In that ho-ly, hap-py land.
But, in that ce-les-tial cen-ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.
Zi-on's gate will o-pen for you, Shall you find an en-trance through.

CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
On the other side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,

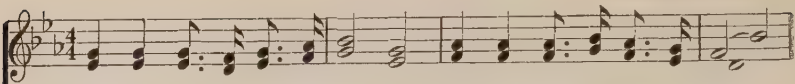


There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you; }
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }

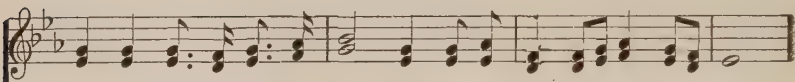
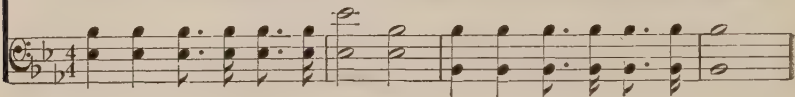
R. L.

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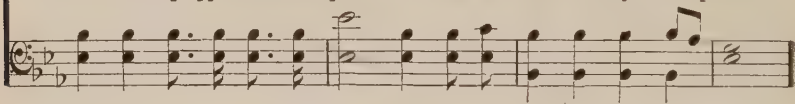
Robert Lowry.



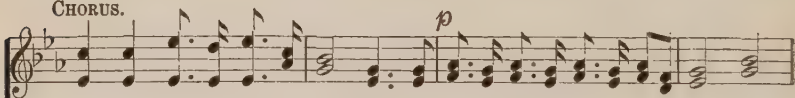
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er Mir - ror of the Sav - ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



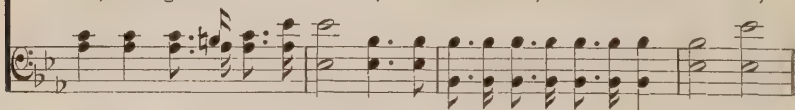
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev - er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



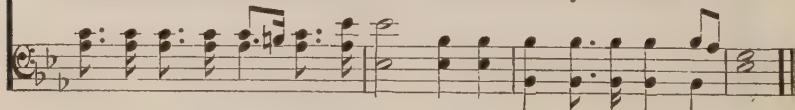
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,



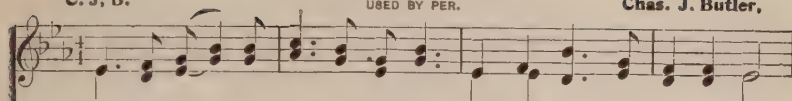
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flow by the throne of God.



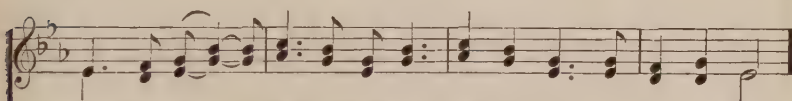
C. J. B.

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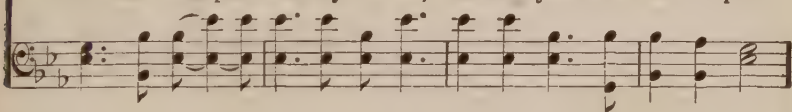
Chas. J. Butler,



1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y, There's a home for ev - 'ry one;
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Man sions here will soon de - cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. Tow'rd that pure and ho - ly cit - y Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;



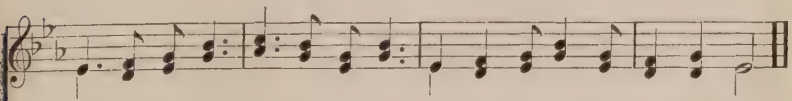
Pur - chased with a price most cost - ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firm - ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare - well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis - pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.



CHORUS.



In that cit - y— bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be,



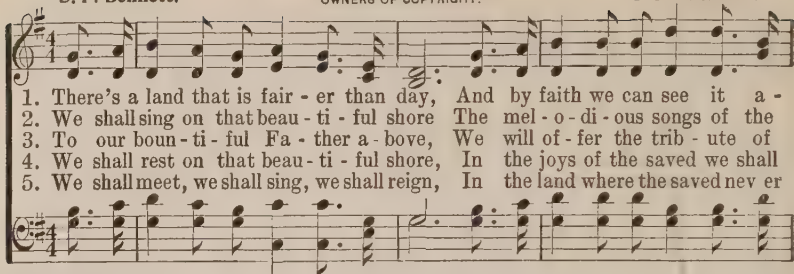
And with Je - sus live for - ev - er, In that cit - y be - yond death's sea.



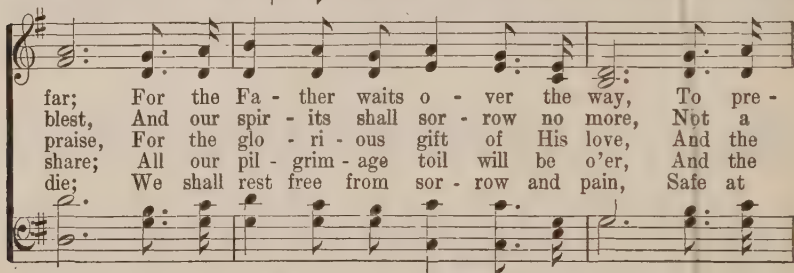
S. F. Bennett.

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J. P. Webster.

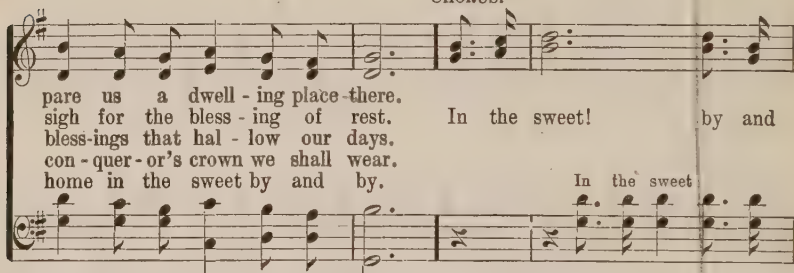


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of
 4. We shall rest on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the joys of the saved we shall
 5. We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign, In the land where the saved nev - er

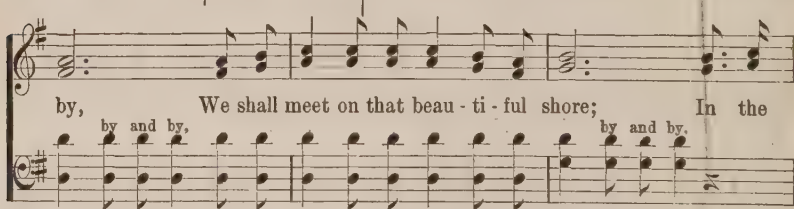


far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a -
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
 share; All our pil - grim - age toil will be o'er, And the
 die; We shall rest free from sor - row and pain, Safe at

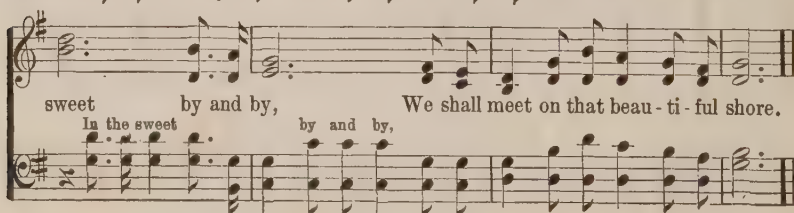
CHORUS.



pare us a dwell - ing place - there. In the sweet! by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet
 con - quer - or's crown we shall wear. In the sweet
 home in the sweet by and by. In the sweet



by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by, by and by, by and by.



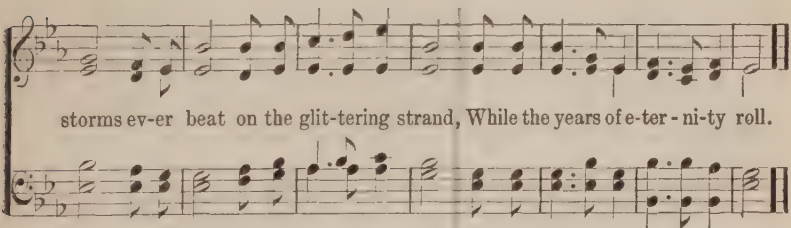
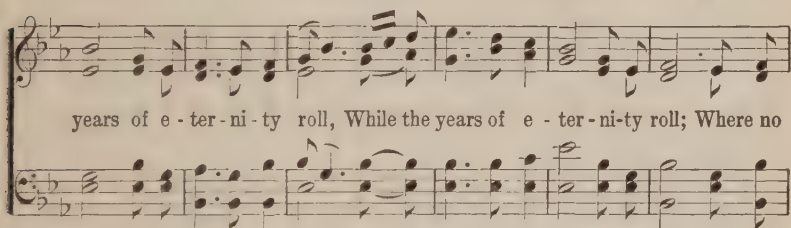
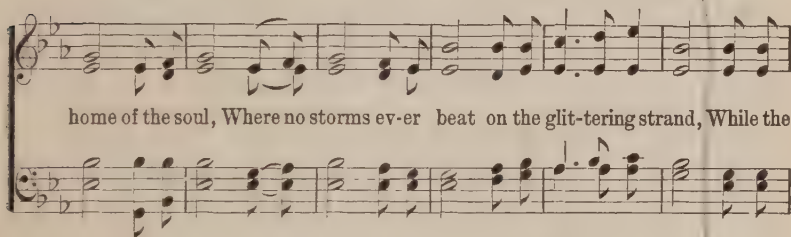
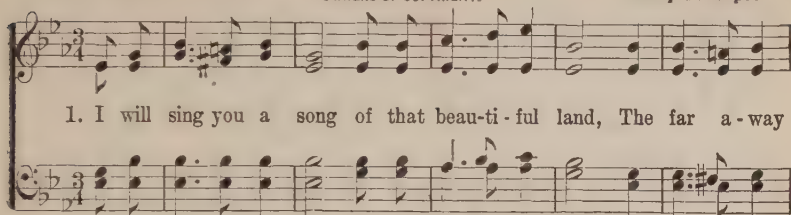
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by, by and by, by and by, by and by.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

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Phillip Phillips.



2 O that home of the soul, in my visions
and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and
for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;

The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful
land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and harps in our
hands,
To meet one another again.

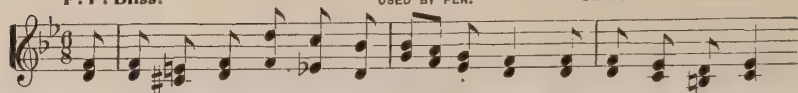
No. 298.

That will be Heaven for Me.

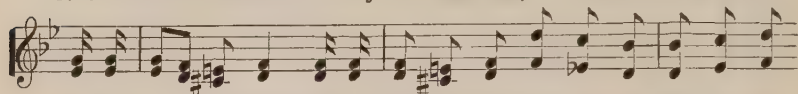
P. P. Bliss.

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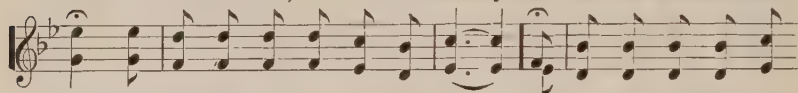
James McGranahan.



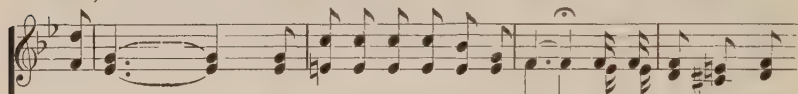
1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me a - way
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I know not the sound
3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair, I know not the name



to His own dear home; But I know that His pres-ence will light-en the
of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be men-tion of Je - sus our
that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav - ior will wel-come me



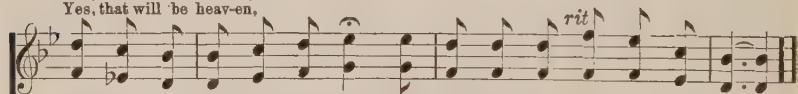
gloom And that will be glo - ry for me. And that will be glo - ry
King And that will be mu - sic for me. And that will be mu - sic
there, And that will be heav - en for me. And that will be heav - en



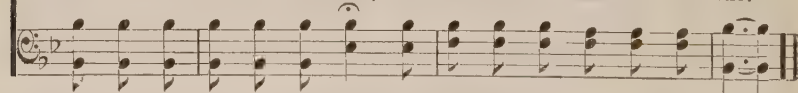
for me, Oh, that will be glo - ry for me; But I know that His
for me, Oh, that will be mu - sic for me; But I know there'll be
for me, Oh, that will be heav-en for me; But I know that my



Yes, that will be glo - ry,
Yes, that will be mu - sic,
Yes, that will be heav-en,



pres-ence will light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
men-tion of Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
Sav - ior will wel-come me there, And that will be heav-en for me.



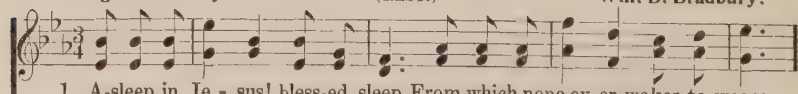
No. 299.

Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

(REST.)

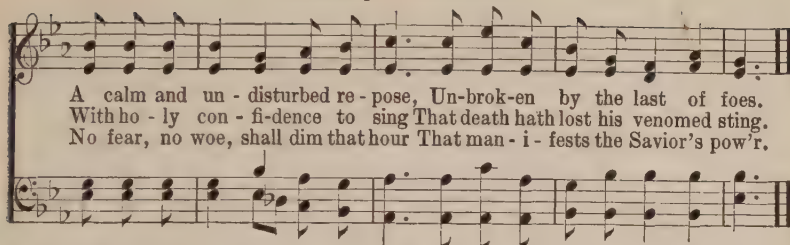
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;



Asleep In Jesus.



A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing That death hath lost his venom'd sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

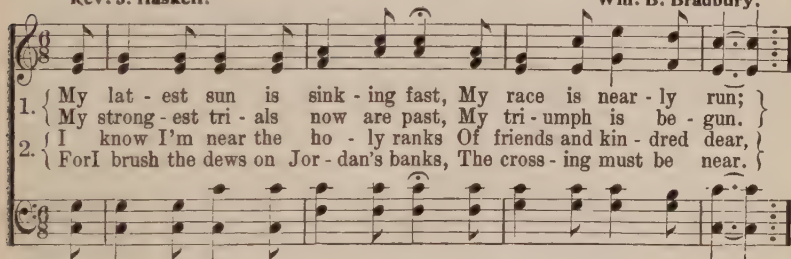
5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 300.

O Come Angel Band.

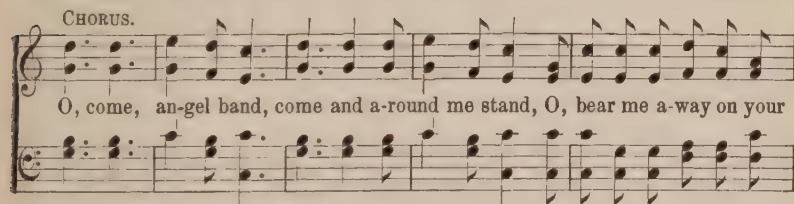
Rev. J. Haskell.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }
My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }
2. { I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear, }
{ For I brush the dews on Jor - dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. }

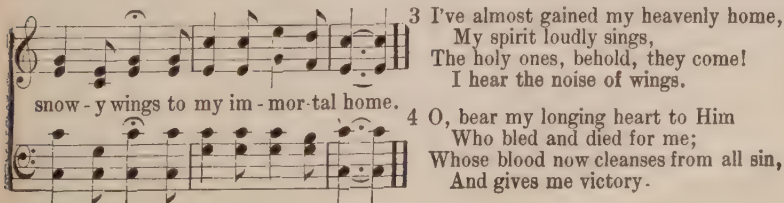
CHORUS.



O, come, an - gel band, come and a-round me stand, O, bear me a-way on your



snow - y wings to my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a - way on your



3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings,
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.
snow - y wings to my im - mor - tal home.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

Gurdon Robins, arr.

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Daniel B. Towner.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis - ions of en raptured thought,
 2. A land up - on whose bliss - ful shore There rests no shad - ow, falls no stain;
 3. Its skies are not like earth - ly skies, With vary - ing hues of shade and light;
 4. There sweeps no des - o - la - ting wind A - cross the calm, se - rene a - bode.

So bright, that all which spreads be - tween Is with its ra - diant glor - ies fraught.
 There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part - ed meet a - gain.
 It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.
 The wan - d' rer there a home may find With - in the par - a - dise of God.

CHORUS.

Oh, land of love, of joy and light, Thy glo - ries
 Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

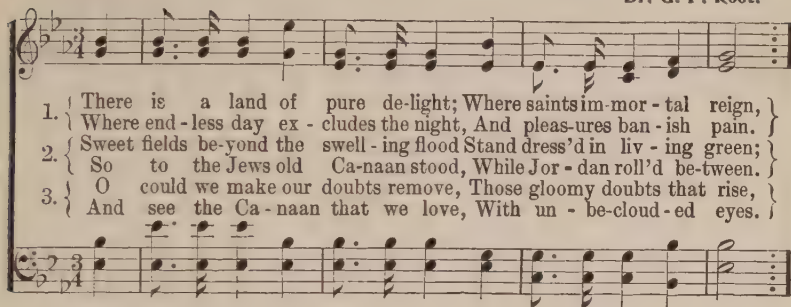
gild earth's darkest night; Thy tran - quil shore
 Thy glo - ries gild earth's darkest night; Thy tran - quil shore,

we, too, shall see, When day shall break and shadows flee.
 we, too, shall see, When day shall break

No. 302. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

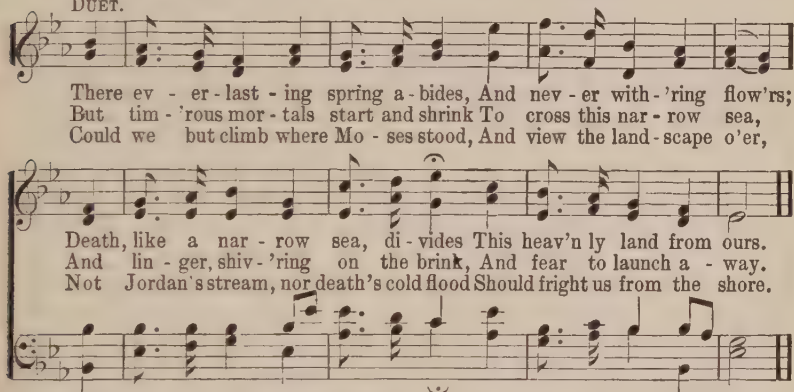
Isaac Watts.

Dr. G. F. Root.



1. { There is a land of pure de-light; Where saints im-mor-tal reign, }
 { Where end-less day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; }
 { So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween. }
 3. { O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, }
 { And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes. }

DUET.

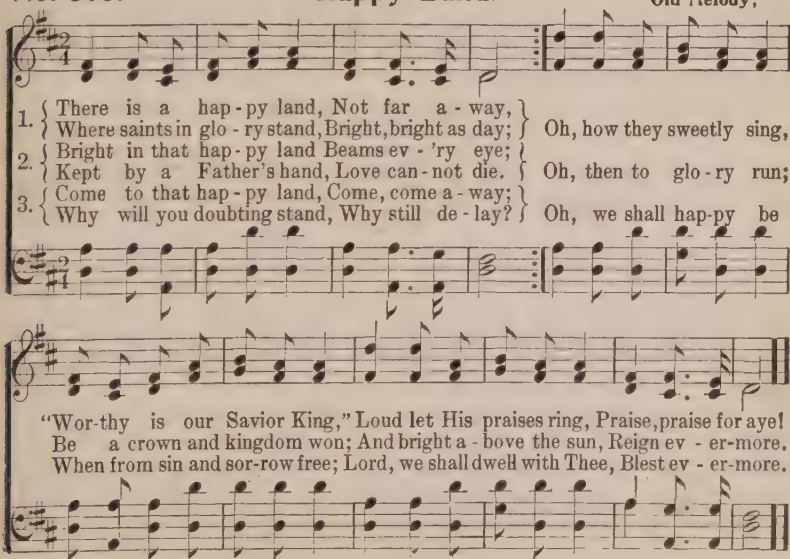


There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs;
 But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,
 Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours.
 And lin-ger, shiv-'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

No. 303.

Happy Land.

Old Melody,



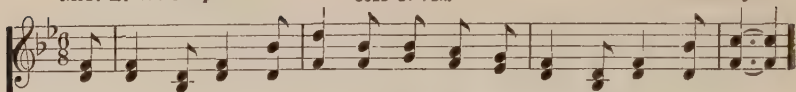
1. { There is a hap-py land, Not far a-way, }
 { Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; } Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 2. { Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev-'ry eye; }
 { Kept by a Father's hand, Love can-not die. } Oh, then to glo-ry run;
 3. { Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; }
 { Why will you doubting stand, Why still de-lay? } Oh, we shall hap-py be

"Wor-thy is our Savior King," Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
 When from sin and sor-row free; Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

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J. H. Tenney.



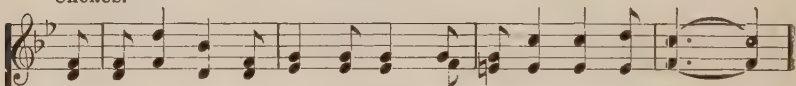
1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the mo-ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lin-gers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok-en In yon-der home so fair,



Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say, "Good-by."
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With them shall ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.



CHORUS.



We'll nev - er say good - by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good - by,

good-by,

*Repeat Chorus pp.*

For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - by.



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